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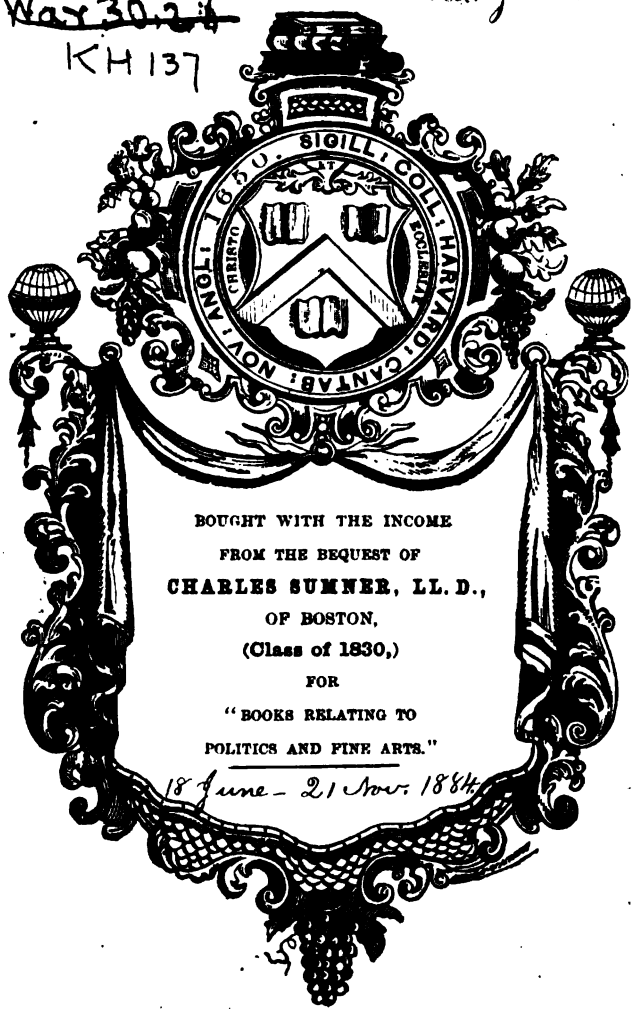

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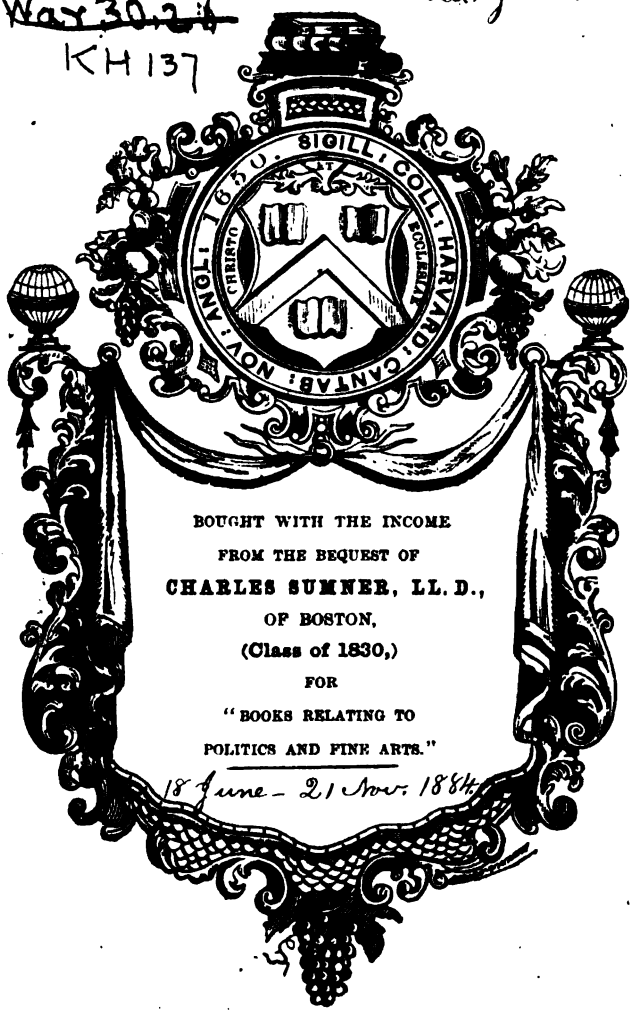

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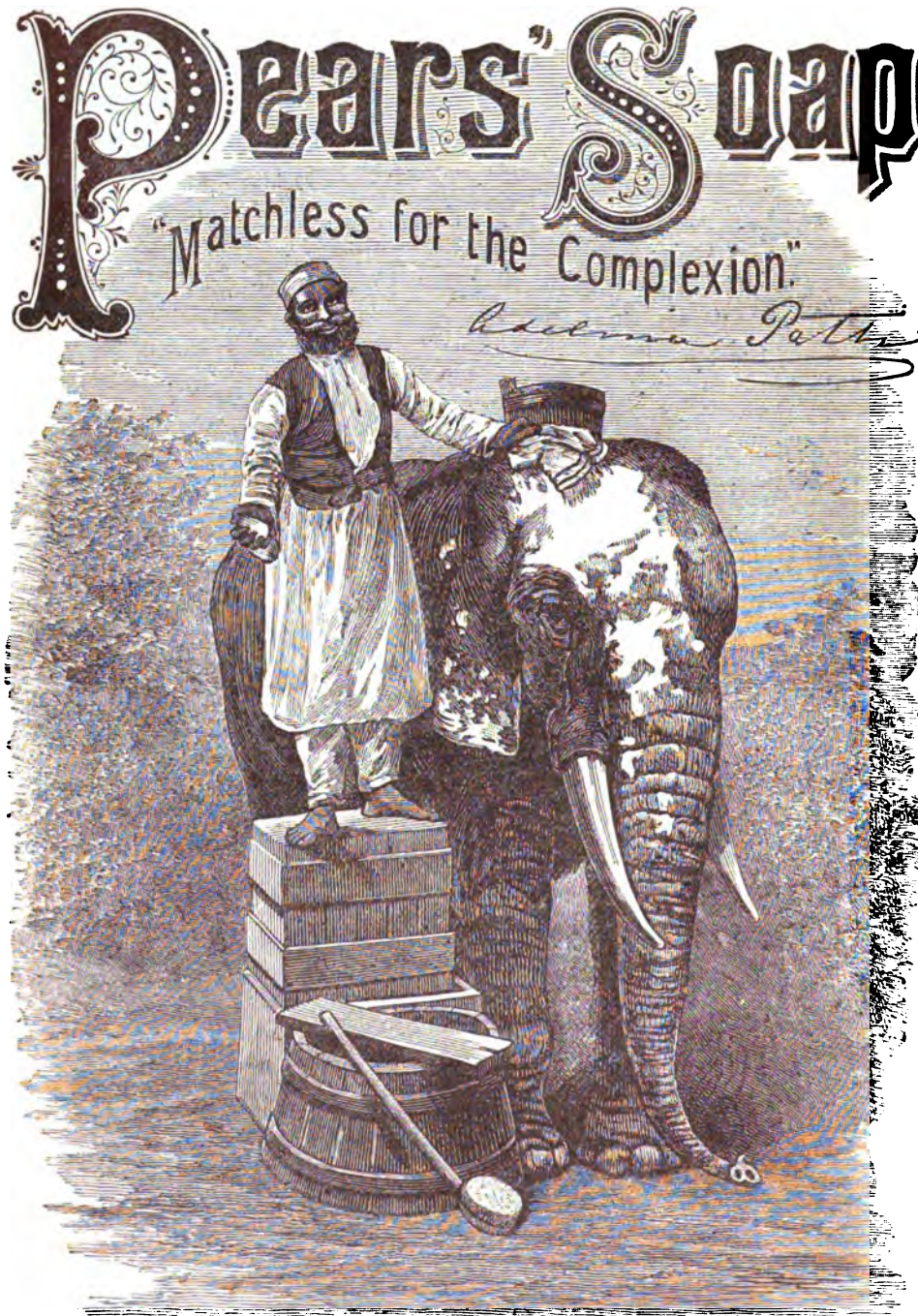

THE REAL SECRET OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

JUN 18 1884

THE

UNITED SERVICE.

JULY 1884.

THE ART OF WAR IN '62.—SHILOH.

THE United States Military Academy is an admirable institution, and a credit to the country. There are many excellent things about it,—altogether too many to admit of even mention here. Tone good, teaching thorough, in its way; but I have often wondered why it is that, after all these years, it has never set itself to teach something of what one would think is its special business,—namely, the Art of War. Not that the subject is altogether ignored, nor that the young men are not practically taught how to shoulder arms, keep step, and—some of them—to command a company, or even a battalion; but it will hardly be seriously contended that the little manuals on outpost duty and grand tactics, with the obsolete "forty days and forty nights" attack and defense, with all varieties of drill thrown in, really more than touch the immense subject of military science.

I do not write in an unfriendly spirit. On the contrary, I love the dear old tread-mill, though it does grind "exceeding small," in a certain sense. I am not unmindful of the grand men it has sent out, and I fully recognize the tone and character they have given the service and the country; but, still, in the light of some experience, I must take leave to say that there seems to me "scope and verge enough" for large improvements in the present course, or, to put it in a more general way, in the military education of our young officers. Take just one point, for example: what does a young man fresh from West Point know critically—or, perhaps, in any way—of the great campaigns of the world? Of course, nothing under this title or any other could be wedged into the present already overcrowded course; but why not cut off say two years from the lower end of the present

curriculum and put them on the other end, at the same time pushing up the age for admission? Mathematics, chemistry, French, and all that can be learned anywhere; and there would be just as many applicants ready to meet the new standard, I fancy, as there are with it where it is. Or, if this is not thought wise, then let a post-graduate course be arranged. At least let it be contrived in some way to get the Prince of Denmark in the play.

I dare say there is nothing new in all this. It may have been fully discussed in this journal, for aught I know. In any event, the facts I am about to relate with regard to the battle of Shiloh will be found, I think, tolerable proof that war was a blind sort of business to the generals of either army in that engagement, though they were West Point men. We have been glorifying ourselves, North and South, a long time; and now I hope it will not be amiss to hold up the seamy side of things a little in a good-natured sort of way. To do it I must be allowed to speak in the first person singular and to be as egotistical as I like.

Kentucky and Tennessee had been lost to the Confederate arms. The Federal generals had kindly permitted General Sydney Johnston to move the remnant of his army from Murfreesboro' to Corinth without the slightest molestation. It was no inconsiderable favor. Even a few shots along the way would have distressed him very much; a little enterprise would have, perhaps, defeated altogether what he himself called "a hazardous experiment." He was quite deliberate and open about it: took a whole month, in the face of a successful and much superior force, to execute the movement. If it had been prevented, the history of the war in the West would have been very short, with the saving of much blood. But let that pass. He was successful because there were none to molest or make him afraid.

This movement was part of a plan to concentrate all the available Confederate forces in the West at Corinth, and move them against the enemy with the least possible delay. Bragg was brought up from Pensacola with such troops as could be spared from New Orleans; Polk fell back from Columbus, and some other scattered forces were gathered in,—making in all, with Johnston's command, about forty thousand men of all arms.

General Grant had established himself with a heavy force on the Corinth side of the Tennessee River, in very convenient proximity to us. General Buell, with his army (thirty-seven thousand strong), was in march from Nashville to join Grant at Pittsburg Landing. Our chief men talked it all over and came to the very sensible conclusion that it would be a good thing to strike Grant before Buell could get to him. Things were hurried up, and in *three weeks* we were actually in march. It was our deliberate purpose to surprise Grant, and we did it! If it were not for the awful carnage which followed, one could

laugh at the expectation and its extraordinary accomplishment. We had only a little over twenty miles to march. It was not until the fourth day that we struck the Federal encampments; and, although we had waked the echoes all along our march,—captured and carried off pickets, lost some of our own, driven back and killed Federal troops, firing big guns and little, and all within four or five miles of this great encampment,—we nevertheless did walk in upon Sherman, greatly to his surprise, while he was quietly at breakfast on Sunday morning, the 6th of April!

But I must go somewhat into detail about this curious business. Hardee's corps began the movement from Corinth on the 3d of April. Bragg, a little later, moved out on another and more direct road lying to the east. Polk's corps followed Hardee's on the same road; and Breckenridge on a third road, still farther to the right. These all converged near Mickey's House, five or six miles from where the enemy lay on the Tennessee River. The Federal forces were not entirely ignorant nor indifferent to what was going on; for on the evening of the 4th, while Hardee's corps lay huddled together some distance in advance of Mickey's, without the slightest misgivings as to any possible visit from our neighbors over on the river, some Federal cavalry came dashing wildly into us. They were in pursuit of a detachment of our cavalry who had been over fighting the enemy's pickets by way of keeping things quiet for our intended surprise. This sudden apparition rather startled us for a moment. No preparations had been made to provide against such a rudeness, no advance guards, no light troops in front, although we were within something like four miles of about fifty thousand "Boys in Blue." Our people sprang to arms, two regiments of infantry opened fire, and I got one of my batteries into action before this squadron of cavalry could get out of sight. They left one poor fellow, I think, on the ground. When this cavalry got back, and told Sherman about it all,—they belonged to his command,—one would think that our little plan of surprising the enemy would have had a sudden collapse. General Sherman had himself heard the artillery fire, and he seems to have thought, before the cavalry reported to him, that there was something rather irregular about it; for he went out some distance with two regiments of infantry and took position until the cavalry came back. He told General Grant all about it: said, "I infer that the enemy is in some considerable force at Pea Ridge; that yesterday morning they crossed a brigade of two regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and one battery of field artillery, to the ridge on which the Corinth road lays (*sic!*). They halted the infantry and artillery at a point about five miles in my front, and sent a detachment to the lane of General Meeks, on the north of Owl Creek, and the cavalry down towards our camp. The cavalry captured a part of our advanced pickets, and afterwards en-

gaged the two companies of Colonel Buckland's regiment, as described by him in his report herewith inclosed. Our cavalry drove them back upon their artillery and infantry, killing many and bringing off ten prisoners, whom I send to you."

Not much chance of surprising Grant or Sherman with that artillery and infantry! So some of us thought; but we did not know how much gunpowder it took, at that stage of the war, to serve a *caveat* on an army. This little circumstance seems to have dropped out of the minds of these distinguished officers entirely. Sherman was busy readjusting encampments, and Grant was doubtless bothered to death with quartermasters and commissaries; and yet it seems queer that they did not at least feel curious to know what the rebels meant by trying to look over into their preserves, and how long they intended to keep it up. Perhaps Sherman thought that that cavalry charge had discouraged those who had not been killed so that they had gone home, or that he had sufficiently done his duty when he got the cavalry back and had reported the interesting circumstance to the commanding general. Whatever he may have thought, certain it is we heard nothing whatever from him or anybody else all the next day, and, what is almost equally amazing, we seem not to have had the least notion that the enemy was called upon to seek any further interview with us, made no preparations for such an event, but went quietly along about our business of surprising him!

Accordingly, next morning we set out to execute the next step in our plan with all the simplicity and confidence of a well-ordered militia marching to a general rendezvous. We moved in one thread-like column—if a flank formation by fours can be called a column at all—on a winding woods-road, the corps commander and his staff at the head. We didn't expect anybody to question our right to use that road, and our confidence was not misplaced; we did not encounter a human soul—no; I mistake. We did meet one man in an uncommon sort of way. As our snake-like procession moved along the sinuosities of this narrow road through the woods, preceded by the general and a glittering array of staff-officers, somebody about a hundred yards in advance sang out "*Halt!*"

Well, what were we to do? Manifestly, since the stranger was good enough to make the request, abrupt though it was, there was nothing to do but halt and see what he wanted. Being sensible people, we did it, and then commenced a parley. The man was partly hid in the bushes, but we could see that he was mounted, and we could see further that he held his carbine sloping towards us in a very suggestive way. Here was an unexpected obstacle to our further advance, and we did not like to go back. So some of us sang out, "Who are you?"

The unknown seemed to be rather non-committal, and so simply returned, "Who are you?"

We answered back, "This is Hardee's corps."

"Well, advance and give the word."

This was awkward, because by some oversight we had not been furnished with any "word."

I felt sure it was not General Grant nor any evil-minded person, chiefly because I could see his butternut breeches, so I had the temerity to say, "All right! meet me half-way," and started towards him. He advanced a few paces on his part, and when I came up to him I explained to him that he was halting an army, and that he ought not to do it. He hesitated a little, but finally said, "I suppose you can go on; but it's agin orders."

The head of the army moved on without further hindrance. I ventured to suggest to the general (a capital corps commander he was, or, rather, became after his experience at Shiloh—none better) that it might be well to cover our advance with a line of skirmishers. He said, "Yes, it was almost time to do it; would do it as soon as we began to deploy into line."

So we moved on, perhaps as much as a mile farther, and then the head of the column filed to the right, and the great snake extended itself from Lick Creek to Owl Creek, said to be nearly *three* miles! Hardee had to borrow a brigade to make his line reach. We were little more than a mile from the Federal camps!

This was a surprising business, sure enough. The character of the line would have surprised any of the generals engaged in spinning it out at a later period of the war; the manner of getting into it would have been still more surprising; and our simplicity in expecting the enemy to lie perfectly quiet and allow us to encircle him with a wall of men three miles long and almost touching him, and that we actually did it, and lay there from ten o'clock in the morning until sunrise the next morning, without the slightest knowledge of our presence on his part, is—well, surprising is too feeble a word—it is amazing, astounding, incredible! Where were the outposts and grand guards? Had they been drawn in, so that the "artillery and infantry" which had been burning gunpowder so freely down on Pea Ridge the day before might not discover where they were kept? It wears the air of absurdity. If General Sherman had ridden out with a small posse and simply read the riot act, we never could have formed that line; and as things in the rear were in a very muddled condition, if he had appeared with a few regiments, our attempt at a surprise might have been very sad indeed.

But, as it was, we got comfortably into line without the slightest confusion or anxiety early in the day, expecting to move on at once and take possession of Grant and the few things he had collected there on the bank of the river. But there was trouble in the rear. Bragg's corps was to form a second line, and the right wing got into

position in good time, some eight hundred yards in rear of Hardee; but where was the left? It was not to be seen, and nobody had heard of it. The day was fast going, the sun had already passed the meridian, but that left wing did not make a flutter. General Johnston grew impatient, and at last, exclaiming "This is not war," he rode to the rear until he "found the missing column standing stock-still, with its head out in an open field. General Polk's reserves were ahead of it with their wagons and artilllery blocking up the road." Johnston soon cleared the way and had the troops in motion. Polk and Breckenridge were to form a third line, and finally got into position; but too late. The day was almost gone. There seemed nothing for it but to wait until the next day to surprise the enemy.

We of the advanced line, in the mean time, lay all day, some stretched out upon the ground, looking up at the blue sky or at the beautiful white blooms of the dogwood; some gathered in groups, counting pulses, growling at the delay, or listening to the various sounds which came to us from the enemy's camps. We had marched with five days' cooked provisions, and the men kept munching away on them until they were about gone in these three days. This excellent appetite of the men came very near working a serious change in our plans. In the words of General Bragg: "During the afternoon of the 5th, as the last of our troops were taking position, a casual and partly accidental meeting of general officers occurred just in rear of our second line, near the bivouac of General Bragg. The commander-in-chief, General Beauregard, General Polk, General Bragg, and General Breckenridge are remembered as present. In a discussion of the causes of the delay and its incidents, it was mentioned that some of the troops, now in their third day only, were entirely out of food, though having marched with five days' rations. General Beauregard, confident our movement had been discovered by the enemy, urged its abandonment, a return to our camps for supplies, and a general change of programme. In this opinion no other seemed fully to concur; and when it was suggested that 'the enemy's supplies were much nearer and could be had for the taking,' General Johnston quietly remarked, 'Gentlemen, we shall attack at daylight to-morrow.' The meeting then dispersed upon an invitation of the commanding general to meet at his tent that evening. At that meeting a further discussion elicited the same views and the same firm, decided determination. The next morning, about dawn of day (the 6th), as the troops were being put in motion, several generals again met at the camp-fire of the general-in-chief. The discussion was renewed, General Beauregard again expressing his dissent, when, rapid firing in front indicating that the attack had commenced, General Johnston closed the discussion by remarking, 'The battle has opened, gentlemen; it is too late to change our dispositions.' He prepared to move to the front, and his subordinates promptly

joined their respective commands, inspired by his coolness, confidence, and determination."

So it seems General Beauregard thought that, after all the fuss we had made and all the time we had taken about it, we could hardly hope to lie that day and all night almost in contact with the enemy, without his getting some inkling of it; but the general was not well, and so naturally took rather pessimistic views of things.

To us of the advanced line, expecting every moment the order to move forward, the day wore on slowly, but at last night set in. We could hear the enemy's drums distinctly, and they seemed to beat all night. It was a great puzzle to us what all that din could be about; and as some of us did not more than half relish what seemed to be the enemy's care not to let a single picket or advanced guard come in contact with us, we began to ask ourselves what, after all, if the enemy knows all about us, and is just keeping up that music as a blind! Who will be surprised, then? But, no; I have since been told that it was only the innumerable bands serenading their favorite officers. It was a good thing we did not have to lie there another day, because next morning, as our skirmish-line moved forward, they were met by a detachment of the enemy coming out to investigate something that had attracted attention. The firing which followed was the first notice Sherman, whose camps lay next us, had of our proximity. He did not think much of it, even then; looked upon it as a piece of rebel impertinence, perhaps. It was not until our lines fully struck his encampments that he comprehended what was going on. He says in his report, "About eight o'clock A.M. I saw the glistening bayonets of heavy masses of infantry to our left front in the woods, . . . and became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack on our whole camp."

It must be said, however, to General Sherman's credit, that he acted with great promptness upon the very first alarm. He got his own division out of their camps and in line with the greatest rapidity, and sent requests to the other division commanders to co-operate with him, which they did with alacrity. I say "requests," because it will be remembered that the commander-in-chief was not on the field. His quarters were some two miles down the river. The firing, which was heard by him, was the first intimation he had of what had become of that artillery and infantry General Sherman had written him about two days before. Of course, he made all haste to get to the scene of action, but he did not arrive until long after the armies were hotly engaged.

The Federal arms deserve great credit for the rapidity with which they prepared to meet this terrible onslaught, and for the firm countenance, all things considered, which they maintained. General Sherman, by his promptness, had saved the enemy from an overwhelming disaster.

I have no purpose to describe the battle. There was not much to describe. It was little more than a fearful *mêlée* at best. From the nature of the Confederate formation, no corps commander could have any real control over his own troops. All that could be done, and about all that was attempted, was to encourage the men, look out for weak places, and patch them up by begging somebody to come to the relief. The firing was furious and almost incessant, largely at nothing, —ten shots to where there would have been one towards the close of the war. I doubt if there ever was a field upon which more gunpowder was burnt. There was, however, much honest hard fighting, very creditable for troops who up to that time had been under little, most of them no fire at all.

The greatest calamity which befell the Confederate arms was the death of the commander-in-chief, General Albert Sydney Johnston, about half-past two o'clock. He fell just at the moment when his great soul had won its emancipation from old army routine and the trammels of a too generous regard for the opinions and claims of others. If he had lived beyond Shiloh, he would have entered upon the career he was entitled to from his native greatness. It does certainly seem, from the fall of this man in the moment of his newly-found power, and from other extraordinary disasters at turning-points throughout the history of the war, that the presiding genius of the republic stood ever ready at critical moments to touch the balance of our national existence.

General Beauregard succeeded to the command. He had long been in infirm health, and was hardly in condition to exercise the weighty functions of his new position. He did little more than allow the battle to go on in the hands of his subordinates. The whole line had already fought its way well into—almost through—the great encampment. The right wing now met a stubborn resistance, while the left swept forward, pushing Sherman back, so that our line formed a decided angle near the centre.

I cannot resist the temptation to illustrate how little a new hand, with a very fair opinion of himself, knew of his profession, by describing one feature of the action in which I was the inspiring genius. I hesitate to try the reader's patience further; but if he has not been made already too indignant to go on, he will understand the absurdity of the thing.

As Hardee's chief of artillery, I had pretty large powers. The batteries had done good service, and had suffered serious losses in men and horses. Pieces, sections, and whole batteries had fallen to the rear. During a lull along in the afternoon, General Hardee directed me to look up those broken batteries, and also to make an effort to move back the artillery we had captured,—a lot of it there was. I found this last business easy enough. There were plenty of people ready to work at

it, and the farther the guns were to be carried to the rear the better they liked it.

In returning to the front, after discharging this duty and having found a number of batteries or fragments of batteries ready for further action, I happened to strike our lines just at the angle already spoken of. The enemy, under General Prentiss, held a little eminence immediately to the right of this salient, and there was a small open field to the left of the angle, and thus on his right flank. I found a considerable gap in our lines at this point. I was looking about for something to be at, and it struck me at once that I could fill this gap with artillery, and at the same time get a beautiful flank fire on the position held by Prentiss. I set to work instantly, and, with the help of some staff-officers I borrowed from a general officer at hand, I soon had a magnificent battery—some twenty guns—massed in the woods on the farther edge of the old field. I had given careful instructions that not a piece should show itself until all was ready, and the signal to move forward and commence firing was to come from the movement of the battery on the left. All was soon ready. I moved the left pieces forward, and almost at the same instant the whole front opened fire. It was beautiful; and I was just entering upon a royal barbaric joy, when, to my great vexation, the troops we were pouring this furious flank fire into showed unusual commotion. Those farthest to the rear broke and fled; those in front showed white flags on their bayonets. I had to cease firing, and I remember well my deep chagrin that I had not got at them sooner; not that I felt so bloodthirsty, but that I might have done some good. It was too bad. After all my trouble, I had not fired a half-dozen rounds before it was all over! Prentiss had surrendered. Not until long after, when I found myself under a sweeping flank fire, did it dawn upon me why those people did not like to stay there and be enfiladed by twenty pieces of artillery. I knew, if I had only had time, I could have made them feel it; but as it was, I thought I had got to work too late. It never occurred to me, therefore, that I had helped to render Prentiss uncomfortable, or to claim any credit for massing these guns,—a brilliant idea, which I have recently found another has claimed for himself as a stroke of genius!

After Prentiss was got out of the way, our right made a sweep forward, and we soon took up the last position which fell to our fortune that day. I advanced at a gallop with this artillery (some of it thought good to remain behind), and came into action on the road leading to the landing. Breckenridge was soon formed solidly here in two lines. As we were going into battery against the woods and the tips of some standards we could catch glimpses of down the road, he said, "Hold on; I'm going to charge." "Very well," I replied; "I'll just shake them up for you with a few rounds while you are getting ready."

We thundered away I should say at least twenty minutes, hoping our fire would find something or somebody. We were rich in ammunition; had been using the enemy's a good part of the day. It fitted exactly, and there happened to be a fine pile of it just behind us at this point. It was rather better than ours, anyway.

At last Breckenridge said, "Cease firing now; I'm ready." We did so, and he moved forward fifty yards or so, and halted, I never knew why. We lay there a long time, fully an hour, a fatal or a lucky hour, I know not which,—and then, all at once, the lines began to melt away to the rear. Nobody, so far as I know, has ever been able to give any sufficient explanation of what that delay meant. There had been oceans of time, before General Beauregard's order to retire arrived, in which to reach the landing or take the consequences of an honest effort. I have indeed heard one explanation which has a plausible air: it is that a distinguished corps commander, who, for the special emergencies of the battle, had been vested with the additional dignity of chief of staff, was trying to end the battle *en règle* by following up the enemy with the Texas cavalry; but whether it was that those caballeros did not know how to charge, or that charging with any sort of cavalry in the woods is never very effective, the effort was not a brilliant success. At any rate, whatever may have been the cause of this extraordinary delay, the commander-in-chief, who had not much believed in the action from the beginning, was not in position to see how things stood in front. He perhaps knew that the thing must stop somewhere, and, being of a humane disposition, said gracefully to his staff, as I have been told by one who heard him, "The victory is sufficiently complete. There is no need to expose the men to the fire from the gunboats. Order the firing to cease, and the troops to retire."

Well, they did retire; and what a mess they made of it! Everybody seemed to get word simultaneously, and they "stood not upon the order of their going." Some went back by one flank and some by the other, some through the woods and some by the roads, any way and anyhow. I kept the artillery with me together as well as I could, and after we had gone back what I thought a sufficient distance, came into park; but the infantry kept moving on and on, until I found I was about to be entirely uncovered. I had to limber up and move back beyond where some of the infantry had "lit."

In consequence of the unfortunate order of battle in the beginning, commands were necessarily badly mixed before this extraordinary retirement; after it the regiment was lucky which had all of its own companies together. Camps were selected according to fancy and with little regard to organizations, and "some faced east and some faced west and some faced towards the——" Well, if I exaggerate about this it is because I did not see all the field. Words could hardly make the thing worse than it was in the part I did see.

Darkness came on rapidly. I was separated from my chief and knew not in what direction to look for him. I confidently expected that orderlies would be sent out to give information as to where general headquarters had been established and to summon a conference of general officers in order to know what was to be done on the morrow. I waited and waited. Nobody came into our quarter of the field. At last—I should say between ten and eleven o'clock—I mounted my horse, determined to find somebody in authority. I wandered up and down through the camps, inquiring everywhere, until at last I came upon my dear friend Pat Cleburne sitting on a stump drinking coffee out of a bucket. Said he did not know where anybody was; hardly knew where he was himself. Had a few of his own men, and a good many of—he didn't know whose. I asked him if he had any idea where I could find our corps commander. Said he had not; hadn't been summoned to any council; hadn't heard of any. Good reason: nobody had. There was no such thing as a conference or consultation that night. There was no plan for the morrow. Time enough. The victory had been sufficiently complete.

In the mean time we were enjoying a luxury in the way of quarters which we had not been been accustomed to. Our camps—late the enemy's—were simply beautiful. I doubt if there ever was a better-equipped or more handsomely-ordered encampment. Long lines of white canvas, smooth parade-grounds, perfectly level. Our rebel eyes had never looked upon the like before. We were almost too tired to discover all the esoteric wonders of these magnificent camps; but not a few of our poor fellows managed to pick up an odd trinket as a keepsake or a bit of something strong to cheer the inner man. They fully intended to look further into the wonderful merits of these admirable camps in the morning. And then the rain came on, and we thought of the poor fellows who had no comfortable tents.

Our satisfaction was great, but, alas! the too fleeting joys of this uncertain life. The morning came, and with it the most disagreeable sound I think I ever heard, disagreeable at any time when one is where one can hear it to advantage, but infinitely disagreeable that morning. It was the whizzing of rifle-shot through our camps. General Buell had got a large part of his command across the river in the night, and Lew Wallace had been found. This latter officer was not a soldier by profession, though all his life he had been playing the *dilettante* at soldiership. He must be let off, so far as the object of this paper goes; but there is something supremely touching in the fate of a poor fellow, lost, with an army of nine or ten thousand men, a whole day within four miles of a great battle.

When the shot came plowing through us, front, flank, and rear that morning—for we faced in every conceivable direction—the pleasing delusion that we had gained a great victory was rudely disturbed.

The scattered and disjointed commands on the left were blown into some sort of line, much as the wind blows leaves against a fence. It is a wonder that ranks were formed at all. We were in worse case that morning than the enemy had been in twenty-four hours before. We not only did not expect any further fight, but we positively objected; and then we had no time to get together the few "things" we had taken a fancy to. It was really sad; but we did not stop to think about it very long. Our motions in getting back were neither graceful nor deliberate; but some sort of order was soon brought out of chaos. The fighting on the second day was admirable, all things considered.

General Beauregard and staff I found near the little meeting-house, and, just as I was about to inquire in what part of the field I might expect to find General Hardee, one of his staff-officers—Major Pickett, I think—rode up with some communication for the commanding general. A curious colloquy followed between this officer and the general as to Hardee's whereabouts. After a good deal of wrangling the general was made to understand. I joined Pickett, and we soon found General Hardee under heavy fire, doing all a man could do to meet the advance of the enemy, and he did it with effect. We lost almost no ground after the battle was fairly joined.

So the day wore on, generals commanding whatever troops they happened to fall in with. It was a hopeless case, of course. We knew the other side had received heavy reinforcements, but we held the field, notwithstanding.

About two o'clock General Beauregard gave orders to withdraw from the action. The enemy seemed to have no objections; made it very easy for us by retiring himself. I do not know whether it was out of consideration for us, or what made him so obliging. Certain it is that he disappeared from our front entirely, and we moved off the field without the slightest molestation.

I must not omit to describe the closing scene of this memorable and bloody battle. I had the honor of closing it myself with a splendid salute of artillery. I doubt if there ever was another battle ended with such a fine flourish by the disappointed army. The circumstances were these: We were afraid, if the enemy should find out that we were anxious to go, he might not like it, and come back upon us suddenly while we were trying to get across some rather ugly sloughs in our rear. The brilliant idea was therefore conceived that, if we should keep up a thundering noise, he would be satisfied that we were still fighting away, and rest content, wherever he might happen to be. I was therefore ordered to remain behind with several light batteries, and keep up a clatter till the infantry could get away. This seemed to me an excellent arrangement at first, and we had a regular Fourth of July of it, retiring by echelon, prolongs fixed,—a movement dear to an artillerist's heart, but one he rarely has the leisure to execute to his satis-

faction. I was so much taken up with this safe and beautiful performance that I did not take due heed of what was going on in my rear, so that when I came back upon the ravines and looked about for some supporting force to help me across the sloughs, there was none to be seen. Worse than that, I did not know which road to take, for there were several narrow crossings leading off into diverging roads. I put my horse at full speed down the most likely-looking one, and sent my orderly and bugler to the right and left to find the infantry. After a short ride of a few minutes, winding about in the dense forest, to my consternation I found myself crossing back over the same miserable slough, not far from where I started. The awful sensation of that moment, I hope, falls to few in this world. There was all that artillery, absolutely abandoned by the army; and I did not know in what moment the enemy might take a fancy to stroll back that way to see how we were getting on. There was no time to study topography then; so I rushed everything across as fast as I could, and took the principal road,—the one I had tried,—taking care to avoid turn-offs. After a considerable time—it seemed years to me—we overtook some infantry, which, as well as I could make out in my dazed condition, were rebels; but whether they were the people Hardee had carried off or not I did not know, and could not find out for some time, because they did not know themselves. I shall ever have a kindly feeling towards General Grant for leaving us to our own devices that day.

Thus the battle of Shiloh ended, as it had begun, with equal absurdity on either side, and we were left to pursue our melancholy way back to Corinth. Lack of experience will cover a multitude of faults, even where human life is at stake; but it can hardly be denied that there was great lack of theoretical knowledge as well, all through this action, on the part of the brave and intelligent officers charged with the conduct of these armies. Valuable lessons are to be learned from it all; and I can only hope that the distinguished men whose names I have made free use of, from this point of view, will pardon the little raillery in which I have been tempted to indulge.

F. A. Shoup.

A CRUISE WITH "JOEY" ON PUGET SOUND.

WHILE Congress has been engaged in revoking unearned land-grants that were to be given to railroads, public attention has been called to the most northern of the three transcontinental roads. It has but recently suffered a "Black" Friday on Wall Street, when Villard stocks were tossed from bull to bear until the Villard portion was gored and clawed so badly as to require a doctor to repair damages. The road still remains and terminates at the west end on Puget Sound. As immigration continues the frontier has been pushed farther to the westward year by year, till the tide is sweeping over the mountains and descending to the inland sea that certainly deserves its growing fame as containing the finest harbors on our miles of sea-coast, and giving a continual feast of scenery that surrounds it on every side.

Fortunate the man who has "Old Joey" to take him in charge and pilot him in safety from Olympia to Neah Bay, the whole length of that beautiful sheet.

While the engineer is getting up steam, Joey muses on the days gone by when internecine troubles required his presence at the storming of Fort Fisher, and gravely remarks, "Them was red-hot times, sir," and "You bet your boots, sir, when the mine blew up there was many a sojer lost a fin or a wing." Having relieved his mind on this point, he puts half a bit's worth of navy plug under the lee of his starboard cheek and announces "the ship cleared for action." The launch is anchored above the bridge, and as we make a sweep to pass through the draw a glimpse of Tumwater is seen around the bend, where a small river tumbles, with two or three dashes and a final leap, into the tide-water below, like a boy making a running jump,—a pretty little village, as seen from this distance, nestling cosily down at the foot of a steep hill, where the stumps still show themselves, hardly weather-beaten as yet, so recently has the primeval forest been cut away. Even the serenity of old Joey was touched by the quiet beauty, and he gave vent to his feelings with, "It's pooty, sir, and reminds me of the bend just above Fort Fisher." And he gave the wheel an extra spoke of port helm to clear a native who was paddling up the stream, waiting for the tide to run out far enough to allow him to catch smelts. The Indians do not use a dip-net, but instead a thin piece of board about

six feet long, with brads along one edge like teeth of a comb. They make cuts through the water with this rake, and rarely fail to bring up the fish.

Joey whistled for the draw to open, and after waiting some time the chief of police commenced to swing it round. The tide carried the launch down stream, and to keep steerage-way Joey rang to open her out. Away she went, but the draw jammed, and the whistle caught on the corner, breaking short off. The hot water and steam forced the engineer from the engine-room, but the veteran of Fort Fisher kept his post and ran her into a wharf, where he made her nose fast and let her butt the piles until the steam ran down, remarking something about "the rebel ram that came down about a week before the battle," etc. Fortunately, no serious damage was done, a reducer was put in, and Joey soon announced "the powder aboard and the magazine closed." He hauled in the lines, rang the "jingle," shifted his quid, and kept her "nor'east" down the harbor. On the starboard hand are the remains of an extensive wharf, relic of days gone by when Jay Cooke was to build the Northern Pacific and have its western terminus at Olympia. As the launch steams on the whole town opens up, and the main street, rising gradually to the southward, lined with trees, looks to be quite an avenue. The greater part of the town is on a point between the head of the harbor on one side and a small brook with a tide-slough at its mouth on the other. On each side of the harbor are houses here and there, and the town is gradually extending itself down to deep water. Nearly all the bays have a mud-bank at their head, and Olympia is no exception.

There is no special boom at present, and there is a solidity in its growth that is fitting the official character it holds among the embryo cities of the Northwest country. The Territorial Capitol fronts the harbor from above and to the westward of the town proper, and though not an imposing structure answers its purpose very well. The Legislature deals out the statutes with as much vigor as their more Eastern brethren, and the legislators are not wanting in talent or words to express themselves. The governor is appointed by the President, but soon becomes one of the people, and after donning the soft hat so characteristic of the Pacific Slope, the stranger would take him for an old settler.

The Sisters' school shows up well, and the academy on the east side gives instruction to suit the age. The narrow-gauge railroad comes in on the west side of the bridge. It connects at Tenino with the Northern Pacific, and does a good business as a logging road. The logging camps and the officials are the basis upon which the prosperity of the town rests, and, as Joey remarked, "where the commodore showed his pennant the bumboats was the thickest." Budd's Inlet, at the head of which Olympia is quietly waiting developments, is, from a seaman's

point of view, a success,—good anchorage, plenty of water, and no sweep for the wind to kick up a sea. If the country ever becomes thickly settled no doubt a good use will be found for it, and even now three or four regular steamers run to Seattle, Tacoma, and the neighboring settlements. After rounding Dofflemyer's Point at the entrance, there are two or three openings to the westward that lead into inlets bearing the euphonious local names of Big and Little Skookum and Mud Bay. Skookum, in Chinook, means "strong," and it is said the tide runs out and in the entrance conformably to the name.

The island opposite the entrance to Budd's Inlet is known as Squaxon, where the Indians occasionally hold a "Potlatch,"—a big feast, where the chiefs and wealthy men in the tribe give away their blankets, and, in fact, almost everything they have. What an opportunity for the European sovereigns to rid themselves of their malcontents! With the money now spent in the secret police service pamphlets could be issued and lecturers paid to advertise the peculiar beauty of Siwash life on Puget Sound. Socialists and Nihilists can here find their fondest hopes realized, where riches are divided, where there is no need of work; and if they wish to put dynamite under the palace of his royal nibs "The Tyhee," the damage could be easily repaired with a few slabs from the beach, and one or two Siwashes, Socialists, or Nihilists less would not injure the prosperity of the country. If such inducements were not sufficient, it would pay the royal rulers to give them their passage-money and thus insure their own safety.

After passing Squaxon the channel winds in and out among the islands and around headlands, opening up new beauties in scenery, and old Joey is mum,—not even Fort Fisher offered a comparison, though he gave his trowsers an extra hitch and scratched the back of his head, as if an ancient recollection of some far-off country lay buried beneath his top-hamper. Passing New Amsterdam, and steaming into the bay in front of Steilacoom, Mount Rainier looms up in the southeast in all the grandeur of a natural monarch that it certainly is. Alone it appears from here, though forming but part of the Cascade Range that stretches up and down the coast for a thousand miles. Its round, snow-capped top stands out white against the sky, only relieved by the deep shadows cast by some projecting mass that forms cliffs so steep the snow cannot find a resting-place, and brings into view the volcanic rock that but indicates the subterranean force which ages ago lifted up the plains and opened the chasms over which good ships now ride with hundreds of fathoms under their keels,—a fitting giant in truth to guard the southern approach of one of America's finest harbors.

To the westward the Olympian Range stand out in bold relief, with sharp, jagged heads and clear-cut outline that fancy pictures into human resemblance,—not so grand in their heights as their peer to the south, but nearer and more clearly defined, tempting the beholder to

wish himself on the summit to look down upon the country below. The dark-green firs cover the bases and creep up the sides, as if disputing the ocean gales that sweep in from the westward the right to expend their force upon bare rocks.

Descending from the heights to the surrounding shore, the line of trees to the left is broken by a single stone house that Uncle Sam has provided for his refractory sons in this part of his dominions. In front is the town of Steilacoom. It looks as if it might have been included in the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. As Gibbon did not mention it, at least under its present name, it is to be inferred that it is of later date. When the military post was garrisoned, Steilacoom looked benignly down upon her neighboring towns and said, "*We* will protect you. *Our* soldiers will not let the savage Siwash molest you." They recall the days when young lieutenants flirted with their fair daughters, young fellows that afterward did good service in their country's cause, and several whose names are now familiar among the nation's honored men. To the south the waters reach down into the valley of the Nesqually, a rich farming country. Back of that is the Puyallup Indian Reservation, and along the banks of the Puyallup River is the hop section of Washington Territory. Joey meditated deeply as if Nature was too much for him. She was, and he could stand it no longer; he reported "eight bells, and tea-water ready for serving out," and as he piped the port watch to dinner his meditation was broken.

The channel, that has been gradually bringing the voyager to the eastward, now turns to the north, and all the water that causes the rise and fall of fifteen to twenty feet in the extensive bays and inlets of the lower Sound here flows through the "Narrows." The shores approach within half a mile of each other, and, though deep, such a volume of water causes many a whirl and eddy. It makes the little steamer toss and careen in such a frolicsome manner as to create a feeling of uneasiness that the molasses jug, tied to the table-leg, may slip its moorings and try to wrestle with the bread-pan. The water-pail started on a voyage of discovery, but ran foul of Joey's boot on the first tack, and was forced to heave to and drop both anchors.

The current being favorable, the launch shot through like a shark after an empty can, and Point Defiance, on the starboard hand, went to the rear like a crippled marine, opening out Commencement Bay, near the head of which Tacoma is situated, the rival of Seattle as the commercial emporium of the ports on Puget Sound. The Northern Pacific Railroad at present terminates here, and has machine-shops and offices under the hill. A branch road runs off to the coal-mines in the Cascades, and ships are lying under the bunkers just below the freight depot of the main line. The city has recently been consolidated of two towns that were formerly known as New and Old Tacoma. The latter

is the more westerly settlement, and boasts of one of the finest saw-mills in the country. The water is very deep in the harbor,—seventy-five to a hundred fathoms within two or three ship-lengths of the shore,—and a steep bluff rises from the water's edge for a hundred feet to the top of the hills where the greater part of the city is built. Several fine residences, the Fanny Paddock Hospital, and a number of pretty churches are looked upon with pride by the native Tacomite as evidences of the beginning of the city's greatness. To the stranger not looking for a residence but for beauty Mount Rainier would probably be the most attractive object. It seems to be nearer Tacoma than from any other place on the Sound, and loses none of its grandeur and massiveness by its apparent proximity.

Instead of following the mail-route through Commencement Bay and up the east side of Vashan Island, Joey gives her a little port helm and runs on through Calvos Passage,—a good channel with plenty of water, and an almost unbroken line of trees on either side. Joey beguiles the time by telling a few reminiscences of the war, dating everything as so long before or after the battle of Fort Fisher. As he spins his yarn there is an earnest look in his weather-beaten face, as if the fate of the nation that once depended upon him and his messmates had left its stamp as indelibly impressed upon his mind as the scar across his hand left by a cutlass-cut in some boarding fray.

Rounding Vashan Island and leaving Blake Island,—a round little lump that guards the entrance to Port Orchard from the south,—on our port hand Alki Point comes in sight, and beyond, across Duwamish Bay, the houses on the outskirts of Seattle are seen. Admiralty Inlet stretches away to the north, and the red-and-white revolving light on Sandy Point commenced to shine out in the dusk. The glare of burning refuse slabs from the Port Blakeley mill makes the dark entrance to that part of Bainbridge Island look like some great furnace-mouth where Vulcan forged logging chains for old Boreas, who holds high carnival among the cañons of the Olympian Range.

The lights of Seattle come out more and more thickly as the launch enters the harbor, and the head-light of the dummy pushing coal-cars up to the bunkers looks like a big glow-worm in the distance. Joey brings his charge safely alongside a wharf, reports all secure for the night, pipes down, and leaves the smoke-stack on deck for an anchor-watch. Hammocks were piped up at four bells the next morning, and after decks were scrubbed and bright work cleaned Joey proceeded to stow away his breakfast in a seamanlike manner. That done to his satisfaction, he puffed away at his clay pipe, and at the same time secured everything for sea to prevent any recurrence of yesterday's fun in the Narrows. The tide having nearly slacked, he backed out of the slip and headed towards the ocean.

Going out of the harbor Seattle shows up well, as it rises quite

sharply from the business portion from which the principal wharves are built; several brick and stone buildings give it a solid appearance, and the hum of saw-mills and other factories show signs of business enterprise. Two large schools and the university buildings, together with a large hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, add much to the appearance of the upper portion, and no doubt Seattle will some day reap the benefit of her forethought in thus providing for the younger population. To the right the town reaches back on the hillside, over which the empty coal-trains to Renton and New Castle disappear from sight. To the left the town climbs over an incline and straggles down into a valley, where it takes the name of Belltown. A large factory there bores out a log of the right length and turns it out a barrel with a single stave.

Joey remarked "the town would make a good target," and smiles to think how an 8-inch shell would make the young chaps scamper from one of the big school-houses.

Passing by Sandy Point, Port Madison is seen on the north end of Bainbridge Island, and a cove shows where the north entrance to Port Orchard opens into Admiralty Inlet. Skagit Head, on Whidby Island, shows up almost directly in our course, and beyond the peaks of the Cascades appear faint in the distance. Possession Sound, on the east side, runs up inside of Whidby, and has some reminders of Indian occupation in the names of rivers and towns, among them Mukilteo, Snohomish, Tulalip, Stilaguamish, and Utsalady. To the west Point-no-Point light-house warns the mariner coming from seaward that Foul-weather Bluff lies in his track, separating Hood's Canal on the west from the lower Sound.

Joey runs into Port Ludlow for wood and water, and in so doing crosses the entrance to Hood's Canal,—a long arm that extends down under the foot of the Olympian Mountains to within gunshot of the Big Skookum. The Falls of the Lilliwaup, though not visible from here, which come tumbling down the mountain's side into the canal, is a very delightful resort for camping parties, and the ice-cold stream furnishes delicious trout to help out the larder. Port Gamble mills roll out volumes of smoke, that tell the story of depopulated forests and swelling credit accounts for their owners. Joey, in the mean time, has run his craft up under the very guns of Port Ludlow mill and prepares to forage on the enemy's country. The town does not amount to much so far as houses and population are concerned, but its mill is what Joey calls "an armor-plated, double-turreted, three-decks-and-no-bottom line-of-battle craft." It is probably the largest single mill in the United States, capable of sawing a good-sized ship-load of lumber every day. It is interesting to follow a log in its travels from the boom to the ship's hold. A man poles up two or three old forest giants, each four to six feet through and twenty to fifty feet long, drives an iron dog into each, and hooks them on to the endless chain that runs up the incline

into the mill over a pulley, then down below and outside. At the signal the chain tautens, and the big logs start up, as if endowed with life, on their journey to the saw; once inside, a cant-chain rolls one over on the carriage, where it is securely fastened down with more iron dogs. The log is so laid that a big slab will be taken off its side when it runs forward. Two circular saws, one above and slightly in front of the other, revolving so rapidly that they seem motionless, are ready to receive the log when placed in position. The carriage is started ahead. being worked by a wire rope underneath, and in less time than it takes to tell about it the log is minus a thick slab from its side. The slab is sent on its way to the butt-saw to be cut into four-feet lengths for the tugboat's use or the lath-machine. Back the log goes on the double-quick, canted over, and secured, flat side down, for another side to be taken off. So it is squared down, and if the slabs do not cut off all the roughness, a board or plank is cut to bring it down. In South America skilled carpenters and lumber command such a price that orders are sent to saw the lumber to fit the building, so that a ready-made house is turned out of a mill the same as a suit of clothes from a tailor-shop. The order comes to cut so many feet $40' \times 6''$ tongued and grooved, and the square timber is cut into four planks, each six inches thick. These are passed on to a smaller saw that cuts them into inch-boards. From there they roll on to the butt-saw, where the ends are squared and they are sawed off to the proper length. Passed on to the planer the sides are smoothed, a groove cut in one edge, a tongue on the other, and, still kept on the move, they are run out on the wharf, tallied and marked, and shoved into the open ports of a ship waiting to receive them. A day or two later they are on the way to the southward, perhaps soon to shelter some dark-eyed señorita in Valparaiso or for a shed for a ranchero in Peru.

Joey whistled "all aboard," and reported the town as a failure and his foraging trip not a success, saying, "There wasn't enough hard-tack in the place to make scouse for a baby."

Just outside of Port Ludlow there are two large rocks on which the gulls and shags hobnobbed with each other in a most friendly way, and every now and then set up a screaming, as if the tariff question was in debate and the delegates were not exactly in accord on the subject of protection.

The inlet is some six to eight miles wide here, but gradually becomes more narrow till between Marrowstone Point and Admiralty Head it is not much over a mile. Beyond the head the name changes again and it becomes the Straits of Juan de Fuca out to the ocean. To the left is Port Townsend Bay, and on the west side is the city of Port Townsend. The fog is coming in from seaward, and rolls up in fleecy volumes through gaps of the Olympic Range. Every now and again a portion breaks from the ranks and makes a détour round a

foothill, shutting the peak from sight by the flank movement. In a little while the mountains would struggle out, as if they had rallied and forced back the enemy, but by the time the launch had crossed the bay the fog had gained a complete victory, and Point Wilson fog-horn was giving notice that the Cascades were menaced by the enemy advancing up the Straits.

The next morning Joey reported the tide coming in "like lightnin' down a backstay," and the bread-locker looking slim. While waiting for the former to slack he started out to lay in supplies.

Port Townsend, like the other cities on the Sound, is supposed to grow in the near future at some astonishing rate. From five to fifteen hundred people are spread over a few acres of land, and then additions are laid out and plats made showing blocks and lots, with avenues, boulevards, and parks thrown in to suit the fancy. The buyers may be somewhat surprised to find the streets are rather too freely supplied with shade-trees; but rabbits find no trouble in traveling, and they are "old settlers" and ought to know what the country needs. However, the cities grow, on paper at least, and seem to be in a prosperous condition. The business portion of Port Townsend is on a flat a few feet above high-water level. A steep bluff from one to two hundred feet high rises from this to a gentle-rolling plateau where most of the private residences are built. From there the view is certainly one that can be obtained in but few places, even in this country where grand scenery is the rule and not the exception. The Cascade Range shows dark with snow-white tops against the sky as far as the eye can see to the northeast,—Mount Baker, towering high above the other peaks, forming the sentry at the north, as Rainier is on the south. Below, the dark-blue water seems of a deeper tint in comparison with the white sails of an incoming ship and whitewashed towers of Port Wilson and Admiralty Head light-houses. Across the bay the entrance to Kilisut Harbor hints of mallard and brant waiting for the sportsman's gun, and the round top of Mount Rainier shows pink and hazy above it. To the southeast the bay reaches away six or seven miles to Irondale, with its fringe of trees and gray-sand points. Going round with the sun, the white buildings of the military post are seen, with the Olympics above, piling up hill upon hill with such a variety in outline and shade the eye is never wearied by repetition, and new beauty is seen in every curve.

If the other cities become so thickly populated as to require a breathing-place outside their own limits, Port Townsend, with its natural scenery, pure air, and facilities for boating and bathing, will be a harbor of refuge, and may be the Mount Desert of the Pacific Coast.

Leaving Townsend and proceeding seaward, new passes, islands, and mountains open up to the north, and soon a foreign country appears in sight on the starboard bow. Vancouver's Island, a part of British

Columbia, that here comes out to the sea, separates our northern Territory, Alaska, from its father-in-law's other possessions. Joey's warrior blood seems to warm up at the idea of any one daring to approach so near Uncle Sam's dominions and plant a foreign flag. He makes invidious remarks about such seeming audacity that would make Mrs. Victoria Guelph, R.I., tremble for the fate of her namesake if Joey's wishes were carried into effect.

On the American side numerous bays and harbors are beginning to show signs of the new settler. Houses appear here and there along the shore where some pioneer has taken up his one hundred and sixty acres, and is now waiting for a road to be built to connect him with the outside world. It is evident the government does not intend the sailor in the Straits of Fuca shall want for lights, for five can be seen when off Dungeness; but the wreck of a large ship between this place and Point Wilson shows that lights are useless when snow-squalls are encountered, and that man is not the ruler of the elements. The shore from Dungeness to Cape Flattery presents an almost unbroken line of forest, extending back over the foothills and climbing up the Olympian Range. Farther along the latter gradually lose their mountainous character and slope to the water, only to reappear on the Vancouver shore. Neah Bay is just inside of Cape Flattery, and here the Indians of the noble house of Makah can eat their clams in safety, "far from the world's ignoble strife," and only the Indian agent to love, honor, and obey. When not racing their Cayuse ponies up and down the beach, they spend the greater portion of their time loafing round the Reservation store, or sitting in their huts before an open fire, watching the squaws weaving baskets and mats. Some of this work is very pretty, skillfully woven of colored grasses and strips from the inner side of cedar-bark. The best work is done in table-mats, and always commands a ready sale.

The harbor is somewhat protected by Waadaa Island, but the ocean swell always rolls in, and during a westerly gale it breaks white and foaming on the numerous reefs around the entrance.

This is the principal port on the coast for fur-seal hunters during the season that lasts from March well into the summer. They are small schooners that carry two or three white men and twenty to thirty Indians, with their canoes. They run off shore from twenty to fifty miles until the sealing-grounds are reached, when the canoes are launched, with two Indians in each. The natives paddle up softly to where the seal floats, sleeping, on the water and spear them. A gun makes too much noise, and besides a dead seal sinks, which is provided against in spearing by having a line attached with a hair seal-skin sewed air-tight and inflated that is thrown overboard and acts as a buoy when the game is struck. In the mean time the vessel has been under easy sail and dropped down to leeward, so that when night comes the

natives spread their sails and sail down before the wind and are soon picked up. The white men then spend the night beating up to windward, ready for the next morning's work. On coming aboard the seals are skinned, and each boat tallied off her number and size of catch. They are paid by the piece, and the length of the skin determines the price. The Indians try, by stretching and pulling, to make them count as much as possible, and will *wa-wa* (argue) for a long time for an extra inch. When the schooner comes in the price of each skin is put on a table and divided into three equal piles, one each for the vessel-owners, the captain, and the Indian; two are swept into the cash-drawer, and the native takes his third satisfied that he is not cheated.

Afterwards the furs are sent to England, where the long hair is plucked out and the skin dyed the familiar color as seen in ladies' cloaks, the original one being dark-gray shading to black.

To go farther would be to go to sea, and Joey says, "To go to sea in ships is to see wonders, but to go to sea in a steam-launch is to see the bottom." So the course is laid for Victoria, and as we steam up the Straits the little boat rises and falls on the ocean swell like a cockle drifting in with the tide.

J. N. JORDAN,
Ensign U.S.N.

INDIGESTION IN ARMY ANIMALS: ITS CAUSES AND REMEDIES, ETC., WITH PRACTICAL SICK STABLE HINTS.

FULLY nine-tenths of our public animals are afflicted with a chronic disordered condition of their digestive organs, arising from the wretched system of dietary, by which they are supplied with their full daily ration from 6 o'clock P.M. to 6 o'clock A.M., and allowed to starve the remaining twelve hours in every twenty-four. Generally speaking, I am of the opinion that President Bergh's (S. P. C. A.) typical miserable member of the equine species, viz., the "New York street-car horse," is better off, and leads a more comfortable existence, than our public animals. The former's work is regular if severe, his dietary is physiologically correct, and he is furnished with the attendance of a competent veterinarian. The intelligent biped (farrier) who assumes medical treatment (save the mark!) of our troop and battery horses and quartermaster's animals, consisting in the two first instances of from fifty to ninety valuable animals, worth from ten to twenty thousand dollars, probably heard of Epsom salts, bluestone, vitriol, and soft-soap during some part of his career. He is supplied with sixty-eight veterinary drugs, with valuable instruments and other supplies, but neither scales, measures, weights, nor graduated glasses are to be found. His knowledge of those medicines and instruments is suggestive of the simile, the hog and the holiday. (A recent issue of the *Army and Navy Journal* states that it costs from four to five dollars per horse per annum in the United States army for drugs, compared with that of fourteen cents per animal per annum in the New York Veterinary College.) Those drugs are wasted, used recklessly, or rapidly deteriorate, owing to the manner in which they are kept in those "holes" denominated "troop dispensaries."

He is "authoritative" on the benefits of bleeding, blistering, roweling, setoning, lancing, and burning horses' mouths and palates with a red-hot iron for an imaginary disease (lampass), and other kindred tortures. (When a human being has congested oral tissues, from irritation of teething, indigestion, etc., what would be thought of the person who suggested the application of a red-hot searing-iron all over

the swollen surface?) The animal's mouth, tender and sensitive from the severe cauterization it has received, prevents him from eating for some days, thus allowing the disordered digestive organs an opportunity to recuperate and get rid of their loaded contents; for this reason, in a little time, the appetite returns, and the swollen palate becomes normal in size, to the pride and delight of Farrier McDuff, who, of course, attributes all those improvements to his highly intellectual and extremely humane and scientific operative treatment. Bandaging a strained limb, poulticing an inflamed foot, hot or cold fomentations to an injured member, administration of draughts, pills, or powders, in fact, any gentle or rational method of soothing or treating an inflamed or injured part, is looked upon by him with contempt, meets his disapproval, and is beneath his notice. He utterly ignores, and invariably denies, the presence of strains, inflammations, or disease in any joint or portion of the limbs, excepting "He is strained in the shoulder, sor," or, "He vos lem on his vhirl-bone" (hip), etc.

The veterinarian, on examination of public animals, invariably finds the foul acid mouths, yellow mucous membranes, harsh, staring hair, disordered skin, and abnormal excretions, want of muscular tenacity, languid, flabby muscular condition generally, together with propensities for dirt-eating, licking walls, morbid and depraved appetites, swollen oral tissues (so-called lampass), stump-sucking, manger-gnawing, and other evil habits; all pointing out and suggesting that the digestive functions are in a state of chronic disorder, and indigestion, with its long train of unpleasant sequelæ, is present, due to errors in dietary and malnutrition from improper assimilation of food. His sympathies are aroused on seeing the large number of lacerated, torn, bruised, and paralyzed tongues, lips, bars, enlarged submaxillary bones (chins) from the use of that cruel abomination, the present cavalry bit and curb. I venture the statement that not *one horseman in one thousand is sufficiently light-handed to use this huge piece of iron without torturing the horse; it is fashioned on the faultiest principles* of mechanism suitable to the purpose it should perform (see Major Dwyer on "Bits, Bridles, Seats, and Saddles," the only common-sense work extant on those subjects), so that the fulcrum is thrown on the horse's chin instead of his mouth, pressing his head into the position it should not occupy, and where it is completely removed from the rider's control, viz., upwards and forward. The biped who handles this so-called controlling power being instructed to "stick to him," clings to his reins,—one thousand pounds to the square inch pressure, if it were possible for him to do so,—with the usual result, viz., loss of control, and tearing, lacerating, and wounding the horse's mouth and chin; his idea of controlling his horse by means of the bit and reins being included in the expression, "A long pull and strong pull; the stronger the better." I have frequently been amused at the order from those who ought to know better

to the rider of an uneasy horse on the drilling-ring, "Throw away your sabre and stick to him." So he does, tooth and nail, both horse and man disappearing over the neighboring bluffs full speed, the rider braced in his stirrups tugging and tearing with both hands at the poor tortured mouth; the horse, maddened from the pain and ill treatment, head in the air to avoid the instrument of torture in his mouth, runs until he is thrown by some obstacle (he can't see his road from pain and the elevated position of his head) or stops from sheer exhaustion only. I never saw an excited horse controlled by this treatment. Now the simple order, "Lower your hands, ease your reins, circle on your left or right," would have brought horse and man into their place in the ranks in a short time. He (the horse) at irregular intervals is conducted to the shoeing-forge to have his feet mutilated and fancifully carved *à la* tactics; in fact, the ignorance of equine matters and prevalence of empiricism to be found in the United States army in this enlightened era would be almost incredible to outsiders. The army veterinarian position is such that none but the refuse and worthless members of the veterinary profession can be found in its ranks, or will enter, or having entered, will remain; and so long as his rank, quarters, and allowances are on a par with the saddler-sergeant, sergeant-major, chief trumpeter, mule-packers, and stable-boss, etc. (or as in my own case, where I am located in a filthy room, the walls of which are infested with vermin and fantastically frescoed with tobacco-juice, my predecessors "in this palatial abode" being a gang of those human connecting links betwixt the aborigine and the civilized man, viz., quartermasters' mule-whackers), so long will he remain as he now is, a useless army appendage, ignored by his civil brother professionals for degrading the profession he represents, and ostracized by all respectable society.

The number of fatalities arising from this system of dietary, causing indigestion, with its long train of evils, must be very large indeed; there being no veterinary statistics, as in the European armies, those evils continue on year after year, without calling forth any remedial measures, and the veterinarian who would suggest any changes on the present destructive methods would probably soon find from experience that his interference was uncalled for, provided that his suggestions ever found their way through the circumlocution office. I herein venture to give a brief synopsis of the physiology of digestion, attention being specially solicited to the important equine peculiarities not generally known, viz., the extremely limited size of the equine stomach and small intestines, and the absence of a gall-bladder, these conditions being clearly suggestive that those animals should be fed at regular and short intervals, and in smaller portions than is at present carried out. Dividing the present grain ration equally at 6 A.M., 12 noon, and 6 P.M., with hay allowance at night, animals being watered pre-

vious to each meal, or even changing the present morning feed to noon, would be a decided advantage, instead of the present insane method of starvation all day, or tying poor, hard-worked creatures to a post, under the blistering sun of summer or the chilling winter blasts, for one hour at noon, whilst their attendants are enjoying a meal and rest in comfortable quarters. This does not seem very consistent or humane, nevertheless it is the rule, and the adoption of the *tri-daily meals* would materially reduce the death- and sick-rate, and add very much to the efficiency, comfort, and health of the public animal. The wild horse is continuously eating or sleeping, living on grass alone, which contains all the necessary elements of nutrition, but in such limited quantities that he must eat a large amount in order to maintain himself. In domestication we avoid this necessity by giving him food containing nourishment in a more concentrated form (hay and grain). A horse cannot live on grain alone, although it contains all the necessary sustenance; it cannot be assimilated and absorbed from the digestive tract without the latter being somewhat distended; this necessary mechanical aid is found in hay, which contains much woody fibre. When this distention is carried beyond the normal pitch, by engorgement, overloading, or weakened digestion from previous long fasting, paralysis of the muscular walls of the stomach and small intestines ensues, and their contents, instead of being kept in constant motion until digested, or passed into the larger bowels in their normal course, become a fermenting, decomposing, foul, seething mass. My readers can probably give this a practical test by indulging in a hearty meal after ten or twelve hours' fast; they will soon find what the unpleasant consequences are; nevertheless, this is the daily misery to which our public animals are needlessly subjected. What animal (biped or quadruped) is happy, healthy, or contented with a disordered digestive apparatus? The highest medical authorities state that habitually engorging and overloading the stomach results in more sickness, deaths, fatalities, suicides, murders, etc., directly and indirectly, than all other ailments combined.

Digestion, as is well known, is carried on in the mouth, stomach, and intestines. The horse gathers his food with his lips and incisor teeth, passes it upwards by means of his tongue to be masticated and triturated by twenty-four millstones, known as molar teeth. During this process it is mixed with saliva, by which it undergoes the first process of digestion, viz., conversion by the chemical action of the saliva on the starchy ingredients of the food, converting it into glucose, or grape-sugar; when it is reduced to a pulpy mass, the bolus is carried by the movements of the tongue into the pharynx, and conducted from thence into the stomach by the muscular contraction of the œsophagus.

The walls of the stomach and intestines are furnished with a series

of muscles running in different directions; by means of their contractions the food is continually in motion, so as to be thoroughly incorporated with gastric secretions, which dissolve the albuminoid materials; on the starchy portion of the food it has no effect. When the food passes into the small intestines the digestion of the starch is continued by the action of the intestinal juices, the pancreatic and bilious fluids. After the food is reduced to a fluid state its digested portion is absorbed by the blood-vessels and lacteals, the greater part passing into the liver, where it undergoes a process of oxidation and metabolism, to prepare it and manufacture various complex substances which are necessary to the animal economy. It will be thus seen that the longer all starchy food remains in the mouth the more it undergoes salivary digestion, and the more it is masticated the less the work of the stomach, and *vice versa;* and according to the amount of albuminoid which enters it the more work has the stomach to perform. And we must also bear in mind that a stomach weakened from any source will readily digest small quantities of food where a large meal will lie inert; *and right here* is where the army dietary does the principal mischief, not forgetting the bolting and non-mastication of food from hunger, long fasts, teeth troubles, etc. Animals, like men, are possessed of digestive organs varying much in their powers to perform their work. If the horse can only digest three quarts of grain at a meal, then every grain given over that amount is an injury; *and it has frequently surprised me to see the heavy, languid, inert, harsh-coated, rib-showing animal, consuming nine or twelve quarts of grain in two meals, at twelve hours' interval, become a quick, active, sleek-coated, fat, healthy horse in a short time by merely administering the same quantity of food in three meals, of three or four quarts each, at shorter and better-regulated intervals.* The reason is apparent, I hope, from my very limited explanation of the most important part of the digestive process. In order that this process shall be complete, all the various organs therein concerned should be in a healthy condition and fully capable of performing their various and necessary functions. Fortunately, however, in the manger-fed horse the gathering of the food by means of the lips is more or less unnecessary. Otherwise, from the number of those organs rendered pendulous and partially and wholly paralyzed by the unnecessary and ill-devised bit, army horses might starve in the midst of plenty.

The tongue is the organ which carries the food to the molar teeth and, with the assistance of the cheeks on either side, passes it in the lateral direction, so as to be triturated by the grinding-teeth (molars). If this organ is lacerated or paralyzed, so as to interfere with its functions, it will be seen that the food not only fails to be carried to the molars, but cannot be maintained between their surfaces, and must be swallowed whole. Large numbers of army horses have their tongues lacerated more or less and frequently paralyzed from the cause before

mentioned, or from the halter-strap being twisted into their mouths including the tongue, he being frequently brought to the shoeing-forge and hitched to the wall in this fashion; at the slightest scare or violence he runs back, the twisted strap catching his tongue and frequently severing it. Professor Williams, in his Surgery, states that "a horse with half a tongue requires extra care and attention to his dietary from this cause, and is less valuable in the market."

The teeth of all horses six years old and upwards should be carefully examined and attended to by the veterinary dentist at least semi-annually. Neglect of this important matter causes not only waste of valuable food, indigestion, etc., but is the cause of large numbers of army animals living a life of semi-starvation, as they not only derive little benefit from the portion of food masticated, but the remainder passes through them in the same condition that it was swallowed, irritating the digestive organs during its passage and acting as a foreign body. Professor Colin, of the Alfort Veterinary College, says that "in the horse mastication is unilateral; that is, for fifteen minutes or so mastication is performed on one side only; it is then changed to the opposite side, and so on alternately during the meal. The horse's upper jaw is broader than the lower one from side to side; the latter moves on the former laterally, or from one side to the other. If this movement is not complete, the molar teeth do not approximate completely, and consequently a ridge of unworn tooth-material is left on the external aspect of the upper and the inner sides of the lower teeth, wounding the tongue and cheeks, and preventing complete trituration of the food. Many other dental troubles affect the horse, such as irregular growths, diseased alveolar processes, caries of the fang, neck, and crown of the teeth, all of which require the attendance of the qualified practitioner. I never visited a cavalry troop during my service that at least half the horses were not literally being slowly starved, owing to some defects of their dental apparatus."

The army animal cannot be in perfect health under his present conditions. He gets his ration of grain at 6 o'clock P.M., with seventeen pounds of coarse prairie hay, often badly saved and worse stacked, the hay-stacks being generally flat on top and as broad as the butt, thus forming a most unfavorable receptacle for all the rain, snow, damp, etc., that fall on it, setting up fermentation, decomposition, etc. At 6 o'clock A.M. he again gets his ration of oats. Thus in twelve hours he receives his daily complement of grain and seventeen pounds of hay. Now if any person of average intelligence will remember the enormous bulk of this amount of food, and that the horse is then taken out and hitched to a line for twelve hours, with his neck in a most cruel position, suggestive of that painful human affection, "cricked neck," frequently exposed to a blazing sun and heat of 130° F. in summer, and whilst his cool, shady stable stands twenty feet away;

and in winter he suffers the other extreme. And for what reason or benefit he is deprived of those comforts no person seems to know, but simply in obedience to the cast-iron order, "Tie him on the line." *Water constitutes at least two-thirds of the animal's weight, and should be supplied at least three times daily and before eating.* Animals having constant access to water consume far less than those watered occasionally. Its importance can be imagined from the following: It is universally present in all the tissues and fluids of the body, abundant in the blood and secretions, where it is indispensable to give them fluidity, for it is by the blood and secretions that new substances are introduced into the body and old ingredients discharged. All solid substances in the body assume a fluid form for the time being; water is therefore an essential ingredient, for it holds solid materials in solution, and enables them to pass and repass through the animal frame; it is an ingredient of the solids. Muscle and cartilage exposed to heat lose water by evaporation, diminish in size and weight, and become dense and stiff; even bones and teeth lose water in this way. In all these solid and semi-solid tissues the water they contain is useful by giving them their special consistency; thus a tendon is white, glistening, and opaque, though very strong and flexible; if its water is expelled by evaporation it becomes yellow, shriveled, semi-transparent, inflexible, and unfit for performing its mechanical functions. The same thing is true of skin, muscles, cartilages, etc. Water is all derived from without, taken as drink and food. The necessity of a frequent and plentiful supply is therefore evident, as it modifies the systemic temperature and acts as a tonic, refrigerant, etc. Much ignorant prejudice exists as to its use, particularly among horsemen, in consequence of which poor animals suffer severely from thirst; and the animal liberally supplied at proper and short intervals does its work with greater ease, and lasts longer, than one deprived of this constitutional requirement of such a necessary element. Water containing organic impurities, or too hard from overabundance of earthy salines,—viz., containing over twelve degrees of hardness,—induces disease. At Zela, on the East African coast, where brackish or bitter water only is to be found, vegetables, dogs, cats, horses, or mules cannot exist. Organic impurities, either suspended or in solution, and more so during the hot summer months, frequently induce diarrhœa, anthrax, and other putrid diseases. Animals certainly seem to become habituated to impure water, and occasionally prefer it, but even these are not exempt from its evil consequences; and indeed the very depravity which leads them to prefer what is so unnatural may of itself be looked upon as a diseased condition. Pure water in abundance, as a rule, may be given with benefit and advantage to animals, taking their condition at the time into consideration. If heated or exhausted, it should be given only in limited quantities and at short intervals, until thirst is assuaged. With this

exception, *and after meals,* I repeat, water at all other times should be freely and judiciously allowed.

FOOD.

Unsuitability of food, either in consequence of deficiency, overabundance, or improper combination of nutritive constituents, is a very frequent source of disease. This is well shown in the following experiments. Dogs, monkeys, and other animals, when fed entirely on sugar, gum, starch, oil, or butter, died with symptoms of starvation almost as soon as if they were deprived of food. Even bread, when too fine, is insufficient nourishment. Dogs fed on pure white bread lived only fifty days, whereas others living on coarse brown bread were well nourished, and seemed capable of living for an indefinite period. Experiments prove that in order to maintain health and strength it is essential that, in addition to water, food must contain three classes of constituents, viz.: First, nitrogenous, to nourish the muscular and albuminoid tissues; second, hydrocarbons, to supply animal combustion, maintain heat, and assist in assimilation of the nitrogenous compounds; third, salines, to supply material for the solid structures, maintain their healthy standard, assist in alimentation and assimilation, conveying new materials into the system and removing old ones out of it. If these various constituents are deficient, absent, or present in undue quantities, health cannot be maintained, and common experience teaches us that animals are kept in the best health on mixed food. As typical foods we have familiar examples: First, milk, as it contains casein (nitrogenous), oil and sugar (hydrocarbons), water and salts (salines); hence young animals thrive best and are maintained in health by the food nature has provided for them. Second, grass, as a food, contains all the necessary ingredients for the support of animal life, whilst hay and straw, which may be called the coarser articles of diet, are necessary. Alone they are insufficient to maintain an animal in health, as the indigestibility of the large quantities necessarily ingested becomes a source of disease,—as indigestion, heaves, languor, and debility,—or leads to such a condition of the system as to predispose it to succumb to the influences of many ailments. Food may be also bad in quality, as in wet seasons, where it is too watery, and its nutritive constituents washed away, damaged by fermentation, mould, etc. Nothing is more common after a wet season than to see scores of horses suffering from various diseases thus induced, as diabetes insipidus, induced by some as yet unknown agent developed in the food by operation of the wet, heating fermentation, or all those operations combined. Again, it is found that foods become ergotized and fatal in their action on the animal body, and that all forage, by becoming rusty, acquires unhealthy properties, infected with cryptogamic plants belonging to the *uredo* or *puccinia*

species, or moulding (blue mould) when attacked by the mucor-mucedo. But if the season be too dry, forage becomes hard, innutritious, and indigestible from want of moisture as one of its necessary constituents, causing constipation, impaction, with their attendant systemic conditions, unthriftiness and debility, leading to anæmia and death. Food may be excessive or deficient in quantity. The first is followed by colics, enteritis, impactions, and ruptures. As a rule, we find animals partake of food in quantities sufficient to satisfy the appetite and maintain health, but there are exceptions, some animals, habitually greedy, eating voraciously and hurriedly and masticating imperfectly. *Many are voracious from long fasting, and the evil consequences of this kind of feeding are a source of many fatalities in army animals, and most fatal diseases of the digestive organs arise from this source alone. Now, a little forethought would go a long way. Greedy horses should be fed with hay before grain so as to partially satisfy their craving, and the quantities of grain should be given in smaller allowances and more frequently, dividing it into three or more parts.* Food defective in quantity or nourishment causes debility, wasting, dropsical effusions, parasites, and even death. The proper judgment of forage requires both a technical education and practical experience, and for this reason the veterinarian should be selected for this office. The present system of forage inspection is a source of advantage and amusement to contractors and loss to the service. An officer is detailed for this purpose (of any arm of the service), whose knowledge of the subject is in the same proportion as that of the farrier and the veterinary supplies before alluded to. The results may be better imagined than described.

EXERCISE

for at least one hour daily, at a gentle walk (not ridden furiously), is a positive necessity to the horse, and without it he cannot be kept in perfect health. So particular are the French and English army authorities in this respect that I have seen repeatedly large circular spaces cleared after heavy falls of snow, where there was no riding-school in temporary barracks, so that their horses should not miss their daily walking exercise of two hours. It improves the appetite and spirits, assists in the excretion of the morbid materials, acts as a stimulant to the skin, limbs, and circulation, and a preventive to œdematous swellings, dropsy of the extremities, indigestions, etc., and maintains all the internal and external organs in a constant state of preparation for sudden emergencies. But when in degree or continuance it exceeds what the strength can bear or rest can recruit, the functions are exhausted and lose their balance, muscular tone is impaired, nervous excitability takes the place of strength, circulation fails, congestions ensue, the blood is not properly purified, and the various organs are on the brink of dis-

ease. This is more particularly the case where animals have previously been allowed to remain without exercise for long periods, as in army horses. Any experienced cavalry officer can testify how our troop horses, when suddenly called upon, sink in flesh, become easily exhausted, their saddles becoming misfits, with its usual ill results for the first week's march in emergencies.

Want of exercise is a frequent cause of disease. The muscular system, and with it the circulation of the blood, is first to suffer; the movements become sluggish and languid; sweats break out upon the least exertion; there is a general want of condition and tone in all the vital organs, owing to their becoming loaded with fat, and a flabby, fatty muscular degeneration ensues, with swelled legs and extremities, due to debility of the heart and arterial system. The respiratory organs being little called upon, the task of decarbonizing the blood is thrown upon the liver; hence the accumulation of fat and derangements of that organ. Animals in this condition are utterly unfit for sudden and violent exertions. As well might a human being without physical training be expected to run a foot-race without evil consequences ensuing.

Salt is a restorative, anthelmintic, antiseptic, antitympanitic, and tonic, and therefore should be always within reach of every herbivorous animal. It is an actual and physiological necessity to them. One animal may require little, the next one a great deal; but without it perfect health cannot be maintained in horses and cattle. Its importance can be seen from the following physiological facts in connection with it: The serum of the blood contains four to six parts per thousand. It exists in all secretions, and is the chief source of the muriatic acid secreted by the stomach. It largely increases the secretions from the gastric and salivary glands; it promotes the digestion of vegetable food, and renders it more fit for absorption. Hence the greed of salt in all herbivorous animals, and the utility of those salt-licks to which buffalo, deer, and other wild animals resort. In Holland criminals in ancient times were condemned to die by eating unsalted bread, as the severest punishment that could be inflicted. The effects were terrible. These wretched persons are said to have died a dreadful death, literally devoured by worms engendered within their own bodies. In scrofula affecting the glands, skin, and bones, salt has been used externally and internally. It is essential to digestion, a popular and reliable remedy for worms, and food without salt engenders them; and it also possesses the property of preventing more or less alcoholic intoxication. This is well shown by the use of salt meats before or after the use of alcohol. Army animals should be provided with salt-boxes attached to their mangers, so that they could fully supply their instinctive demand. Its present insane method of distribution, periodically, mixed with food, forces one animal to eat more than his system

requires, whilst others do not get sufficient, and have to eat the best substitute within reach, viz., *dirt, filth, clay, wood, lime, and mud from stable-walls, floors*, etc.

Horses, like human beings, are constituted with various tastes and requirements. One horse will require a large salt-ration, whilst his neighbor probably requires little. All vegetarians should be supplied with their full demand, their food being deficient in this material more or less. For this reason the Indian in his primitive state, being almost carnivorous (flesh contains much salt), never required an artificial supply, and even to the present day he looks upon it as an unnecessary luxury. Instead of the present method of supply, army animals should have it always within reach, so as to suit their different constitutional requirements. Like water, it is found in all the fluids and tissues, excepting alone the enamel of the teeth. Its presence regulates the phenomena of endosmosis and exosmosis, and in the blood it increases the solubility of the albumen and earthy phosphates, and it is more abundant than all other salines combined. Herbivorous animals in their wild condition have an instinctive desire for salt, as shown in the familiar instance of their traveling over enormous tracts of country to reach it. The following experiment shows the importance of a more liberal supply to our army animals. Six bullocks were selected, of the same age, vigor, etc., and were all supplied with abundance of nutritious food; but three of them, in addition, received over one and a quarter ounces of salt daily. With this exception alone, all six were fed and treated alike. The experiment commenced in October, and in the following April their difference became manifest even to the unpracticed eye. The hair and skin, which was tarnished and disordered in the unsalted ones, was smooth and glistening in the others. This became more marked as time advanced; and in October following the unsalted bullocks presented a rough and tangled hide, with patches here and there where the skin was uncovered. Whilst the three bullocks who received salt were fat, sleek, well coated; their vivacity and general appearance of good health presented a marked contrast with the dull, unexcitable aspect of the others. Salt acts as a tonic by exciting the digestive fluids and assisting in the solution of the food; for food which is tasteless, however nutritious, is taken with reluctance and digested with difficulty. The importance of a more liberal salt supply to army animals, and also a different method of distribution than the present one, is obvious.

PRACTICAL SICK STABLE HINTS.

I venture to give a few hints which may be useful, as army farriers (unlike their European *confrères*) get no instruction in their duties, excepting they happen to be detailed to a post in which there is

a veterinarian (there are but fourteen veterinary appointments in the service, and they are generally but half filled for reasons before alluded to). Although the administration of medicines, bandaging, poulticing, dressing wounds, etc., is difficult to the non-instructed, nevertheless, when properly understood methods are resorted to, they are very simple and easy. The first essential to remember is that cursing, ill-treating, kicking, and abusing horses will only increase the difficulties a hundredfold, and that gentleness, patience, and perseverance will enable the operator to accomplish his purposes more easily and in a shorter time. To give a pill or ball, turn the horse in his stall quietly (don't excite him) with the halter on; no other control is necessary; stand on the off side and facing the horse's head, quietly and gently grasp the tongue with the left hand, placing the thumb, pointing upwards, against the horse's palate, the little finger against the bar of that side; take the pill (held in the operator's teeth for the purpose) betwixt the three first fingers of the right hand, the second finger on top, and the third and first finger below it, *and, avoiding unnecessary bustle and hurry*, it is carried upwards and backwards and dropped on the back of the tongue; at the same instant the tongue is released and the mouth held close, and the pill, being placed where the act of swallowing is involuntary and beyond the animal's control, can be only coughed up; give the horse a swallow of water, or watch the pill descending the gullet on the nigh side, and the act is complete. It is astonishing, with a little practice, how easily medicines are thus administered. As it is at present accomplished, the farrier, not knowing better, gets six or eight assistants, the crowd generally cursing, kicking, and abusing the patient; the head is strung up to the rafter, where it is in the most unfavorable position for swallowing, the throat is violently rubbed to force him to swallow, and in nine-tenths of the cases sick horses are more injured than improved by this treatment, as well as three-fourths of the medicines being wasted and spilled during the struggle which naturally ensues.

To administer a draught, turn the horse as before, place a watering bridle in his mouth as low down as possible; raise the nose gently, by means of the reins being passed over a beam not more than two feet higher than the animal's ears, until it (the nose) is about as high as the forehead; pour about a wineglassful into his mouth, keep the tongue in motion (don't restrain it), and when he swallows, repeat until the draught is all given (if a horse coughs whilst his head is tied up, let it down as quickly as possible, or the medicine may be taken into the lungs during the rapid inspiration of this act; this is usually fatal); in this way a horse can be drenched without spilling a drop and without exciting or injuring him in any way.

A hospital box should not be less than ten feet square, in a quiet part of the stable, well ventilated, without draughts, and capable of being darkened, in case of disorders of the eyes, nervous system, and to

keep away those horrible pests to the sick horse, viz., flies, etc. The box should be well cleaned, the manure, etc., removed as soon as dropped, and when empty it should be cleaned, disinfected, and whitewashed.

Blankets and clothing should be loosely fastened on sick horses, and they should be frequently aired and shaken.

Remove the shoes from all sick or lame horses. Fresh water, frequently renewed, should be always within reach. Horses that scour easily should have water at short intervals, and in winter the chill should be taken off. A horse that has water always within his reach will sip it frequently, and drink a far smaller quantity than if he is only watered at long intervals. Sick horses have a more acute sense of smell than healthy ones, therefore medicines are better administered in draught or pill than in their food or water.

Never drench a horse suffering from sore or inflamed throat.

Sick horses have always capricious appetites; never leave food for any length of time before them.

Always feed wet food, as mashes, etc., from a bucket. They sour the manger.

Many horses feed slowly, and are consequently robbed of the food by voracious and greedy neighbors.

Hay damped and salted is palatable to very sick horses.

Hay tea is also very acceptable, made as follows: Half fill a bucket with hay; pour boiling water on it and a little salt; the hay is moistened, the steam is grateful to the horse, and he enjoys the tea.

Bran mashes are best prepared thus: Place two quarts of bran in a pail; pour boiling water on it, cover it closely, so as to retain the steam; give it when cool, adding a little salt. Linseed mash is also nutritious and useful, and is made from the seed or powdered meal (the latter has the oil extracted).

A horse with nasal discharge should be isolated, and always fed from a bucket placed on the ground; or a wheelbarrow answers admirably for the purpose. Steamed hay as described is very useful in this affection.

Hand-rubbing the legs and briskly rubbing the body with a wisp of dampened hay or straw is useful and grateful; the pressure and friction excite the circulation and absorbents to increased action. A good plentiful bed is essential to comfort. If the straw is fresh and stiff, it must be well laid down, *particularly if the horse has been blistered recently.*

Hot fomentations to the limbs, to be useful, must be continued at least one hour, maintaining the temperature of the water by frequent additions. The limb should be placed in a bucket; the swab or sponge should be applied above (not upon) the affected parts, and the water allowed to trickle over it. Dry thoroughly, cover the limb in flannel, so as to prevent rapid evaporation from the parts.

Cold-water bathing or hoseing the legs is very beneficial; it tones and braces the various structures which are weak or deficient in vitality; but the limb should be thoroughly dried and rubbed, particularly in cold weather.

Sponge the eyes, nostrils, anus, etc., two or three times daily with water containing a little vinegar.

Sick horses require grooming, even more so than healthy ones.

The sheath requires cleaning with warm water and soap (not boiling hot), and afterwards apply olive oil; pass your arm (well oiled) up as far as it can go; be very gentle, first cutting your finger-nails as short as possible previous to the operation.

Injections should be given twice daily, and be of tepid water only. Soap, salt, etc., irritate the rectum, and are not retained for that reason. To be beneficial, injections should be retained, the longer the better.

Bleeding is almost a thing of the past ages. A horse never should be bled except under the advice of a professional man.

Ten inches of a poultice is often followed by better and more satisfactory results than the same space blistered.

Never use a thin, sharp string in adjusting a poultice or bandage; it injures the part and impedes the circulation.

Clip or shave the hair before applying a blister. Keep the part well oiled or greased daily until irritation ceases, and fix the horse's head so that he won't gnaw the blistered surface.

Weak, sick, or exhausted horses frequently stand persistently until utterly prostrated; put such into slings, so that he can put his weight in them or stand on his feet.

Retention of Urine.—A horse cannot urinate in the recumbent position; he suffers from retention of urine in many diseases, and requires mechanical aid. A horse suffering from cramp or colic almost invariably attempts to relieve himself of the pain by efforts at urinating. For this reason uneducated persons almost invariably ascribe all painful intestinal diseases to the kidneys. Hundreds of valuable animals are thus lost. I dare say there are not one dozen army farriers who ever heard of the catheter or its use. This simple operation is thus performed: First, pare the finger-nails closely; grasp the penis gently, and draw it slowly downward and forward, so as to slowly overcome its muscular contraction; take the catheter (previously well oiled) in the left hand, and pass it slowly and carefully through the urethral passage, an assistant pressing it gently as it passes around the perineum a short distance below the anus, the operator maintaining a slight pressure upwards, until it enters the bladder and the urine flows. On no account must any force be used. If unsuccessful, withdraw the catheter six inches and repeat.

When a horse shows lameness, withdraw grain and give bran instead, and remove shoes; examine foot for stumps, nails, etc.; *the horse-*

shoer never acknowledges having pricked a horse or driven a nail too close.

Never exercise a lame horse; movement intensifies the pain and inflammation tenfold.

If you cannot locate disease, better treat the sick horse according to common sense than make a drug-store of his stomach. Withdraw grain and give bran instead. Bandage and clothe him; darken his stall in summer, to keep flies away; keep clear, cold drinking-water always within his reach; diet him carefully, and await developments.

The horse naturally possesses enormous recuperative powers from sickness; otherwise the fatalities in the United States army animals would be one hundred times greater than they are under his present surroundings and attendance.

All army veterinary matters should be placed under professional control; and until such takes place they will continue in their present slipshod, happy-go-lucky condition. The annual loss from those causes alone must be enormous.

M. J. TREACY,
Veterinarian Seventh U. S. Cavalry.

FORT YATES, DAKOTA.

BEAUREGARD.

THE two handsomely-printed volumes before us call up many memories of a sad past now nearly twenty years behind us. We live as those after the deluge. It seems to be fated that every nation must pass through such a terrible civil convulsion. But it is seldom that the record is one to which the conquered can look back as proudly as that which the soldiers of the Confederate armies can claim as theirs. The surrender of not two hundred thousand men of all arms to a force that numbered upwards of a million, after a struggle of four years, was no disgrace. The organizing and administrative ability it called forth on both sides, the energy and skill which were developed, were wonderful, and, under the limitations imposed upon the Southern generals, their strategy will not suffer in comparison with that of the greatest captains. Already the fame of Lee and Jackson is claimed as national.

It was a matter of much surprise to those who were unable to take an active share in the struggle that men of such exceptional ability as Beauregard should not have been given that place of leadership which was so naturally assigned to them by the people of the Confederacy. Several explanations were current among non-combatants who were without the charmed circle of the military and political leaders. West Point etiquette and seniority of rank, it was said at first, had much to do with the selection of men for positions of responsibility and danger. When it was seen almost immediately that men who had been civilians, and before unknown, had risen rapidly over the heads of their seniors, the solution seemed as far off as ever. Making all allowances for the immediate exigencies which led to the promotion of men who were on the spot to act at once, there was ample room for our most popular and able generals. Then, Mr. Davis was charged with yielding to his personal preferences and to his self-will. It was true that he used his own judgment of the capacity and fitness of those whom he placed at the head of the departments. It was at once a loss and a gain that he had

[1] "The Military Operations of General Beauregard in the War between the States, 1861 to 1865, including a brief Personal Sketch and a Narrative of his Services in the War with Mexico, 1846–48." By Alfred Roman, formerly colonel of the Eighteenth Louisiana Volunteers, afterwards aide-de-camp and inspector-general on the staff of General Beauregard. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

been trained at West Point. But none of these conjectures were adequate, and General Roman has unconsciously done much to aid us to a true conclusion. The work does much to throw light upon numerous details of the military history of the war and to correct minor errors, but beyond the authority that General Beauregard's sanction has given them, they add but little to the history of the war between the States.

Of French descent and of an ancestry that had a brilliant military record, the profession of arms was his by inheritance. Born in 1818, a cadet at West Point in 1834, graduating second in a class of forty-five in 1838, he served with marked ability in Mexico. Afterwards giving up a purpose to leave the service, he was employed in the routine of ordinary duty till 1861, when he resigned and entered the Confederate service. We do not mean to trace out the details of his career; his aide-de-camp has done that well. But we do wish to say a word upon the causes which placed so brilliant an officer in commands important, it is true, but not adequate to the reputation he had acquired at Charleston or by the victory at Manassas.

By inheritance and by instinct a soldier, he was also a general. Fertile in resources, possessing insight, he was an able tactician rather than a sound strategist. Manassas showed how capable he was of handling men, and yet later he was not trusted with such commands as his early prestige had won or as the Southern soldiers hoped would be given him; such positions as Johnson, Lee, Bragg, or even Kirby Smith were given.

The conduct of matters at Charleston, when Sumter was bombarded, required but little real effort; it was in the events which preceded, and in the plans for, the battle of Manassas that both his excellencies and defects appear. Manassas belongs to General Beauregard. It was sagaciously anticipated, and (so far as he was permitted) it was prepared for, and it was fought by him. In preparing for it he urged plans for a combination which exhibited his fertile mind and his failure in realizing the limited conditions under which, at that point in the war, none but the simplest plans could be carried out. With a veteran army, not then in existence, it might have been possible to concentrate at Manassas, neglect Patterson, break through the forces in front, and then envelop Patterson at Winchester, and menace Washington and secure Maryland in two weeks. But even Jackson's march, combining with Lee for the second battle at Manassas in 1863, simple and less delicate to execute, was hazardous. The campaign indicated was in itself possibly feasible, but the instruments, the material, the troops ready to obey, were wanting. Lee's condemnation of it upon the ground that it was too hazardous, and that the foe was too well concentrated, too near his base, and could receive reinforcements too rapidly to make the destruction of the army in front as complete as it would be necessary, was perfectly sound, and Lee was not one who neglected the

element of accidents in the chances of success. The same defect appears in similar aggressive plans which he submitted to the War Department or laid before the generals with whom he was associated, except in the last plan he offered, when leaving Butler and combining with Lee he could crush Grant's flank and roll back his advance upon Petersburg.

In all of these suggestions he showed resource, invention, and quickness, but not the caution which was necessary.

He was sent West to aid General A. S. Johnston. Grant's faulty position at Shiloh gave Beauregard his opportunity, and he laid his plans of attack most skillfully. But here again, when upon Johnston's fall, the conduct of the latter half of the first day's battle fell upon him, there were two defects, not in plan or in purpose, but in estimating the worth of his troops and in the handling of his men. The surprise was, by accident, as complete as he had intended it should be, and then, because of delays, feared it would not be; but he did not allow for the temptation to his troops to plunder when he was attacking the camp, and he did not handle his troops in masses. It will be found that the engagement, at least in the latter part of the day, was irregular, and the blows were not delivered with all the weight that a better control of his men should have insured. The skill of his retreat from Corinth was great, and has received an appreciative commendation, and his dispositions at Tupelo were very judicious. But here again came in one of those inexplicable events which had so much to do with the future. Ordered by his physicians to take rest, and fully entitled to it, since the position at Tupelo seemed safe for the present, he informally notified the War Department of his withdrawal for a few days to Bladon Springs for rest. This informality President Davis resented, and Bragg, who was at Tupelo and in command under Beauregard, was given his place. Whether Mr. Davis was justified or not in so resenting it, it was an informality which led to other results.

Yielding to popular pressure, President Davis assigned him to the Atlantic coast defenses from Wilmington southward. Taking all things together, as the war progressed, it is probable that Beauregard alone could have held Charleston as long as it was. He alone was able to foil all attacks and to resist the crush of the dead weight brought against Charleston, for it was that which was used rather than superior skill. All through the long period of the defense of Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington, General Beauregard feared more that weight of numbers would break through his ill-manned defenses than anything else. Here his genius was best displayed. On the whole, he was assigned to a duty most important indeed, and requiring one of his ability to discharge but below his rank. Unqualified praise can well be given for his remarkable defense of the long coast-line. All vulnerable points were carefully examined, and minute memoranda and instructions given for their defense. His readiness to turn all means at his

disposal into available material, and his promptitude and decision, were well displayed. Indeed, from this point onward his ability and experience were better appreciated.

We have been allured by the sad attraction of the subject into writing much more than we intended upon the causes which assigned to General Beauregard a lower sphere than that which his rank should have obtained for him. It was all the more to his honor and true self-respect that he put aside his private hurt and served the "lost cause" so faithfully and efficiently. We are very much tempted to dwell upon the skill and audacity which was displayed the more transcendently by Lee and Beauregard as men and material failed them. Beauregard's dispositions to capture Butler, his preparations in anticipation of the famous mine, his brilliant plan to crush Grant, his ready co-operation with Johnston in the last days of the Confederacy are very tempting topics. But this conclusion is clear to us (whether concurred in by those who specially admire him): That, on the whole, though scant respect was done his rank and previous services, his sphere of action was the one best suited to him, and the one in which he did the soundest service he was capable of; that he showed superior ability as tactician and as engineer; but that his proposed strategy in the earlier years of the war was more glittering and specious than sound; and that he did not exhibit that skill so needful in a general, of rapidly concentrating and smiting down opposition on the battle-field. He was in command on two supreme occasions,—at Manassas, where, however, he was overruled by the presence of his superiors after the victory was in his reach, and at Shiloh, where there were none to interfere. On neither occasion did he reap the fruits of all his toil and forecasting, which were fairly within his grasp. But at Charleston, at Bermuda Hundreds, at the Crater, along the long coast-line menaced at many different points, by his sagacious preparation he foiled attacks and succeeded in inflicting loss upon his assailants.

General Roman compares him to Jackson; but Jackson's strategy was of a different order from that displayed by any other commander, and was only not to be compared to Lee's because of the superior genius of the latter in handling large armies. General Dick Taylor's remark, that Jackson's true place could not be assigned, because, whenever tried, he ever rose superior to the occasion, was a just criticism. Could that be said of Beauregard?

A. A. Benton.

DRIFTING.

ANY one who has visited the Phœnix Club in Lima, Peru, has probably been lured into one of those easy, leather-backed chairs which spread their soft, roomy arms about him, and has given himself up to an afternoon of drowsy comfort or quiet reading.

Before him spreads the extensive Plaza Mayor, with the cathedral of Lima to the right, the *cuartel* opposite, and the arcade of business-houses to the left. In the centre of the view plays the fountain, scattering its jet over a close growth of flowers and shrubs. The mild sun of Peru shines over the square, brightening up the white marble walks and making delicious shadows in the arcades and porticoes.

I hope I may be allowed this short description of a place that has not the remotest connection with this story, for it will serve a double purpose. First, to explain how I came into possession of the curious facts I will set forth farther on; and, second, to allow those of my readers who wish to corroborate those statements to do so, and uphold me as the only one who has given them to the English-reading public.

On a day similar to the one I have described I entered the reading-room of the club with no purpose in my mind, no plan for occupation or pleasure, no business cares, nothing, in fact, but a desire to kill time. The library stood before me. Too ashamed to be found in an arm-chair asleep, I decided that it would be best, if I should fall asleep, to do so with a book on my knees, thus giving me an appearance of deep meditation on the subject-matter before me. This is an old trick, and should not be tried if one looks at all awkward in slumber. Care must be taken also to select a light-weight book.

I took a glance at the library, put up my hand at random, and drew out a small, compact, black book. I did not even look at its title, but seated myself in the cosiest nook at the door, in the most comfortable chair, and in the most languid and relaxed attitude. I opened the book in the middle and saw a list of terrible, compound Latin names. I congratulated myself on having such a good book to sleep on. I turned back to the title-page and read (it was in Spanish), "The Currents of the Pacific; an Account of how they were Practically Discovered and Plotted. By Professor Cabesa, LL.D., A.M., M.D.," etc. It further stated that the expedition under the charge of Professor

Cabesa was fitted out by the government of Peru in 1874, and was intended to investigate the ocean currents between latitudes 43° S. and 0°, but owing to certain events the expedition was not completed under the conditions of the original design.

In spite of the necessary scientific character of the book, the story of the undertaking was so strange and so vividly told that I lost my sleep for that afternoon, and finally closed the book with a desire to produce its most thrilling scenes to English readers and to call attention to an investigation but little known outside of Peru.

I do not write this in the interests of science, for a pure translation of the entire book would then be necessary. I merely wish to tell what is interesting and strange, and will startle no one as I was by a terrible list of Latin names of fishes and sea-growth.

Professor Cabesa, the originator and leader of the enterprise, was of one of the most ancient and wealthy families of Peru. His brother, Francisco Cabesa, at one time at the head of the Peruvian army, and then minister of war in 1872, represented Peru on the staff of General Thomas during the campaigns in Tennessee, and remained with him until the close of the Rebellion.

Professor Cabesa was a graduate from Vienna Medical Institute, and for some years practiced medicine in Lima, soon standing at the head of his profession there. In 1870 he was appointed government naturalist, he having turned his attention to that science some time before. He made wide researches throughout the entire territory of Peru, and gave several valuable works to science. Not satisfied with the arduous labors which had occupied every moment of his life for nearly twenty years, he continually planned expeditions and researches, the last of which is related in the book of which I have spoken.

In the life of Professor Cabesa written by his nephew, Carlos Garcia, I obtained the following verbal portrait of this wonderful man, taken about the time of his last undertaking:

"At the age of sixty-five Professor Cabesa could not be reckoned by appearance more than fifty. Rather short in stature, but broad, deep-chested, and the build of an athlete; iron-gray hair; dark, wide-open eyes, which had never required the aid of glasses; smooth-shaven face, showing a firm, wide mouth and well-set jaw; in fact, the whole expression of the face telling exactly the nature of the man, and a man who could plan almost impossibilities and carry them out successfully."

In 1874, Professor Cabesa submitted his plans for the investigation of the currents of that part of the Pacific Ocean which washes the coasts of Chili, Bolivia, and Peru. He was prompted to do this by the slight certain knowledge of those currents as to their limits, direction, and force. Charts showed them unnaturally contorted, contrary, and varying in force. The Congress recognized the strength of his arguments and had great confidence in his abilities and energy. It was therefore

in the latter part of 1874 that a vessel, built under the direct supervision of Professor Cabesa and from his own plans, was launched at Callao and prepared for the embarkation.

It was well known that the currents swept along the coast from the southward, following its outline, and finally setting out to sea near the Galapagos Islands. The investigation was to include the ocean between latitude 43° S. and the equator.

The vessel (which will be described soon) was towed out from Callao on the 28th of December, 1874, amid long vivas from the crowds on the shore and shipping. The dearest friends and relations of the professor left the vessel's consort at San Lorenzo Point, waving a good-by to the lessening cortege until the haze of the evening mists hid it from view. Peru had seen one of her brightest and bravest sons alive for the last time. The professor stood some moments at the steamer's rail gazing thoughtfully at the lessening city, and when the shadows deepened on the sea he turned with a sigh to his books and calculations.

In the course of a few days the steamer with its companion was at Juan Fernandez. This island had been decided upon as the starting-point for the researches.

A delay of five days followed, during which the professor moved aboard his vessel with provisions and instruments, and his only companion, his cook.

On the 15th of January, 1875, at 2 P.M., the steamer with the professor's vessel in tow, on whose deck stood its two future occupants, steamed from Cumberland Bay, and at 7 P.M. the line was cast off, and the steamer, with vivas and the last waving of hands from those upon her deck, turned about and headed for Valparaiso, leaving the nameless craft, in whose bosom the secrets of the ocean would soon be hidden, floating alone and solitary upon the open sea.

The vessel designed for this great work was simply a large, heavy buoy. It was made of iron, constructed for strength on the general plan for all iron vessels. Its length was about one hundred feet, beam twenty-five feet, and completely decked over, giving it above water-line the appearance of a torpedo-boat. From the centre of the rounded deck rose a small tower, four feet in diameter and ten feet in height, having a hood movable by means of simple mechanism for removing it when necessary. Forward the tower the deck was broken by an iron box, furnished with a sliding-door. Within the box was a stanch, light whale-boat, furnished with air-chambers and various lockers for food and boat equipment. Along the length of the vessel, on its cigar-shaped deck, ran a small platform three feet wide and extending nearly from bow to stern.

The professor has descended below to his studies, so we follow him by means of an iron ladder leading up the tower, and another on the inside leading down below. The vessel was divided into compartments

for the various uses of its occupants. Here the professor's study, here the laboratory, here his sleeping apartment, there the kitchen and the quarters of the cook and his only companion. Leading from the kitchen were the pantries, store-rooms, and equipment-rooms. The entire vessel contained but one small engine, whose purpose was simply to pump out the hold when necessary, hoist the dredging apparatus (for which a connection with the upper deck was made), and to create a draft by means of a fan should the air become uncomfortably close. This engine was worked by the explosion of a gas, and the vessel was amply supplied with material for its generation.

The design of the professor was simply this: To float with the current in this hollow shell, whose draught was sufficient to prevent damage or capsizing in case of a storm, and not too heavy to answer the different impulses of the currents in which it floated. Observations were to be taken every day to ascertain the velocity of the current, the direction and condition of the sea and wind, and the direction of the current. Preparation had been made also to investigate the water in the different latitudes, the species of fishes, grasses, and birds found along the course. To attain the object for which it was fitted, the vessel was perfect theoretically, and as it advanced along its course the professor became confident that the world would be the wiser for its existence, and was determined that if a successful issue were reached the experiment should be repeated at different courses along the great current, and in this manner a perfect chart could be produced, thus giving to the shipping world a sure knowledge of one of the most important elements in navigation.

At the end of each day's journal the professor inserts the scientific observations, the acquisition to his aquariums, his speculations on his soundings, appearance of the sea, analysis of the sea-water, times of sunset and sunrise, and noon observations for position, etc.

I intend to give but the dramatic portions of his book, and refer the reader to his appendix of tables for the results of his constant work. Here and there I have wandered into his speculations, but merely to give an insight into the scope of his work, and the results he expected to gain.

Now that I have brought the reader to this point, let me call upon the professor's perfect little book for aid in the stirring scenes which followed the opening of this expedition.

"*January* 15, 1875.—At last! At last! What are my feelings? How can I describe them? Alone with my plans and my enterprise! The work has opened with an auspicious day. As I stood on the deck of my vessel and watched the steamer fade from sight, how the thoughts of my situation and future surged in my mind! Shall I ever forget this evening? Away to the east the steamer's trail of smoke gradually disappeared into the growing shadows of the closing day. The sun

approached his setting through an azure cloudless sky; no sound was upon the ocean; the waves were hushed, the wind was still. What freedom! what grandeur! The labor has begun, and the world waits for me with anxious, impatient eyes. Far away the hearts of Peru throb in unison with my own; and as the currents carry me slowly and certainly to my country, so the thread of love, binding my soul to them, is shortening the distance with a growing pain.

"To-night I bid the world farewell. Far from the fretful tread of men, I lay me down within my home, which ocean bears upon her bosom, and with fame for my goal, and hope for the future, I wave a last good-night."

"*January* 25, 1875.—The work advances. The days come and go only too quickly. How the tables are growing! To-day's draw brought up fourteen different species of fish, and one polyp unknown to science. The electric light in the net is very efficient. One of my small aquariums is full. I find it hard to feed some of my collection, as they refuse everything my kitchen can offer. However, I have photographed them, so nothing can be lost should they die.

"The corrections for drift have been exceedingly small thus far; indeed, less than I had reckoned upon. My patent instrument for this purpose is very accurate, registering every minute of the day, giving the direction and strength of the wind, and the direction of the current; the resultant direction and amount of leeway of the vessel is easily found. I noticed also, that even when the wind falls to light airs the vessel places itself with the wind directly astern, thus reducing to a minimum, owing to her shape, the drift against or across the current.

"I have noted a change in the specific gravity of the sea-water between sunrise and sunset. The variation is exceedingly small, owing to the slight differences of temperature. I expect to find it increase as I move north, though the specific gravity should diminish.

"My temperature soundings have developed nothing important, except on the 20th, 21st, and 22d, when I drifted over a warm current flowing northeast by east at a depth of two hundred and fifty fathoms. On putting my sounding-engine into operation I found a depth of the bottom of only six hundred and thirty fathoms. The warm current could only have originated from some local cause, as its narrowness and direction seem to indicate. The shallowness of the water is very remarkable, and may identify itself with a submarine mountain chain ranging from the Society Islands to Juan Fernandez and the Andes. The limits of this chain include also an active volcanic region, and the thought is naturally suggested that this warm current is the result of a volcanic eruption from some submerged mountain. Activity in this region would naturally result in an absence of disturbances on the dry land within the range of this chain. In support of this we know that

for some eight years a remarkable absence of earthquakes has been recorded in Chili and in the Pacific Island groups, and it seems reasonable to suppose that this relief attains through these oceanic connections."

* * * * * * * *

"*February* 15, 1875.—My health has been perfect during these thirty days of drifting. My experiments, observations, and writing occupy every moment. I noticed, for the first time, that Santiago, my faithful servant, did not appear in the best of health. He has grown somewhat thin and lost the ruddy brown of his cheeks. It cannot be caused by the air or food, for my own condition denies that. Poor fellow! He came into my study yesterday and asked permission to sit in the corner of the room, saying he was dreadfully lonesome. Now I think of it, I have not spoken a word to him since we started. I eat my meals with my figures before me. I cannot afford to lose time, but I must give him a moment occasionally for fear he should grow morose and ill."

* * * * * * * *

"*February* 25, 1875.—Took an hour's recreation to-day. I called in Santiago, and we passed the time in a pleasant chat. He brightened up wonderfully in that short talk, and I realized how changed he was. He utters no complaint. Poor unfortunate! Books cannot open their treasures to him, and his own thoughts cannot entertain him long. I think I made a mistake in not bringing a companion for him, but I was afraid of noise and interruptions. I will try to employ him in some of my experiments, but I am afraid his clumsiness may spoil all."

"*March* 5, 1875.—I must record the severest experience my vessel has had. We have just passed through a prolonged and terrible storm.

"On the morning of the 1st, day dawned with a brisk breeze blowing from east-southeast, and heavy fleecy clouds moving rapidly across the sky. The day before I had noticed a slight swell from the west by north, and on the morning of the 1st this swell had increased considerably, and came from the northwest by west. Towards noon the sun was entirely hidden and the clouds had changed their aspect, presenting a dull, dirty-white appearance, and flying low. The wind was blowing strong, and rapidly shifting through south and traveling fast to southwest and west. The wash of the sea over my deck compelled me to stop my soundings and dredging, and retreat to the tower.

"At 4 o'clock P.M. great seas were rolling by me, and the wind cutting away their breaking crests, and sweeping them far to leeward. The vessel, as usual, brought the wind astern, rising and falling with the waves, easily and regularly. My drift instrument was recording faithfully, and I was gratified to note a drift of only ten meters per hour. I watched the increasing seas until evening, then went below to dinner.

"At 9 P.M. I returned to the tower, and found the vessel had changed its direction to the sea, and had followed the wind as it bore north of west. The motion became less easy, and heavy seas began to pound against the curved deck, and race past the tower with a roar equal to thunder.

"I have never been in such intense darkness before. It seemed to me that a light would have been crushed by it. The wind rushed past with a velocity of ninety miles per hour, roaring down the opening of the tower like an escaped fury. The sea must have presented a grand sight, but I could only know by sound the mighty war of the elements.

"It soon became necessary to close all but the sight-holes of my tower, and sitting within this iron tube I tried to picture to myself the situation of my lonely vessel.

"Could the scene have been suddenly lighted, above would be seen the black, heavy clouds, their bases torn and scattered, and the low scud sweeping along in ragged masses. Around circles the uneven horizon, the sea white with hissing foam, the vast waves swelling, breaking, racing on and sinking in a smother of foam, with a roar of a wounded bull. In the very midst of this raging ocean, appearing more like a reef than a floating vessel, emerges, now and then, the black deck of my sturdy craft, bearing in its solitary tower the only being on whose senses breaks the awfulness of the scene. Eliminate these, and silence reigns upon the stormy ocean. Billows roll and break in vain; the wind sweeps on in resistless force, and makes no sound. With no ear to touch, the great sound-waves fade and die away in the distant air. Force meets force in wild confusion, but their thunderous voices are but the quiverings of invisible ether, which cannot disturb the music of an opening flower.

"The night passed in deep suspense. My vessel was but an experiment, and the trust I had in its steadiness was but from the care and correctness of my calculations.

"My life-boat was near at hand, ready and safe, but I sometimes doubted, during some moments when buried in the seas from which we seemed an age in rising, the possibility of even an attempt to escape. At times we rolled heavily, and a gain of water in the compartments was seriously great. Santiago remained below, and, I am sorry to say, very much frightened. His pale, agitated face appeared from time to time at the foot of the ladder, but he uttered never a word, for fear, as I had taught him, of interrupting my meditations. March 2 passed, the storm still raging and the sea wild and broken, but regular. March 3 brought a gradual fall of wind, settling into a stiff breeze before midnight. The sea was tremendous, keeping the decks awash all day. By noon of the fourth the wind was gone, and the sea long, gentle, and but slightly broken. My work began again. The compartments were cleared of water and the routine of the vessel restored to its normal

state. Perfect confidence in my vessel was now established in my mind. It had weathered a hurricane without serious damage, and fulfilled by its actions every prediction my figures had made.

"Poor Santiago is now seriously sick. I must cut down my work so as to give him an hour every day. His moroseness and the recent fright, together with the restraint he put upon himself, seem to have affected his mind, and this evening I found him tossing upon his bed in a low fever. I made him as comfortable as I could, administered some quinine, and set about cooking my own dinner.

"This is an unfortunate loss of valuable work, but circumstances will it."

"*March* 27, 1875.—Santiago has had a long siege of it, and ended his troubles to-day. The poor fellow sank rapidly after the storm, and the fever raged through his veins week after week. My work almost came to a stand-still, and it was only the stern demands of my country's hopes that made me leave him to gather the data directly concerned with the object of the expedition.

"He died at 9 A.M. of a severe case of typhoid fever. I securely wrapped the body in some blankets, weighting it heavily with a piece of broken iron, and carried it with extreme difficulty on deck.

"It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the day was beautiful, —too beautiful to mar the thoughts it inspired by the solemn rites of a funeral. The sea was calm and waveless, with just a movement of wind upon its surface. Soft, fleecy clouds floated slowly across the sky, in the midst of which the sun shone bright and warm. I softly repeated a mass for the soul of the dead, a prayer to the Virgin, then pushed the body gently down the deck into the sea. It sank with a slight splash, and I stood some moments looking into the tombless, markless grave, and knew that far beneath, suspended in this world of waters, would float the body of my poor companion, untroubled by the waves, storms, and currents that were carrying me farther and farther in the passing days."

"*April* 28, 1875.—To-day's experience was somewhat startling and strange, and quite apart from the investigations I have pursued according to my opening plan. It has started also a train of thought, which, if properly led, might bring about many a sad discovery and lighten more than one deep-hidden mystery.

"At daylight this morning I discovered close on my starboard hand a ship, or something which at first sight seemed a ship. My powerful telescope disclosed, to my astonishment, a dismantled ship high and dry on a reef. My memory could not recall a reef in this neighborhood, and therefore I went quickly below, drew out the chart, took measurements for current drift and leeway from my tables, applied them to my last sight position, and there was no reef or island within four hundred miles of the spot. I returned to the deck and took another look. Yes,

they were there, reef and ship, not three miles away. Our nearest approach would be about two miles away, so I prepared the life-boat for launching, determined to waste two or three hours investigating this strange appearance.

"Taking a hasty breakfast (not much hastier than usual, however), I launched the life-boat down the ways prepared for it, and in a few minutes I hoisted the sail and steered directly for the reef. The wind (a steady breeze) was almost astern of the light boat, and she rode beautifully. I note this as the first time, for one hundred and three days, that I have left the side of my vessel.

"In twenty minutes I ground gently on a hard, gritty beach, or rather shelf,—for the reef rose directly out of the water in huge irregular masses. I leaped ashore and looked at the ground on which I stood. It was hard, close, volcanic rock.

"The reef was therefore accounted for. It was from some recent upheaval, so recent that no news had been published of it, for no ship had seen it, except perhaps the one there before me, and she to her destruction. Judging from the dismantled, weather-stained, and rotten condition of that ship, the reef could not be so recent after all. But I could not note her appearance from the beach; so securing my boat, I climbed with difficulty over the blistered rocks, and at length reached her side.

"She was old, very old. Yards of her planking had rotted off, leaving immense holes in her sides between the frames. Even some of these were gone, and those remaining exhibited the last stages of decay. She had been a two-masted vessel, but with the exception of some fifteen feet of lower masts, yards and masts had rotted and fallen, and I could see heaps of loose, soggy wood piled about the foot of each mast, the last remnants of her spars. I crawled through a hole in the side and looked about me.

"Not a vestige of deck was left. Aft, where once was the cabin, now was a great empty space, through which I could see her rudder and keel. It was impossible to tell, from what was left of her, whether she was a man-of-war or merchantman. There were no signs of guns, nothing on which a painted name remained.

"I was taking a rapid sketch of the interior view, when my eye, in making the lines, caught a green, crusty appearance of the beam which originally separated the captain's cabin from the open part of the deck.[1] This beam stood alone, but bade fair to crumble with the next shock. Along the forward side of the beam were a number of streaky, greenish marks, in the midst of which I thought I caught the gleam of metal.

"In a few minutes I had made a rough platform on a beam beneath it from the various piles of rubbish about me. Climbing care-

[1] The break of the poop, no doubt.

fully up, I drew down, with a cloud of rotten wood, a number of pieces of brass about three inches square, completely crusted with barnacles and green with verdigris. It flashed upon me that this was the name of the vessel, so I carefully drew out each piece I could find, preserving the order from left to right, secured them in my pockets, finished the sketch, and carefully picked my way out.

"When free from the ship, the question arose once more, 'How did she get here?' She could not have run upon this reef, for the rocks are not old enough as a reef. Not even a grain of sand had washed up to this barren rock. Meditating I sat down, and from that position I caught a view of her keel and bottom timbers. To my astonishment they were charred and scorched, and in one or two places burned almost through. Even the weeds hanging thick all about her had a dried and burnt look.

"I had been seated but a few seconds, when I realized a hot, smarting sensation, which seemed to come from the rock on which I sat. I sprang up and pressed my hand against the rock. It was actually hot.

"The mystery was explained. I returned to my boat filled with wonder and awe. I was not surprised to see that the paint had peeled off the keel of my boat in the spots which had rested on the rocks.

"The day was cool, the sun making his appearance but occasionally from behind the heavy clouds. My vessel had floated by during the three intensely interesting hours I had spent on the reef, but my boat, before a strong southeast breeze, soon overtook her.

"With some little difficulty I dragged the life-boat aboard, replaced her in the cradle, and went below to seek for further information about the wreck.

"I drew out what I supposed to be the letters of her name, and by means of a few simple instruments I cleaned them of the sea-tubercles and other foreign matter adhering to them. They were really letters, and after an hour's work I produced all but one letter of those I had. I am certain I did not get them all from the wreck, from the appearance of the beam. The one I failed with was so badly eaten that it broke in pieces while I was at work upon it. This is the result of my work. The letters are all capitals, and I place them in the order I found them.

USLVNA

The broken letter would have come in between L and V. There were no points to indicate abbreviations, so I cannot tell whether the vessel was some merchantman whose name was in a language unknown to me, or whether the first letters were abbreviations for United States.[2] I shall certainly push the inquiry when this work is done.

[2] The professor made a very shrewd guess at the meaning of the first two letters of the name, and it is unfortunate he did not pursue his deductions further. How-

"From observations on the reef my theory is this. Years ago that vessel sank from causes I have no means of knowing. In the midst of the waters she rotted and fell apart, until her decay was interrupted by a violent upheaval which threw the reef to the surface, taking the wreck with it.

"When the rocks rose above the sea, they were hot and scorching, so hot that they dried and burned the water-logged wood of the keel. The tides washed it twice a day, cooling it gradually, until, the day on which I had visited it, it had cooled sufficiently to walk upon without discomfort.

"This is the only theory I can suggest to account for the freshness of the reef and the ancient appearance of the wreck."

"*May* 7, 1875.—It has been blowing fearfully for several days, and seems to be growing worse this afternoon. The barometer and sky indications portend a severe storm. This is not the season for storms in this region, and the presence of this one indicates some great convulsion elsewhere. My vessel does not act so buoyantly as on other occasions. She has placed herself square to the sea, and the roll is terrible. Her frames are working uneasily, and my anxiety grows as the strain increases. She cannot possibly weather a storm like the previous one.

"6 P.M.—I insert these few notes hurriedly. The storm is on. My life-boat is on the ways ready. All my journals and instruments stowed away in her except this one note-book. Am afraid I will have to live or die with the life-boat.

"Three of the twelve compartments are filled and others are leaking. We are rolling so, I am obliged to write this with my book in my hand. I can stand under the tower and hear the terrible howl without. It is raining; perhaps that ends it after all."

* * * * * * * *

"*May* 8, 1875.—On board the 'Colombia.' Lost! my vessel lost, and my work incomplete! Thank heaven! what I have done is saved. Let me close the last scene of my noble vessel.

"When I ascended the tower it was raining in torrents. How the

ever, it suggests a thought, and I quote from Cooper's Naval History to support it: "To the several vessels of the navy already mentioned as lost with all on board and from causes not positively determined must be added the sloop-of-war 'Levant.' She was attached to the Pacific Squadron, and was last heard from September 18, 1860."

It is evident that the letters of the name are not all there. USLVNA fails to form a pronounceable name in the language of any maritime nation. Now following out my idea, add the missing S and leaving space for the broken fourth letter, we have USSL VNA. The U.S.S. establishes the vessel as one of our own. The only two-masted man-of-war belonging to the United States lost on this particular coast, whose fate still remains a mystery, was the "Levant." Let us put E for the broken letter, and shift the places of A and N, which could have been a natural mistake of the professor in changing them to and from his pockets, and we have all but the last letter, which naturally falls into place,—U. S. S. Levant.

lightning flashed, almost one great sheet of light! while the thunder rolled and roared around, making the waves seem quiet. Soon there came a pause, then one terrible glitter, as a stream of light swept from the sky and smote the bow of my vessel just as it rose from a wave.

"I was thrown from my seat in the tower and lost consciousness. In a few seconds my senses returned, and I found myself in the bottom of the life-boat. I heard the fearful tearing and crashing as my vessel was being beaten to pieces. I knew her life would be short, and I determined to trust myself to the life-boat. Murmuring a prayer to God, I launched the boat as she rolled into a wave. The boat rose to the crest and went over it light as a bird. The black hull of my vessel had disappeared. I did not even hear her dying groan.

"The rain soon ceased, and I rode out the storm by superhuman efforts, my boat half filled with water continually.

"At five o'clock to-day I sighted a steamer, which picked me up, and on which I have received the most cordial treatment.

"I note that this is the first steamer I have seen since leaving Juan Fernandez. Had I been on my vessel I would not have seen her, for I was miles from where she sank when picked up.

"My work is not yet finished. I return to Peru sadder and wiser. I am determined my plan shall be renewed. I have no fault to find with it yet."

The professor's nervous nature overestimated his strength. The lightning shock and subsequent exposure produced a severe stroke of paralysis, from which he died before reaching Callao.

The note-books were preserved and published.

The government of Peru never extended researches in this direction, partly on account of the disastrous result of the first attempt, and partly on account of the war-clouds then beginning to darken her horizon.

H.

"THROUGH THE RANKS."

THE experience of a graduate of Oxford University who sought a commission in the English army, "through the ranks," ought to be very agreeable reading; nor will it disappoint any who come across it in a book of the above title published by Macmillan, London, 1881.

Enlistment, either for twelve years with the colors, or for six there and six with the reserve, is rather a formidable undertaking, even with the prospect of a commission in the distance and influential friends close by. But then there was the possibility of buying a discharge, if one's heart failed him, for a sum of money varying with the length of service already performed, "never exceeding twenty pounds." This would be a desirable importation into our own service, as well as the necessary twenty-four hours that must intervene between the initial and final acts of a British enlistment, or the examination of the recruit and the administration of the oath. Here also, though the Queen's shilling may have been accepted, the payment of one pound previous to swearing in releases any dubious candidate for glory, though evidently at pretty high rate of interest.

This accomplished, our author, whom we will christen "Oxford," found himself in the barracks, and we at once recognize the long table with its top of two sides, one for use and one for inspection; the iron bunk, made, however, to run in upon itself and economize room; the mattress and kit, the pillow and—what is yet to be furnished ourselves—sheets, two of them, with even a counterpane or rug. The messing arrangements were a little peculiar. Each company is divided into squads, something after the naval fashion, and its beef, etc., inclosed in a net and marked, goes to a common kitchen.

The bread, with the beef, seems to be furnished free, but the smaller parts, corresponding to our coffee, tea, sugar, salt, pepper, etc., are bought, together with the necessary vegetables, from government stores and charged against the pay. It is made the business of the company orderly to procure these articles daily, transferring them to the kitchen, and thence at meal-times to the squad-room, where the mess utensils—plates, cups, knives, and forks—are kept upon a swinging shelf over the table.

Bread and coffee for breakfast, meat and potatoes for dinner, bread

and tea for supper make up the bill of fare at the rate of one and three-quarter pounds respectively to the ration for the two main items. Such condiments as were bought from the subsistence department, or could be procured elsewhere, are added at the discretion of the mess, and form charges against the pay of the members. The sergeants have a table to themselves, with superior accommodations and material, as will hereafter appear.

A company fund is accumulated by the sale of scraps and leavings, but this seems to be pretty much exhausted in the purchase of cooking-nets and frocks.

The soldier's kit surpasses our own by the addition of a Glengarry cap, Bible, and prayer-book. The great-coat, folded and rolled in a peculiar way only to be achieved by half an hour's labor, appears to be an element of full dress and a display at all parades.

The stated routine seems to prescribe three daily drills, in which gymnastic exercises and route-marching, four or five miles out and return, form a prominent feature. In wet weather a catechism is substituted, consisting of general questions ranging over guard duty, regulations, tactics, etc., while on Saturdays there is a medical inspection, in which the men, with trousers and shirt-sleeves rolled up, expose bare feet and limbs to the criticism of the doctor.

Fatigue duty consists, as with us, largely in police of public buildings and grounds and the delivery of fuel. Extra duty covers the usual employments, besides details as officers' servants and grooms and waiters in the mess, even of the sergeants', for that functionary in the English service is very well cared for; in fact, the cardinal feature, so far as the real work goes. It is the business of the English officer to lead, riding straight to the front after the *Cardigan* manner, and it is the business of the six hundred to follow, for which they are to be duly prepared by the sergeants. Or as we have it elsewhere laid down, in a British prize essay too, "Authorized instruction is to be administered by a staff of superior non-commissioned officers . . . adequate to the exigencies of *ordinary* service in peace time, the infrequent officer still maintaining an ornamental and judicial connection therewith." Hear that, ye tired captains, worn out with the strain of looking after the target-practice, manual, and march of private Michael McSchneider, and sigh for the *ornamental and judicial connection* of our sister service.

The essay referred to is a bonanza of good things. We read: "So severe is the strain imposed by the circumstances of war . . . that the best material available must be secured. The intrinsic power of rising above natural instincts is mostly to be found among the educated classes, . . . and belongs indispensably to the rank of gentlemen. The training to be given by the officers should only be such as has direct regard to the operations of war, the elementary instruction and exercise in details being carried out by their subordinates;" *i.e.*, the sergeants.

This is rather a new departure in military science, and is commended to the notice of the ruthless martinets who are all the time so obstinately insisting upon the personal supervision by subalterns and even captains of "the minutious economy of peace service, and the specious display of ceremonious parades." Now Major Sleeper, who is looking over my shoulder as I write, says this is exactly what he thought the last time he lost his company at battalion drill. He was buoyed up by the consciousness that he could have managed Gettysburg well enough, but to waste his time on such temporary technicalities as *right front into line* and *centre forward, fours left and right,* was really asking too much of a proficient in Cavendish and Jomini.

Unfortunately, however, the mere leading of men on the battle-field is but a very small part of an officer's duty. That has been brought about before now simply by a hard-bitted horse. But the care of men in camp and on the march, extended to all the items that finally secure their delivery in the most thoroughly efficient condition at the point desired, is by far the most difficult and the most essential of the qualifications that should distinguish every officer. He fits himself for this not by trusting to the inspirations of some critical moment, but by the long practice that forms habits and becomes second nature. These habits begin with the close personal supervision of the drill-ground, the parade, and the mess-room, and the officer who is "unfrequent" thereat sooner or later will find himself educated by the costly and painful experience of a winter in the Crimea.

It is time to get back to Oxford, who, with most of Napoleon's marshals, trod the rough way to a yellow sash and victory "through the ranks," with few of the advantages of the "educated classes."

Pay-day in Albion comes once a week, and is then followed by the excesses with which we are familiar, so that daily pay is recommended as a remedy. On this line of reform the only possible stop is with no pay at all, at least to those who abuse it. Perhaps pay might to a greater extent be graded by conduct, so that conviction and fine by court-martial should carry the remnant of pay for that muster-period over to the final statements at discharge.

The recreation-room is a very pleasant feature of barrack life, and here we believe is the real remedy for much of the annoyance of pay-day. John Bull provides games, conveniences for smoking, coffee, and cake for the more worldly-minded, and books, papers, periodicals, etc., for the more studious to rather a larger extent than is customary in our service. The expense of all this, however, is set off against the pay of the men, in part at least.

The school system is well organized. Attendance is obligatory until a fourth-class certificate is secured in proof of ability to read and write. A third-class certificate is necessary for a corporal and a second-class for a sergeant, these based upon additional attainments, principally in

arithmetic as far as fractions, and in keeping mess and bank accounts, the need of which will be seen in due time.

Guard duty is vigorously performed, and careful attention to details of dress and service insisted upon, such as belong to men supposed to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice.

But after a recruit has once been broken in, it seems to us this is the point where there might reasonably enough be some relaxation of "the minutious economy of peace service," for it is the sentinel and not the officer who bears the real burden. The British guard is furnished with extra coffee at night,—a most excellent sanitary precaution, which should be enforced with us, where coffee savings are fast getting to be an abuse, and where the coffee as generally issued is slops of the thinnest description, obtained in some cases by boiling and reboiling the grounds for a week under the lazy excuse that "the men like it." Possibly they do, and if so, what a revelation to them would be a cup of coffee such as the captain drinks!

The sergeants of the guard are expected to furnish their own reports, the supply department not being as lavish of blanks as in this country of pens and paper-mills. The British guard-house, however, like our own, is liberally furnished with bed-bugs, and it is curious to note how this inevitable animal figures as a prominent feature of the letters of Mrs. Carlyle. There is some consolation in the fact that the seer who was busy with the "eternities and veracities" found no escape there from the vulgar annoyances of more prosaic people.

The lance-corporal has as such a stripe and an increase of pay, with relief from fatigue, and takes his turn as orderly corporal, who seems to be a sort of official messenger, and so there is a lance-sergeant with special pay and insignia of office. The grade is venerable enough if, as sometimes asserted, it belongs to the "lance" of the middle ages. It serves as a useful feeder to the actual positions.

Men on pass are required to carry sticks in order to prevent pocketing or swinging of hands. No stick, no pass. These indulgences are granted on a basis of conduct depending upon escape from mention in the *defaulter's book*, or record of each individual, kept with great care, and showing the exact status of the soldier in the matter of behavior.

In the British service the sergeant is evidently the essential element. They have a separate kitchen, and mess- and recreation-room, and special privileges in the matter of furniture and supplies, and broad distinctions are everywhere made in favor of the authority of this grade. The police of the quarters of the sergeants is devolved upon the private, to whom also can be turned over the care of the sergeant's kit and accoutrements, usually for a small pecuniary consideration.

There appears to be no first sergeant, but the duties we devolve upon that grade, such as charge of roll-calls, returns and reports, and other details, are performed week about by sergeants and corporals.

A statement is given of "H" company, which will read very familiarly on this side the water:

	Sgts.	Corpls.	Pvts.		Sgts.	Corpls.	Pvts.
Total strength . . .	4	4	51	To be accounted for .	2	4	48
Present on parade . .	2		3				

This is done as follows:

	Sgts.	Corpls.	Pvts.		Sgts.	Corpls.	Pvts.
Clerks		1	1	Cooks			1
On guard			8	On fatigue	1		21
In band			8	Detached service . . .	1	1	
Officers' servants . . .			4	Absent on pass . . .		1	7
Tailors		1	1		—	—	—
Sick			2	Total	2	4	48

But the number of nights in bed, owing to the size of the command, runs up as high as seven.

Thus there are thirty men of this company engaged upon some detail. Extra and daily duty appears to make a more exhaustive demand upon the red-coats than upon the blue-jackets, though we sometimes do see a captain marching out to parade at the head of a single set of fours.

As with us, painters, carpenters, barbers, shoemakers, bakers, etc., are drawn from the ranks, and mess-servants and grooms beside.

The *canteen* in the English service is a feature that might well to some extent characterize our own. It really, however, is a sutler's store managed in the interest of the soldier instead of the sutler. The business is conducted by a sergeant selected for the purpose, and paid a certain fixed salary for his work. Supervision of the whole is intrusted to a council of officers, who meet monthly to take stock, verify accounts, inspect stores, fix prices so as to cover waste and charges and yield a profit, which goes to the equipment of the reading- and recreation-room, improvement of the mess, and the provision of all appliances for the out-door amusement and occupation of the men.

Considering the fortunes that are generally made on the frontier particularly, and always to private, to say nothing of political, interests, it would be something indeed to divert all this to the benefit of the army proper, where it too rightfully belongs, instead of the pockets of eager speculators or waiters upon official benevolence.

Oxford notes what is not a strange experience with us,—the misconduct growing out of the transfer of troops. The excitement of the change, the extra labor involved, and the somewhat necessary infraction of usual restraints and routine relieve the soldier of much of the daily pressure, and suggest recourse to drink at the very time when it is most harmful. Men, so much accustomed to method, get unbalanced by unexpected interruption, and make but a poor use of their escape.

A control too habitually inquisitorial does not *always* appear to advantage beside one accustomed to run in much wider ruts.

Allusion is made to a mode of punishment by enforcing attendance upon hourly roll-calls, under the supervision of a sergeant detailed to the special duty of looking after defaulters, and of also conducting the extra drills imposed upon them, the principle being to give as little liberty as possible to any who abuse it, and the size of the command permitting a constant oversight, without involving any wearisome restrictions permanently upon the overseer.

The discipline depends a good deal upon the immediate commander, and is supported by fines and confinement to barracks and prison. Gambling and profane swearing are especially punished, as they especially should be, notwithstanding the traditions of the campaign days of "Flanders." Undue familiarity of non-commissioned officers with enlisted men is promptly suppressed. A record of every delinquency is kept, and, whether visited with punishment or not, forms part of the soldier's description.

Some of the common offenses are given as "Grumbling when detailed for any duty," which the Yankee understands to be an old soldier's privilege, if done with due economy of exposure. "Using bad language of any sort" is certainly a very capacious specification. "Being improperly dressed, or talking to improper persons in the street," shows a solicitous regard for behavior. Then there is "the overlooking of offenses." This relates to non-commissioned officers. Not seldom are our own sergeants and corporals privy to intended desertions, and really accomplices, inasmuch as they take no steps to prevent what they know is intended. Here is where reform should begin in this matter. When desertion is esteemed a dishonorable offense by the better part of the enlisted men, the poorer part will not so readily attempt it. It is singular that any one should, after all, put himself so permanently at a disadvantage as the deserter does. He is ever thereafter simply at the mercy of any person who chances upon this lapse in his history; and there are numerous instances where exposure has followed through the most improbable channels and at the most unfavorable times. The literature of this subject would disclose processes as intricate and situations as startling as any dream of Poe's.

The British recruit appears to be pretty well kept to work, with morning drills from 7 to 7.45, 9 to 10, 11 to 12, and in the afternoon from 2 to 3, "and an extra bout after supper for the sluggards."

Oxford in nearly four months secured his corporalcy, and in five more was made a sergeant. But his was a special case, with special influences in his favor.

In the matter of pay (1878), the soldier has a credit of the traditional shilling a day. To this is added "deferred pay," at twopence a day so long as in active service, and due on discharge. There is also

good-conduct pay, two years' service without fault securing one penny, six years' such service twopence, and twelve years threepence, daily, in weekly payments, duly recorded by the uniform itself, in the shape of a conduct stripe above the cuff.

Then comes the extra-duty pay, all the way from fourpence to one shilling daily, varying with the skill of the laborer. Additional pay is earned by the servants and grooms, at rates running from sixpence to a shilling. The regimental bank receives deposits and pays three per cent. interest.

But the original shilling per day is a credit only. Against this is set "groceries," or the tea, coffee, sugar, etc., added to the bread and beef. This amounts to about threepence, and another penny covers the washing. If the soldier is sick in hospital, he is charged with extra diet to the extent of sevenpence daily.

So long as a man is sick it is enough that he is supported and cared for. He earns no pay, but the hospital, the attendance, the medicine, and everything else government provides most liberally. The pay proper should be forfeited, say to the company fund, as the ration is to the hospital.

On the data already given, Oxford figures out for a man of average ability, with a fair share of remunerative labor besides his proper military duties, a capital of fifty pounds by the time the colors are left for the reserve, or at the end of the first six years. It is no uncommon thing for our own soldiers to be discharged on final statements worth from one to two hundred dollars, and there is no reason why a careful, thrifty man should not have accumulated at the end of his five years a round five hundred dollars. If, of all those starting out in mercantile life, ninety per cent. are failures, and it is so written, young America had better strengthen his physique and morals with an early enlistment in the army, secure his five hundred dollars, go West, and buy a farm. But he prefers Wall Street, with Jay Gould in the distance, until finally he winds up in the doubtful column of some Bradstreet's agency.

Though Oxford possessed the B.A. degree of his *alma mater*, he nevertheless now underwent his examination for a first-class certificate, the necessary preliminary to a commission. The requirements must have appeared somewhat ludicrous to a University man, though there have been graduates, even of Oxford, wonderful in Greek metre and accent, who were yet astonished when told in later life that there were planets in the heavens that actually like the earth revolved about the sun. And examinations are sometimes very unsatisfactory things, owing to the heterophemy of utterance by which a man shall perversely say exactly what he does not mean, like a friend of ours, who was a good historical scholar, but, being challenged on occasion to repeat off-hand and without mistake the names of the original thirteen States, boldly

commenced with "Maine," etc. The fact was, his mind at once reverted to New England to begin with, and his tongue, through force of habit, started with the catalogue of his school-boy days.

Our candidate found himself expected to read English prose and poetry intelligently and fluently, to be familiar with arithmetic as far as square and cube root, and in addition proficient in either Euclid or algebra, a modern language, or some form of applied mathematics. In Oxford's case it was three books of Euclid. Nothing is said of history, geography, or law, nor of the physical sciences.

Finally, put *en route* to Gibraltar in the troop-ship "Euphrates," the most remarkable thing is the close packing, each man being provided with about the room he bodily occupied, so that Oxford took refuge at last in the prison-room, which was arranged for a tenancy of some fifty or more, but on this occasion was really used by only a score or so, with great advantages consequently in space, rather a curious result of confinement. Routine permeated everything, even to smoking, which was regulated by bugle-calls, *commence firing* and *cease firing* being the signals which allowed and ended the use of the pipe.

Lavatory privileges were very limited even for the short trip to Gibraltar. Once landed, the usual experience began characteristic of a battalion filled up with recruits, shaped by no preliminary instruction at depots, but mere birds of passage through an office to their companies.

It would appear much the better way to retain the recruits at depots, establishing whatever number may be requisite for that purpose, for at least a year, in which time he could be made a serviceable soldier worth his transportation to the remote post where he is needed. Now the weeding-out process commences at the end of the long and expensive journey instead of preceding it.

One year's thorough supervision and drilling would eliminate the worthless material and save the cost of dumping it on the frontier.

At Gibraltar Oxford was examined with reference to a commission. The process consisted of two parts,—preparation of papers upon drill, guard duty, interior economy of the regiment, regulations governing pay, rations, and clothing, discipline, and the duties of subaltern officers.

The second part embraced the actual command and manœuvre of a battalion in movements prescribed by the examiners, and it is worth noting that these officers tested the accuracy of the candidate by direct reference to the book itself, instead of any experimental knowledge of it on their part.

Thus, after some sixteen months of service in the ranks, Oxford becomes an officer. But this was an exceptional case, and it is quite apparent that "influential friends" were as useful here as they generally are, and that merit even of a high order may shine unnoticed until patronage kindly turns the official telescope upon it. Worth left to

itself may find its own level before it needs a wig, but gets it at a bound if it can employ some marsupial attachment of power and place.

Oxford winds up this story of an enlisted man with a bit of Christmas festivity in its essentially British elements of mutton and pork, pickles and plum-pudding for his late comrades, though he himself, still a sergeant, dines with the chaplain, and puts off his scarlet tunic for plain clothes upon receipt of the news of his advancement some two weeks later.

Nor does he recommend that others follow his footsteps, unless "position, education, intellect, character, and private means are all in the most favorable condition to support his claim."

Clearly he must build upon a Coburg base.

H. W. C.

POSSIBILITIES OF BALLOONING.[1]

FROM the days of Lauretus Laurus, Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon, the possibility of navigating the air has occupied men's minds. The last-named *savant*, who was born A.D. 1214, believed that, like the ocean, the atmosphere is a resisting body, and that extremely light vessels could float in it. He imagined and maintained that a large copper globe, very thinly constructed and containing fire, which would be lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, could be directed on a principle analogous to that of steering a ship. This idea, however, was nothing in comparison with that which occurred to the King Kai-Kaoos, as related by a Persian story-teller.[2] That monarch ordered a light frame-work to be constructed, javelins were thrust into each corner, goat's meat was bound to the points of the javelins, and eagles were attached by light cords to the frame-work in such a manner that their dinner was just beyond their reach. Kai-Kaoos took his seat; the eagles became hungry, began to flap their wings; this raised the frail wood-work, and up went the king, soaring through the realms of space. When at last the eagles grew tired, the sovereign in his aerial machine tumbled from the sky on some desert in China, where he perished from starvation. These two examples demonstrate that in and before the dark ages of the world's history, since the mythological days of Dædalus, men have been dreaming how they could emulate birds. Nothing, however, came of their poetic conceptions till Montgolfier made his experiment at Annonay in 1783.

A hundred years have passed since that date. It will be the object of this article to show whether we are one whit nearer the solution of the problem how to guide balloons than we were when De Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes made the first ascent; to indicate what has been, and what has yet to be, accomplished for science, and how movable captive balloons, attached to reconnoitring parties of cavalry, may be of great use in war. A very few months after Montgolfier established his fame, M. Charles ascended in a silk aerostat inflated with hydrogen. To him we owe balloons such as are now employed. It was M. Charles who, one hundred years ago, supplied himself with ballast to be used at will, with a valve to let out gas when required, with netting to surround the globe, and with a car suspended by ropes

[1] Reprinted from *The Fortnightly Review*.

[2] Astra-Castra.

from the hoop. In fact, with the exception of a grapnel, its accompanying cord, and some other apparatus which will be alluded to later on, M. Charles's balloon was almost as completely fitted up as any aerostat which leaves the Crystal Palace grounds on a summer's fête-day. The next year a small gas balloon without car or passengers was inflated at Sandwich. Three hours afterwards it was found near Lisle, this being the first aerostat that crossed the channel. The attention of the whole civilized world was called to aerial navigation. Great things were prognosticated. Balloons were to eclipse stage-coaches and ships. Although a little progress has taken place, so far none of these prophecies has been fulfilled. Many endeavors were made to give direction to balloons by the aid of oars and paddles, but these attempts, although the aeronauts themselves frequently claimed success for them, proved on investigation to be worthless. Nor is this wonderful, considering that an aerostat for the conveyance of even two passengers is of enormous size, and contains about thirty thousand feet of gas. The effect of a pull of three or four pounds—the most that a man could obtain by rowing in such a thin element as the air—would be insignificant. To illustrate our meaning better, let us suppose a strong man standing on a machine which has a dial and a hand to show to a nicety any momentary variation in his weight, and let him take a large carriage umbrella and hold it open above his head. The hand of the dial will mark exactly his own weight and that of the umbrella. Let him then pull the umbrella with all his force in a downward direction, and the diminution marked on the dial will be found only to amount to a few pounds. Hence every attempt to steer balloons by manual force proved a failure, and although M. Giffard claimed to have succeeded in guiding an aerostat by means of screws set in motion by a steam-engine in the car, there is no proof that this has ever been accomplished. I may say that the preponderance of evidence is strongly in the other direction, for M. Giffard's experiment was made in 1852, and if he had been able to guide a balloon, his invention would certainly have been used by the friends of the beleaguered Parisians in 1870. One of the first endeavors made by aeronauts was to obviate the necessity of having constantly to throw out ballast. It must be remembered that, from the moment a free aerostat leaves the ground, there is either a waste or a deterioration of the gas it contains. The neck of the balloon is left open; through it passes a line which is attached to the valve above. As a consequence, common air is constantly mixing with the hydrogen and destroying its buoyancy. Again, as the globe rises the pressure of the atmosphere diminishes. A balloon only three-parts full on the ground, when a mile and a half high is already filled and losing gas; when it passes into a cloud, condensation or gas contraction takes place, and the globe begins to fall, the descent being checked by throwing out a weight of ballast equivalent to the lifting power of the gas ex-

pended. It is a very difficult thing to keep a balloon in the air many hours. With the action of the sun, which expands the gas, and with the cold and damp which contract it, the largest globe becomes speedily emptied of its original contents. This only applies to free aerostats. With a captive balloon it is different. The latter has no orifice or open neck, and there is sufficient space in its interior to allow for the expansion of hydrogen. It was determined to prevent, if possible, the constant loss of gas in a free balloon by a combination of the two systems, the Montgolfier and the Charles. The gas balloon was to have a small Montgolfier attached to it; when they began to descend, a fire in the furnace of the Montgolfier was to be lighted; the under globe would become inflated and relieve the upper aerostat of its weight. It was a very nice scheme on paper, but proved a highly hazardous one in practice. The inventors gave no thought to the danger of allowing gas and fire to be in such close proximity. A spark from the furnace of the Montgolfier set alight the inflammable air in the upper balloon, and the unfortunate aeronauts who made the first experiment perished.

Parachutes, now seldom used, were next invented. Garnerin, a Frenchman, had the courage to cut himself away from a balloon at an elevation of six thousand feet. His parachute oscillated violently, but reached *terra firma* in safety. Parachutes turned out to be of little benefit to aeronauts. To support a man they must be of considerable size and weight. If one of a party of aeronauts wished to descend from a balloon, there would be less gas expended in opening the valve of the globe and lowering the balloon to the earth than in lifting the parachute from the ground and in its subsequent release. Balloons were used at Maubeuge and Fleurus with great success by the French Republican army, and in our own time at the siege of Richmond by the army of the North, whilst they were the only means by which the besieged Parisians could communicate with the outer world.

No improvements were made in aerostats for many years after the first ascent of M. Charles, not in fact until Mr. Green made his celebrated journey to Weilberg. His balloon would hold eighty-five thousand feet of gas and raise about four thousand pounds, including its own weight and that of its accessories, which may be reckoned at one-fourth. Mr. Green conceived the idea of fastening a very long guide-rope round a windlass in his car. At night the aeronaut has no means of knowing his elevation save by an aneroid barometer, and if he were passing over a mountainous district he might, whilst believing himself to be several thousand feet above the ground, strike against a peak. The guide- or trail-rope, to which a small miner's lamp can be attached, points out this danger, for instead of hanging perpendicularly under the car, it appears at an angle caused by its dragging on the ground. Floating ballast was also taken, to be used when passing over water, thus avoiding loss of sand. A machine was invented by Mr. Green

for warming coffee and other liquors, heat being developed by slaked lime, thus doing away with the risk incurred by lighting a fire in the car. The journey across the sea was performed satisfactorily, and after a voyage of about eighteen hours' duration—the longest time a balloon with passengers has ever been kept in the air—a safe descent was accomplished; the total distance traveled being about five hundred miles. Subsequent to this aerial journey there is little to note in the history of aeronautics until we come to the very remarkable ascents of Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher. They were the most interesting and useful that have ever been made, and proved of considerable value to the scientific world. Mr. Glaisher had long wished to ascertain the nature of the air at a great elevation. Many accounts had been penned by aeronauts of the extraordinary altitude they had attained, but little credence was given to their reports by men practically acquainted with the subject; for, to reach a high elevation, the balloon employed must be a very large one. Mr. Coxwell, eager to facilitate the meteorological observations of Mr. Glaisher, constructed a balloon which would hold one hundred thousand feet of gas, or fifteen thousand feet more than the one with which Mr. Green had crossed the Channel. The leading objects to be gained were,—first, a knowledge of the law of the decrease of the temperature in proportion to the elevation, and, secondly, of the distribution of moisture throughout the atmosphere. A start was made from Wolverhampton, the balloon only containing sixty-six thousand feet of gas. An altitude was reached of nearly five miles; the temperature being sixteen degrees, the air very dry, and electricity positive. Another ascent was made in September the same year. At an elevation of one mile and three-quarters the aerostat, which was only two-thirds full of gas at starting, was quite filled. At three miles a pigeon was thrown out of the car; the air was so light that the bird could not fly, but fell like a stone. A second and third experiment of a similar kind were tried, but with the same result. Two other pigeons were in the car; one died, the other nearly so. When five miles high, symptoms of blindness were felt by Mr. Glaisher, whose last entry was thirty-seven degrees below freezing-point; he subsequently saw, but was unable to register, the barometer at ten inches, which would indicate a height of five and a quarter miles. Mr. Glaisher then became unconscious; the balloon continued rising rapidly, and Mr. Coxwell's reading, subsequently calculated by Mr. Glaisher's aneroid barometer, gave a height of six miles. Mr. Coxwell now felt faint, and on attempting to open a valve found that his hands were paralyzed, and had to pull the string with his teeth. Terrestrial sounds were heard at an altitude of three miles. We thus see that Mr. Coxwell has demonstrated that it is possible to exist up to the height of six miles. At the same time it must be remembered that both he and his companion had previously made somewhat similar ascents, and had accustomed themselves to the rarefaction of air met

with in such an altitude. It must also be considered whether Mr. Glaisher's fainting fit was caused by the attenuation of the atmosphere he was inhaling, or by the diminished pressure of the air upon the body.

Thirteen years after this ascent, MM. Tissandier, Spinelli, and Sivel started from La Villette to make similar experiments. The aeronauts carried with them three small bags filled with oxygen and air to inhale, so as to sustain life at high altitudes, whilst an aspirator, filled with essence of petroleum, which would not solidify owing to the fall of temperature, was suspended outside the car. This was to be set up vertically at a height of about ten thousand feet, for the purpose of injecting air into tubes of potassium intended for the determination of carbonic acid. Spinelli took with him his spectroscope, and in a sealed box, carefully packed in sawdust, were eight barometric test-tubes to record the greatest height attained. A mistake was committed in filling the aerostat too full at starting, the result being that at an elevation of ten thousand five hundred feet gas escaped with force from its neck. At a height of twenty-three thousand feet Sivel felt oppressed, and inhaled a moisture of air and oxygen. More ballast was thrown out. The aeronauts, soaring higher, gradually became drowsy. At twenty-five thousand feet, M. Tissandier says, the condition of stupefaction which ensues is extraordinary; the mind and body weaken by degrees and imperceptibly; although conscious of it, no suffering is experienced. The vertigo of the upper regions is not an idle word; vertigo appears, and at the last moment annihilation. Suddenly the three aeronauts became insensible; a few minutes later M. Tissandier partly recovered, and found his two companions dead in the bottom of the car. Sivel's face was black, his eyes dull, his mouth open and full of blood; Spinelli's eyes were half closed, and his mouth was also bleeding. The question that now arises is, What caused the death of these two men? Did they perish owing to not being able to breathe the rarefied air, or owing to the diminished pressure on their bodies at so great an elevation? Was their death the result of a combination of these causes, or effected by their inhaling the gas which constantly streamed from the neck of the balloon? As to which hypothesis is correct it is impossible to say; but, judging from the experience gained by old and practical aeronauts, we are inclined to believe that the inhalation of gas which escaped from the balloon was the chief cause of the disaster. Anyhow, the question is undecided, and although the air has been explored up to an elevation of six miles, it appears to us that, with the aid of modern science, an ascent might be made to a much greater altitude and meteorological experiments conducted, with comparative safety to the aeronauts. A short time ago a helmet was invented by M. Fleuss containing oxygen and some purifying substances; with this helmet he can remain several hours under water without having communication with the air. This invention would settle the

question as to respiration at high altitudes. The diminution of pressure on the body would be another difficulty, but that might be obviated by a dress containing air impervious to the atmosphere, and which could be contracted at the will of the wearer, so as to make up for the diminution of atmospherical pressure. Should such appliances be used, we firmly believe that, with a very large balloon having a capacity of two hundred thousand feet of gas, and which would be only a quarter full when leaving the ground, an altitude of from ten to twelve miles might be gained. The experiment needs a certain outlay. The balloon and apparatus would cost at least fifteen hundred pounds. In these days of enterprise and thirst for knowledge, how long will it be before one of our great scientific associations determines to make the trial?

It has been mentioned that aerostats have been frequently used in time of war. Up to the present, stationary captive balloons have been employed for this purpose, chiefly at the siege of Richmond, when a telegraph wire was connected with the car, and the President, although many miles distant, knew what was going on at the scene of operations at the same moment as his general on the field of battle. In the last century it was shown that a captive balloon could be easily transported from place to place by means of ropes attached to infantry soldiers who marched on each side of the road towing the aerostat, which was suspended at an altitude of a few hundred feet. This mode of moving captive balloons might, we believe, be still further developed, particularly in unenclosed countries, and where there is little wind. Twelve well-trained horsemen could easily convey a balloon holding twenty-five thousand feet of pure hydrogen, and floating at a considerable altitude above them, at a rate of from seven to eight miles an hour. A staff-officer in the car could sweep the horizon with his field-glass for many miles, and obtain much important information in the shortest space of time. Had such a machine been employed at Tel-el-Kebir, the general in command would have known that there was a detached fort some distance in front of the enemy's lines, and the mistake made by the officer who surveyed the position a few days before the battle could not have occurred. Again at Teb, only the other day, a balloon reconnoissance would have been very useful. It was important to know whether the Arabs had intrenched themselves, mounted the guns taken from the Egyptians. This could easily have been ascertained by an aeronaut at an elevation of seven hundred feet above Fort Baker or even Trinkitat. At the same time he would have informed his general that rifle-pits had been constructed by the enemy, and could have told him their exact position. Since writing these lines we are glad to learn that owing to the exertions of Captain Templar and Major Elsdale the Woolwich authorities have determined to establish a balloon corps. Better late than never, and should an autumn expedition leave these shores to relieve Gordon, a captive balloon manœuvred from the bank,

or from a flat-bottomed boat, on the low-lying region along the valley of the Nile between Korosko and Khartoum, would enable an officer to scan the horizon for a considerable distance, to signal to stations in the rear, and would also diminish the employment of cavalry. In still weather a light Gardner gun might be used with effect from the car. It may be said that the position of the men directing the piece would be somewhat precarious, but it must always be remembered that a balloon is a very difficult object to hit, owing to the aeronaut who manipulates it being able at any moment to increase or diminish his distance from the earth. At the bombardment of Alexandria an aerostat might have been the means of the admiral learning the movement of the enemy's troops from the forts. This would at once have been detected by an officer in the car, whilst on a calm day it would be as easy to manage a captive aerostat from the deck of an ironclad as on land.

Much has been said as to the possibility of reaching the North Pole in a balloon, and the present writer has received numerous letters from people who declare that they can direct an aerostat. His reply to such communications is, that he will be very glad to make the gentlemen in question a present of one hundred pounds if they will select two places, twenty miles apart, go in a free aerostat from one spot to the other and return without anchoring the balloon or recharging it with gas, provided that they, on failing to do this, will give him five pounds to assist a charity. Any person who subscribes to a scheme for reaching the North Pole in a balloon, with our present knowledge of aerostatics, cannot be practically acquainted with the matter.

So far as the solution of the problem how to navigate the air is concerned, we believe that balloons have done more harm than good. The attention of inventors has been diverted from what is probably the only feasible way to obtain the desired end,—namely, the construction of a machine which, itself heavier than the atmosphere, will be able to strike a blow on the air in excess of its own weight. Machinery worked by steam is much too heavy for this purpose; electricity some day, perhaps, will be available. An engineer who has made electricity his study recently informed an assembly of gentlemen that, in the course of the next ten years, he believed it would be possible to compress enough electricity in a substance the size of an egg-shell to drive an express train from London to Liverpool. Science has not arrived at this point yet, but who can tell, after the telephone, the phonograph, and the other marvelous discoveries of Edison, what it may do in the future? Inventors should never forget that a bird is heavier than the air, and that the bird flies because its strength enables it to overcome the difference between its weight and that of the atmosphere it displaces. To put the case in a nutshell, aerial navigation is a mere question of lightness and force.

FRED. BURNABY.

THE MASSACRE OF THE AGUA AZUL; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A NAVAJO SQUAW.

CHAPTER I.

At the close of the campaign against the Navajo Indians, in 186–, some eight or ten families remained hidden on the woody heights and rocky precipices that look down upon the Cienega Amarilla in North-western New Mexico. They were in a pitiful condition. Driven from place to place by the seemingly ubiquitous troops, regulars and volunteers, who had followed the trails of their tribe summer and winter for three years, they had lost everything. They were without ponies, without blankets, even without arrows. Their food was the wild potato, the wild onion, the nuts of the dwarf pine, and sometimes only a paste made of the pulverized bark of that tree. Often the wild potato had to be gathered at the risk of their lives. The troops had found out where the principal "Navajo potato-patches" lay; these they watched narrowly, as well as the principal springs and water-courses. The Indians had to go not infrequently four or five miles from their hiding-place for water. Some of them had already died of hunger, and the survivors had only the alternative of starvation or surrender. They were aware that the bulk of their tribe and their principal chiefs were in the hands of the white man, either by capture or surrender.

The squaws had been opposed to the war from the beginning. After the commencement of hostilities they were in favor of surrendering and going on the reservation set apart for them, where, to use their own phrase, they "should have plenty to eat, and could sleep with both eyes shut." They had many a long talk on these matters—for, like their white sisters, they sometimes use their tongues—when they went to pick wild onions or grub with their weary fingers the Navajo potato. For the squaw does all the work: she bears the burdens, builds the rancheria, and saddles the warrior's horse. The red male is too noble a creature to do any work for himself.

"The war-path may be good for the braves," said an emaciated squaw, who had once been so pretty that she was known by the Spanish name of Bonita, "but it is hunger and thirst and suffering for the squaw."

"You talk well, Bonita," said a middle-aged squaw, the wife of Tut-su-ni-nes (the Chief of the Great Water). Her husband had been killed in a skirmish towards the close of the war. "We have to seek the potato and the onion and the water while the white warriors are watching us, and often when they are shooting at us. The war-path is bad for the squaws and the children."

The son of the dead chief, a bright-eyed boy of eight or nine years, stood beside his mother. As she spoke she looked on him as lovingly as the tenderest of white mothers could look upon an only child.

"Why should we suffer cold, hunger, and thirst till we die?" asked some nameless squaw. In this tribe only Indians of some note are dignified by names. "If we stay here we starve. Why not go to the white Tata[1] of the Big Lake and say, 'Navajo sick,—Navajo fight no more,—Navajo want food and blankets'?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" cried several squaws at once in approval.

"The men do not want to become squaws," said Bonita.

"The great chiefs of the tribe have heard the talk of the white Tata; Mandēlito and Little Beard and Herrera Grande have taken his blankets, eaten his meat, and built their rancherias in his war-village."

These remarks of an eloquent and strong-minded squaw, who, had she been a white woman with the necessary opportunities, might have made a name in the "lecture-field," were received with the customary manifestations of Indian approbation.

"Won't the white warriors kill us all when they have us in their village?" timidly asked the little daughter of Cabello Blanco (or White Hair), another chief who had been killed in the war. "When I was a child, in our old rancherias in Tu-ni-cha, they told me the white chiefs killed all Navajo men and women."

"Their tongues were forked who spoke so," said Bonita. "The white war-chiefs are brave. They have but one tongue. What they talk they do. I know. I have lived in the rancherias of the white warriors."

"You, Bonita!" they all cried in astonishment.

"How did you get there?"

"How did you get away?"

"Tell us all about it."

They all gathered around Bonita, as curious to hear the story of the former Indian beauty's experiences in the home of the pale-faces as if their own visages were of another color than red. As they all continued to ask questions, and all talked at once, precisely as they might have done had they been glib-tongued graduates of some gyneocratic university, instead of poor and not overcleanly pupils of nature in the great schools of beautiful Chusca and lofty Tu-ni-cha, Bonita said,—

[1] Father, or chief.

"Your tongues or mine must be still."

"Our tongues shall be silent while Bonita talks," they replied with one voice.

"I was with the war-party that killed the shepherds on the Black Stream and ran off the herds," said Bonita. "We were followed by the white war-chief of the Rancheria of the Pines, with a party of soldiers and Mexicans. For two suns we rode without stopping. We then turned back towards the Black Stream, to throw the white war-party off the trail. When the third sun rose, we lay, as we thought, in safety in a wooded *cañada*. The flocks and herds we had taken grazed around us. The bells on the white man's sheep sounded good in the ears of the Navajo. Our ponies grazed unsaddled. The tired warriors slept in the shade of the trees. I had made a fire to cook some food, when a shot came from the timber, and a young warrior who was near me fell dead. There came many shots from all sides; the white war-party had surrounded us. Our braves fought as long as they could, and I fought with them while there was an arrow in the dead warrior's quiver. Then we scattered in the brush, leaving everything, ponies, cattle, sheep, blankets, and cooking vessels. I was wounded in the foot and could not run. I tried to crawl away on my hands and knees. Two white warriors followed me, and were about to shoot me, when the white chief rode in front of them and beat up their guns. He signed to me not to fear, that he would protect me. I took his hand and kissed it. He had me carried to a little stream in a cool grove, where the white men were resting. The medicine chief of the whites came to me and made good medicine for my wound, laid me on a bed of skins and blankets, and gave me good things to eat and drink.

"My wound was slight. Next day we set out for the Rancheria of the Pines. The chief gave me a mule to ride. In three suns we reached the rancheria. I was put in a lodge with a good old white squaw, and I lived with her while I stayed among the whites."

"How long did you stay among the whites?" asked one of the squaws.

"Seven moons. I wished to stay always with them."

The squaws expressed astonishment.

"I wished to be the white chief's squaw."

"Tell us about that, Bonita!" cried Cabello Blanco's little daughter.

"He was so good to me that I loved him much, more than the young warrior who was killed in the *cañada*. I wanted to be his squaw in the white way, to live in his rancheria, and have no other squaw there. The Great Spirit of the whites only gives his sons one squaw."

"The Great Spirit is good to the white squaws," said an elderly squaw, who had been set aside for a younger one.

The squaws unanimously pronounced the white man's marriage-law better than the red man's. They knew nothing about easy divorces. Nor could Bonita enlighten them on the subject. In her seven months' sojourn at a little frontier post she had not discovered that there is such a place as Indiana.

"I told the white chief by signs," continued Bonita, "and by such white words as the old squaw had taught me, what I wished. His eyes rained like a squaw's; he told me he could not take me. He had a white squaw he got from her father six moons before, and she was to come to his rancheria the next moon."

"Poor Bonita!" cried the squaws in commiserating chorus.

"I felt as if an arrow had been shot into my breast. Then a fire burned within me, as if I had drunk of the white man's fire-water. I drew a knife I carried in my blanket. 'This for the white squaw!' I said.

"He looked at me, but not good, as always before. His eyes burned me. I closed my eyes, for I could not look at him. I lay on the ground and kissed his feet. I gave him the knife, threw back my blanket, and, baring my breast, asked him to kill me. He raised me from the ground, and told me he loved his squaw much, and if I loved him I must love her too, or he would be no more my friend. I promised to take her for my white sister, for I loved him much, and the good look came back to his eyes again. I asked to be his squaw in the red man's way: to bring wood and water to his lodge, to saddle his pony, to cook for him, to be his hunting-wife when he went upon the war-path. But he said the Great White Spirit only gives one wife to his son. Then my heart was sick, and the water came from my eyes. I put my arms about him and kissed him. I went to the old squaw's lodge, and was sick a long time. The white chiefs and squaws were good to me and made me well again. The old white squaw told me that the chief's squaw had come from the morning sun."

"Did you see the chief's squaw?" asked several of the women.

"Was she pretty?" asked Cabello Blanco's daughter.

"Yes. The old white squaw said white men called her pretty. Her skin was like snow, and her eyes the color of the sky. Her hair was like the tassels of the maize. She was thin and weak. Her limbs were not round and strong, or her bosom broad and swelling, like a red woman's."

It was the unanimous opinion of the women that a chief who preferred the frail, corn-stalk type of beauty to that of the dark and lithe young pine was but a sorry fellow after all, and a poor judge of squaws.

"The white chief brought her," resumed Bonita, "to see her red sister. She kissed me, and said she would love me and be good to me. She gave me trinkets and scarlet ribbons. That night when it

was dark I crept to his rancheria, and I saw them sitting together, with her head on his shoulder. I ran away from the village, for I feared the bad spirit might make me kill my white sister, and made my way to the Gate of the Stars,[2] where I found some of our tribe."

"What became of the white squaw's presents?" asked several squaws at once.

"I left them all in the lodge. I took nothing from the white chief's village but this." And she drew from a careful covering of buckskin a man's glove, old and worn and soiled.

Cabello Blanco's little daughter seemed as much touched by Bonita's recital as if she were learned in the loves of Hero and Leander, Héloise and Abelard. From the first she seemed to take an interest in the story beyond her years. "Did you not stop loving the white chief?" she asked.

Bonita shook her head.

"Were you not a red chief's squaw afterwards?" persisted the girl.

"You must not talk so, child," said the old squaw. "You are only a papoose yet, and know nothing about such things."

The girl hung her head and blushed through the vermilion which covered her cheeks. Her interest in the story had betrayed her into too anxious questioning. She said to herself, however, that she never would have allowed the young white chief to be taken from her by that hollow-breasted, pale-faced, corn-haired squaw.

After a pause, Bonita replied,—

"Yes, girl; since then I was Delgado's squaw. He was killed when our village in the Chusca Valley was attacked. Red women are not like white squaws. Perhaps we can love more because we are stronger. The white squaw is weak and sickly and can only love one, and never leaves him."

"What does she do when he is killed?"

"She puts on black blankets and mourns for him until she dies and is put in the ground by his side."

Poor Bonita's knowledge of the manners and customs of the whites was not very extensive or very accurate, as you may perceive. However, she was not proportionately further from reality than many a literary tourist of great asserted ability and fully-established prolificness, who, knowing no language but his own (if that), discourses magisterially of the manners and customs of—say the French, after a two months' sojourn in a fifth-rate English lodging-place in Paris.

The squaws declared that, all things considered, the white women were worse off than the red.

[2] La Puerta de las Estrellas. Anglice, Washington Pass.

CHAPTER II.

BONITA'S story increased the desire of the squaws to surrender to the commander of the nearest military post. No doubt the few braves in the Cienega Amarilla that night received a course of curtain lectures on the subject from the red Mrs. Caudles who presided over their respective rancherias. The "bucks" held a council next day and smoked some dried leaves over the subject. They had been strangers to bad tobacco for some time. For three years no traders had been allowed to enter the country. It did not need much talk to make the men understand that they must starve or surrender. They could see only too plainly their women and children wasting away before their eyes. There was not one of the little band that did not show traces of suffering and privation. The children were thin and sickly-hued. The canine followers, usually so numerous in Indian villages, were reduced to one poor, scraggy tyke, half wolf, half dog, and all skin and bone.

Among the "bucks" there were no braves of any standing. They belonged to the poor herd of Indians who are not dignified even by a name. The old chief's wife and Bonita, who had been women of mark in their tribe, consequently had much influence among them. The two women soon succeeded in having a day set for the departure of the band. It was resolved to begin the march for the fort of the white war-chief on the Great Water after the "third sleep" from the day of the council.

The prospect of their sufferings being alleviated, or at least varied, lessened to some extent the sadness that had so long prevailed in the little camp. But none was so pleased as the little daughter of Cabello Blanco. The fear of the white man which had been instilled in her childish mind in the Indian villages of the Chusca Valley had been completely dispelled by Bonita's story. She wanted to see those beautiful white warriors who love but one squaw and bring no rival into her rancheria. And the heart of the little red maiden throbbed within her at the thought that she might become the squaw of some young white brave and reign in his rancheria.

But let me describe this nameless little Indian girl. I may do so with some show of propriety, I think, for she is the nearest approach to a heroine the reader shall meet in this unpretentious tale, which is in truth a story without a heroine or a hero.

Cabello Blanco's daughter was about thirteen years old. It must be borne in mind that an Indian girl of that age has advanced farther towards womanhood than her white sister of two or three years older. She was not too tall, and was finely formed, though want of food had marred the once rounded contour of her young and shapely limbs.

Her hair was long and of a rich purplish-black. Her eyes were large, lustrous, full of nature's fire and brightness. Her eyebrows were dark as her hair and perfectly arched. Her lips were full and of a vivid red. Her teeth, like those of most Indians, were beautifully regular and brilliantly white, though tooth-brush had never touched them. They seemed, however, like all Indian teeth, to have been made to eat raw flesh. I cannot better describe the appearance of Indian teeth. Her cheeks and her forehead were touched with the vermilion dye the squaws use for the purpose of personal adornment; for they too, like too many of their white sisters, endeavor to improve upon nature. Her matted hair fell in long elf-locks and inextricable tangles; it was virgin of a comb. She looked like a savage edition of a head I have seen among Jullien's crayon studies. Her dusky arms were bare. A few brass rings ornamented her wrists. Her dress was composed of two rectangular pieces of a dark and coarse woolen stuff bordered with red; the latter is a favorite color of Indians. These pieces were joined at one end, a place being left open for the head to pass through. A piece of buckskin bound them about her waist. These, with a short undergarment of manta, worn next the body and greased, for unromantic reasons, constituted not only her whole costume, but her entire wardrobe. It is not the custom among the Indians to wash underclothing. This substitute for the chemise of civilization our young Indian girl, like her sister squaws, had worn for months unchanged. She was barefooted. The destitution of this little band of Indians was so great that many of them were without moccasins. Her feet were small and well formed, but truth compels me to confess that they were thickly incrusted with the yellow mud of the Cienega. The nearest approach to a washing they ever made was when her path lay across a brook which she had to ford. Her hands, alas! were covered with dirt and clay, for it was my poor little no-heroine's daily labor to dig up the *papa*, or Navajo potato, with her young fingers. I should have hesitated to lend her my cloak or my shawl if I intended to wear it again. And if I were compelled to don it again after she had worn it, I should cause it to do duty for some days as a horse-cloth first. This, I have learned from old frontiersmen, from Mexican scouts, guides, etc., removes the unpleasant consequences of Indian wear. The perfume of the wild red rose was not remarkably agreeable. Judged from a dancing-school point of view, her step was not graceful. Like all Indians and other untutored children of nature, she turned out her heels and turned in her toes.

Most amiable of readers! If my description conflicts with your poetical preconceptions, I am sorry for it. It is a true one. I have painted "an Indian princess" as "Indian princesses" usually are in the simplicity of their native wilds. I have no doubt, if history could tell the truth, that it would show the Princess Pocahontas to have been—

à quelque chose près—such a one as I have tried to describe when the renowned Captain John Smith first made her acquaintance.

Yet my nameless little squaw was really beautiful in face and form, not only by comparison with her wild sisters, for comeliness among the dusky daughters of the forest or the plains is very rare, but she would have been beautiful anywhere. Reigning belles in New York or Boston would have given their diamonds for her teeth, her hair, her eyes. Softened by civilization, beautified by the daily use of the bath and the toilet appliances of modern fashion, clothed in raiment suited to her dark beauty, taught the outward turn and downward point of the toe, skilled to conduct the serpentine wavings of a graceful train, let her be placed in any ball-room at home or abroad, and every white waistcoat in it would throb in allegiance to her as physical queen of the ball.

This is not fancy's sketch, dear lady reader. I saw the nameless Indian beauty when she was about sixteen years old. I took her to see—or rather to be seen by—some lady friends who knew her story. They had heard of her beauty and "were dying to see her." I was not disappointed at *their* being somewhat disappointed. They admitted that she was pretty for an Indian, but that was all. They really could see nothing to necessitate going into ecstasies with some of their gentlemen friends. I believe, however, that ladies and gentlemen seldom agree in their estimates of female beauty, whether white or red. Venus would not have got the golden apple a Sorosis sitting in judgment.

The time before the day of departure was busily occupied in getting a supply of Navajo potatoes and wild onions, and in making the other necessary preparations for the journey.

On the fourth day the little band began its journey with the sun. The Indians numbered about thirty in all, men, women, and children. There were seven men, eleven women, and the rest were children of various ages, from the papoose on its board to the boy or girl of thirteen.

The country through which they journeyed consists of long, parallel *cañadas*, or narrow valleys, separated by ranges of wooded hills. During the day they avoided the main trails which led through the valley of the Oso and threaded their weary way in single file along the wooded crests. Their progress was slow. They were weak, and the underbrush was thick and tangled. They had to carry the simple cooking-utensils they needed, as well as the supply of papas and onions. This latter burden was the only one that grew lighter. Soon the younger children became exhausted, and had to be carried. Some of the squaws had a double burden to bear,—a papoose on their backs and a child of three or four in their arms. The men carried the older children; this was unusual. Your warrior is generally too proud to carry a burden. But the warrior spirit was starved out of the little rem-

nant of the tribe that was now leaving its hiding-place in the Yellow Swamp.

In the night they came down to the springs in the valley for water. It was keenly cold at night, for it was in the beginning of March when they began their exodus. They dared not light a fire, lest its smoke by day or its flame by night might be seen by bands of Mexicans hunting for Indian stock or Indian children; for the Mexicans found a lucrative business in the sale into peonage of such Indian children as they captured. At the time of which I write an Indian child five or six years old would have brought two hundred dollars on the Rio Grande. The danger of being captured before they could surrender to the troops increased as our Indians approached the Mexican settlements.

They had not a pony left. The old squaw remembered the time when her husband, the chief of the Great Water, had flocks of sheep which her eye could not measure at a glance, and more horses by scores than she could count. Then she rode a handsome pony, with trappings worthy of a chief's wife. She had plenty of buffalo-robes and beaded moccasins, and necklaces of curious stones, and girdles ornamented with plates of shining metal. But the men would go on the war-path. Their chiefs were killed or captured; their horses and sheep taken by the troops or by raiding-parties of Mexicans. (It is only justice to say, however, that the horses and sheep originally belonged to the Mexicans in many cases.) Now the chief's wife had to plod along wearily on foot, and carry her boy, when, towards the end of the march, the child grew faint from fatigue and want of food. Whence does a weak and tottering mother draw her strength when a drooping child has to be borne in her trembling arms? It must surely be heaven-given.

The Indians reached in safety the lofty ridge that looks down upon Los Pilares, those wonderful natural columns that rise from the level plain below to the height of two hundred feet. At the base of one of these rocks is a beautiful spring, as pure as the Bandusian fountain. Thither the Indians must go for water. A party of Mexicans halted at the spring, and remained there until sunset. The Indians had to pass the day without water. The Mexicans left the spring at sunset, but it was hours after their departure, and after thick darkness had fallen upon the Pilares, before the Indians ventured down to the spring to moisten their parched lips. Nor could they even then lie down to sleep. One of the most fruitful wild-potato patches lay in the vicinity of the Pilares, and they had to devote a great part of the night to replenishing their little store. Before dawn they climbed the ridge to pursue their toilsome way along its craggy summit.

Thus they traveled slowly and wearily from day to day, sometimes retracing their steps or burying themselves still deeper in the woods

when they saw the dust of coming parties afar off. Their experience at the Pilares was more than once repeated. They found parties of Mexicans camped at the springs where they hoped to get water, and had to pass whole days without it. They knew that if they fell into the hands of Mexicans their doom was death for the men and peonage for the women and children. They peered anxiously from their watching-places among the rocks for the blue uniform of the United States troops. Bonita had told them that as soon as they could signify their surrender to a war-party of white braves their sufferings would be ended and food and protection given them. But they looked in vain. The great chiefs in that section of the country had surrendered, and, unfortunately for our little band, the troops were operating in the Apache country beyond the southern base of the Sierra Blanca and along the tributaries to the Gila.

The Indians were so tired and weak when they reached the Ojo del Oso that they had to rest for a day in the woods near its cool waters. Some of them looked as if they should not live to see the sign of their deliverance. This, Bonita told them, was a blanket of many colors, which waved from the top of a tall white lodge-pole in the centre of the white war-chief's village. But more than half their journey was accomplished: they had left behind them the Yglesia[3] and the lofty Obeliscas.[3]

After two more days of weary journeying they reached the banks of the Agua Azul in the night, exhausted by fatigue, hunger, and anxiety. They were more like shadows than like men and women. Their scanty store of wild vegetables was consumed. They had not strength enough left to crawl back to the wooded ridges, a measure of precaution they had hitherto always taken. But they were now within a few leagues of their long-hoped-for resting-place. To-morrow they should be in sight of the fort; they would send up a lofty smoke-signal to attract the attention of the white war-chief, who would send out a detachment to ascertain its meaning. To that party they would surrender, and their sufferings would be ended.

Sleep fell upon their weary eyelids as they lay on the tall grass on the banks of the Agua Azul. A little before dawn their sleep was rudely broken by the rapid trampling of horsemen close upon them. With the quick self-preservative instinct of their race, the Indians fled, scattering in all directions. It was too late. They were within short pistol-range. Some were shot as they crept crouching through the tall grass. The flying squaws and children were ridden down and seized. The Indians generally ran towards the rocky heights to the right of the stream. One Indian suddenly turned back and plunged into the water. He was seen, however. Shot after shot was fired at him as he dashed through the shallow water beyond the middle of the

[3] Anglice, Church Rock and Pyramid Rocks.

river. He was hit repeatedly, but still he rushed forward, staggering, with bullet after bullet in his body. He had nearly reached the opposite bank, and might have gained the lava-beds that stretch away towards the base of San Mateo, when a left-handed Mexican put a rifle-ball into his head. He fell into the water with a splash and moved no more.

"*Bueno!*" cried the Mexican.

Of the seven male Indians not one was left alive.

The attacking party was a band of Mexicans, scouting after Apaches who had stolen stock from their settlement and murdered some of their people. It was only natural that the Mexicans should be greatly exasperated. They happened to stumble on this little squad of Indians, unhappily for the latter. In such cases one Indian is as good as another to a Mexican, as in like circumstances one white man is as good as another to an Indian.

The sun rose upon a piteous sight. The men of the Indian band lay dead in the tall grass. The women and children were huddled together under guard, a terror-stricken group. The Mexicans dismounted, some to wash their faces in the stream, others to prepare their morning meal or enjoy the favorite corn-husk cigarette. As one jumped to the ground, he stumbled.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaimed; "I stepped on something!"

Not a sound, not a movement in the grass.

The Mexican searched closely, and picked up from under the feet of his horse an Indian boy four or five years old.

"Ah! *diablito!*" said the Mexican, "you are very quiet and cunning." He held up the poor red urchin to the admiring gaze of his companions. They seemed to appreciate the Spartan character of the little fellow's ruse.

"He's a bright *muchachito,*" said one of them. "If you had not happened to jump on him, Pablo, we never should have found him."

"True," said another. "I believe they understand these Indian tricks when they are a week old. He would not have moved a muscle for twenty-four hours. *Tienes muchacho!*" And he threw the little fellow a *tortilla,* which was ravenously devoured.

The other children stretched forth their thin hands for some of the coveted food. The Mexicans opened their *malétas* and gave their captives *tortillas* and *frijoles.* The squaws and children had not eaten so good a meal for many a day. The Mexicans now treated them with kindness, the children especially.

When they had breakfasted, the Mexicans proceeded to divide their booty, which was quite valuable, as Indian children then brought good prices. This took some time. There was a disagreement about the disposition to be made of the Spartan boy. His discoverer claimed the boy, and insisted that he should not be included in the general dis-

tribution. On the contrary, the others, with equal insistence, argued that he should. All seemed to want the little fellow on account of the plucky qualities he had shown. The question was finally decided by a mode of arbitration introduced among the Mexicans by their enlightened "white" brethren, and technically known as "freeze out."

It was noon before the party set out with their captives on their march back to the settlements. They formed a strange cavalcade. Some of the Mexicans placed the squaws in front of their saddle-bows, Mexican fashion. Others carried the children. Some appeared with two children, one in front and one in rear. This march promised to be less fatiguing than the one which had just ended so disastrously.

As the raiders crossed the ford they saw the body of the dead Indian lying in the shallowest part of the stream, half under water.

"*Valga me Dios,*" said Pablo, to him who seemed to be the leader of the party. "This is not well, Don Ramon. It is not proper to leave the body in the water."

"It is the truth," returned Don Ramon. "It looks unchristian."

"Well," said Pablo, "I will do what is proper."

So saying, he rode into the river, and, twisting his lariat into a running loop, slipped it around the dead Indian's leg. Then giving the rope a couple of turns around the high pommel of his Mexican saddle, he struck his long Mexican spurs into his horse's flanks. The animal dashed off with a plunge and a plash, dragging the body after it with many a jerk, and "snaking" it up the steep bank on the opposite side. There, his sense of propriety satisfied, Pablo cast off his lariat and left the dead Indian.

CHAPTER III.

Two years had passed since the massacre on the Agua Azul. A party of hay-cutters were at work near the scene of the tragedy. There was no trace of the fearful episode to be seen. The coyotés had finished the work of propriety so worthily begun by the scrupulous Pablo, and the scattered bones of the murdered Indians were hidden under the rank growth of another year's grass.

The hay-makers, two excepted, were Mexicans. The exceptions were young Americans who had gone to New Mexico "to better their condition." In their verdancy, they were led to indulge in one of the customs of the country, gambling. What little money they brought with them they soon sacrificed at the shrine of insatiable *Monte.* They were thus forced to descend to hard labor for a livelihood. They went to work philosophically, with the hope of better things in the future. One of them, Ned Ostrander, had made a little step forward already. He was installed as a sort of overseer or *major-domo,*

as the Mexicans have it, with a present and positive increase of labor and responsibility, and a possible slight increase of wages in the future.

"Ned," said his comrade, Bill Selfridge. "Look yonder."

"What is it?" asked Ned.

"It looks like an Indian head!" hissed Bill, as he dropped his scythe and hurriedly picked up his rifle. "Now it's gone! No. There it is again!"

"Where?"

"About two hundred yards to the left."

"*Los Indios! Los Indios!*" shouted the Mexicans.

Every man grasped his rifle, for Indian attacks on hay-parties were common occurrences. The hay-maker often had to drop his scythe and pick up his rifle or draw his revolver.

They rushed towards the spot where the Indian head had been seen. It was no longer visible, but a waving line was seen in the tall grass. A bullet from Bill Selfridge's rifle flew in the direction of the shimmer in the grass.

"*Bueno!*" shouted the Mexicans.

"A good line-shot, Bill," said Ned Ostrander. "I guess you've fetched it whatever it is."

The shimmer in the grass was stopped. The men drew towards the spot where the grass had ceased to wave. There lay something that looked like a bundle of blankets. Ned turned it over gently with his foot. It was a human being rolled up like a hedgehog.

"You've sent him to the happy hunting-grounds, Bill," said Ned.

Ned turned the bundle of blankets over again with his foot.

"Look out, Ned!" shouted Bill. "He may run a knife into you first thing you know. They're as bad as 'possums, those red devils."

"I'm blessed if it ain't a squaw!" cried Ned. "It's got long moccasins."

"The devil!" ejaculated Bill. "I swear I didn't think I was mean enough to kill a squaw."

"I don't think she's dead," said Ostrander.

"Good!" said Bill. "I wouldn't kill a squaw, if I knew it, for all old Astor's money." And he rushed to where Ned stood by the prostrate form of the Indian.

Together they raised her. She was a young and pretty squaw of about fifteen years. The ball from Bill's rifle had just grazed her back and neck as she ran, crouching, through the grass. It stunned her and left a seared line, but did no further injury. When she fell she had presence of mind enough to remain motionless, according to Indian tactics, hoping thus to elude her pursuers. Her dress was part savage, part civilized. She wore the Indian blanket as a mantle, and underneath it an old calico dress.

It was Cabello Blanco's daughter.

The young Indian girl looked stronger and better than when, after the weary march from the Cienega Amarilla, she last reached the banks of the Agua Azul. But terror was pictured in her face. She seemed afraid even to look at her captors. She trembled all over as they raised her to her feet.

"Pshaw!" said Bill; "it's only skin-deep."

"I guess she's all right," rejoined Ned. "More frightened than hurt. She's pretty badly scared."

"No wonder! poor thing!" said Bill. "To have a dozen molasses-colored devils and two that ought to be white yelling after her and shooting at her. I swear, Ned, if I'd a-killed her, I'never could forgive myself. I should always feel like a murderer. As I had the good luck only to graze her, I'll see that nobody else hurts her."

"It was a good line-shot, all the same, Bill," said Ned.

"I wonder what she thinks we're going to do to her."

"She thinks, of course, that we're going to sell her, or kill her—or worse yet."

"Ned," said Bill, "I'll blow the brain-pan off any fellow that lays a rough hand on her."

"Nobody will harm her," said Ned.

"She wouldn't have much show with these Mexicans," rejoined Bill. "They think no more of an Indian than of a wild beast."

"That's about what Indians are, Bill, when the truth's told."

"It may be the truth," replied Bill, "but I'll be damned if I believe it."

"You haven't got over the 'Last of the Mohicans' yet."

"Perhaps. However, I've made up my mind to protect this poor little squaw and bring her to the commander of the fort. Will you stand by me in case of need?"

"Why, of course."

They conducted the trembling squaw to their tent, and by signs bade her sit upon some new-mown hay. Bill endeavored to reassure her by working his face into a most extravagant smile and interrogatively uttering the Indian exclamation "How! How!" which he seemed to think comprised everything in its expressiveness.

"I expect she's half starved," he said. And the two friends took from their saddle-bags *tortillas* and cold fried bacon, which the girl ate with no ordinary relish, for she was almost famished.

She gradually became calmer, and finally mustered up courage enough to look at her captors and say a few words in broken Spanish, which she had learned during her peonage. Ned and Bill also possessed a little spurious Castilian. It was even more broken than the young squaw's, but, nevertheless, they managed to understand each other.

She told them her sad story, how her people had come from the Cienega to give themselves up to the commander of the post at the Great Lake. Half by words, half by signs, she told of the sudden attack, the massacre of the men, and the capture of the women and children. She had been sold to a ranchero who lived far away in the northeastern portion of the Territory. She had to work very hard. Her food was only a *tortilla* or two a day, and her clothing was scant and thin. The ranchero's wife was not a bad woman. She only whipped her Navajo peon twice or thrice, when the girl used some of the butter she had newly churned to anoint her black locks. No thrifty housewife could be expected to allow such a heinous offense as this to go unpunished. The young squaw watched eagerly for an opportunity to escape. Two years passed away before she was able to put her design into execution. She wished to join her tribe at the reservation, near the Bosque Redondo. She knew no other way to accomplish her purpose than to endeavor to carry out the original intention of her people when they left the Cienega,—to surrender to the white war-chief at the Laguno Grande.

"How long have you been coming here?" asked Ned, in anything but pure Castilian.

The young squaw answered by extending all the fingers of one hand, closing them, and again extending all save the thumb.

"Nine days!" exclaimed Bill.

The necessaries with which the young squaw was provided for this nine days' journey were a little meal-bag, now empty, and a flint and steel. In the course of the journey she had to swim six streams, for the waters were high on account of recent rains.

"Ned," cried Bill, "she's a perfect little brick! Just think of her going through all that to gain her liberty. It almost brings the tears to my eyes, and they have not been wet since my mother died."

Some of the Mexicans came dashing back on their ponies. They had found no traces of other Indians. The young squaw trembled when she saw them ride up to the tent where she was seated. They recalled to her memory the horrible scene of two years before. She cast an appealing look, as if for protection, towards the two Americans. The enthusiastic Bill understood her glance, smiled a very broad smile, and, in his usual bad Spanish, bade her fear nothing. Less excitable Ned gave her a quiet but expressive nod.

"*Caramba!*" said one of the Mexicans. "The squaw is pretty."

"What shall we do with her?" asked another.

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said Bill. "She don't belong to you."

"To whom does she belong, Señor Bill?" asked the Mexican.

"To nobody in particular."

"*Bueno*, Señor Bill! Spoken like a *caballero!* She belongs to us

all, share and share alike. What will you give me for my share, señors? or what will you take for yours?"

"Let's settle it by the cards," said another, taking from his pocket a greasy pack of monte cards. "Let us all sit down here, and I'll open a game."

"*Bueno! bueno!*" shouted the Mexicans, as they squatted around the man with the cards. "This is a good day's hay-making."

"Won't you join us, Señor Bill?" asked the man, as he shuffled the cards.

"Not by a damned sight," responded Bill.

"And you, Señor Ned?"

Ned merely shook his head.

"Truly, señors, you are generous. Two chances less to work out. Perhaps you have conscientious scruples against peonage?"

"The President's proclamation has put an end to peonage," returned Bill. "I shall take this squaw to the fort to-morrow and deliver her to the commandant; so you may save yourselves the trouble of playing for her."

"But, señors, we have our rights as well as you others."

"You have no right to this squaw. I take her under my protection. I'll make an ugly hole in any one who troubles her."

"*Yo, tamkin!*" added Ned.

Both the young men pulled their revolvers to the front as they spoke.

"Well, señors, we will not fight about a miserable squaw; so don't get excited. *Buenas noches*, señors, and many delights."

"Go to the devil!" said Bill. "You're a low, mean hound, anyhow! I'll give you a licking the first chance." This was said in English. The Mexican's insinuation had roused Bill's ire, and he lost what little control he had over his Spanish. One must be very familiar with a language before he can vent his anger or spontaneously swear in it.

The monte dealer and his friends went towards their tents. When they were out of Bill's hearing the gambler said,—

"*Compadres!* There are two ways of reaching an end,—the straight way and the curved way. There are often serious obstacles in the former, which we avoid by taking the latter. For my part I like the curved way best. We may not be able to take the squaw from those two fools by force, but we can take her by stealth."

"Good!" said his hearers. "How do you propose to do it?"

"Leave that to me," said the gambler; "you shall know when the time comes."

"The squaw must sleep right here, Ned," said Bill, "and the tent must remain open all night on account of those foul-minded devils yonder."

"I understand," said Ned; "all right."

Bill signified to the Indian that she was to lie near the front of the tent.

"You and I will turn in in the far corner," said he to Ned. Then he added, "I think that infernal gambler is capable of any scurvy trick. I trust none of his tribe, but him least of all I ever met."

"I don't think he'll try anything on," said Ned.

"Perhaps not," returned Bill; "but it won't hurt to take some precautions."

So saying, he uncoiled his lariat, and tying one end of it around his left wrist, wound the other around the Navajo girl's arm. With the help of good pantomime and bad Spanish he made her understand that if any of the Mexicans came near the tent during the night, she was to pull the lariat and wake him.

"For," said he to Ned, "I could not keep awake to-night if the grass was full of Indians."

"I'm pretty sleepy myself," returned Ned, "but I don't apprehend any trouble."

The two friends then prepared for the night. The *toilette de nuit* of a frontiersman is a very simple matter. It may consist merely in opening his shirt-collar and taking off his boots. Sometimes in dangerous places the latter part of the *deshabillement* is omitted. Ned and Bill, however, took off their coats and rolled them up for pillows. Then they took off their boots and put them under the blankets, so that in case of rain they might not become damp and be hard to pull on in the morning. They put on moccasins, so that in case of very sudden arousing they might not be altogether barefooted. After the fashion of old scouts and guides, they surrounded their primitive couch with a hair lariat, a magic circle within whose boundary no rattlesnake ever ventures. Each, as he lay down, placed his rifle and his pistols, muzzle towards the feet, by his side, covering them with the outer edge of his blanket to guard them from moisture, and to have them within instinctive grasp if danger should suddenly invade his slumbers.

"*Buenas noches*, Maria," said Bill, for she had told her new-found friend the name her Mexican mistress had given her. Bill gave the lariat attached to his wrist a gentle pull and burst into a hearty laugh, in which Maria joined.

"I wonder what Sallie Anderson would say if she knew I was tied to a squaw," said Bill, with a laugh.

"I guess she wouldn't see any joke in it," responded Ned.

Maria was exhausted by her nine days' journey and the excitement of its ending. She feared the Mexicans. She remembered the fate her people had met with at their hands. But she felt she had protectors in the two young white men. Her mind was consequently more at ease than it had been for years. She was almost happy.

She tried to keep awake. For an hour or so she succeeded; but exhausted nature at last gave way, and she fell into a pleasant slumber. She dreamed of happy hunting-grounds where the wild deer were plenty, where the trees were loaded down with wild peaches far larger and sweeter than those she had gathered in her childhood in the Cañon de Chelle. Golden heaps of wild honey gladdened her sight, and brave young white men were there to guard her from danger.

She awoke suddenly to a feeling of suffocation and a sense of being moved very gently. She tried to cry out, but could not. A piece of buckskin was placed over her mouth. In her terror she forgot the lariat by which she was attached to Bill's wrist. She was already outside the tent. She felt that she was now being moved more rapidly, when the lariat, stretched to its full length, performed its office and brought Bill to his feet pistol in hand. The kidnappers felt the check and knew they were trapped. They let the squaw drop to the ground and disappeared. A shot from Bill's revolver woke the stillness of the camp. When he rushed out of the tent to give them another shot, he could see only the faint shadow of some creeping thing in the distance. He fired in its direction, but it had vanished before his finger could pull the trigger.

The report brought out all the Mexicans in the camp. Ned was also on the ground, a six-shooter in each hand. The Mexicans ran towards Bill's tent, talking excitedly, and asking the cause of the shot.

"*Los Indios!*" shouted some.

"No Indians," said Bill; "only thieves. But they've got scared and made a run of it."

"You might have killed some of us, Señor Bill," said a Mexican; "the ball passed through our tent, not two feet above the ground."

"Why don't your people behave themselves? Go and lie down again, Maria," said Bill; "Ned and I will not sleep any more to-night. And you, señors, go to your tents, every man of you, and don't move until after broad daylight. If I find any one moving about the camp before that time, he'll never see sunrise."

The hay-makers went to their tents without delay. Ned and Bill dressed themselves and waited for daylight. As soon as returning light gave back color to Madame Nature they set Maria to cooking their breakfast of bacon and *tortillas*. During her two years' sojourn among the Mexicans she had learned the not very difficult art of frontier cookery.

Breakfast ended, Ned and Bill saddled their horses. They placed the Indian girl on the monte-man's pony, and compelled him, much to his disgust, to accompany them, mounted on a broken-down old mule, which it was almost general dislocation to ride. They left the hay-camp under charge of Ramon Vaca, a Mexican, whose honesty and fidelity had been tried and proved.

A two hours' ride brought them to the fort at the Laguna Grande. At last the Indian girl beheld floating from a tall and graceful flagstaff that beautiful sign of safety and protection which Bonita described before they left the Cienega Amarilla. Her white protectors gave Maria into the care of the commandant of the fort. She repeated to that officer the story of the massacre of her people, her captivity, her heroic effort to regain her liberty and rejoin her people at the Bosque Redondo.

The officer was deeply moved by the recital. He took Maria to his quarters and gave her into the gentle and motherly care of his wife.

Bill and Ned informed the monte-dealer that his services as a hay-cutter would no longer be needed. They assured him a sound drubbing, if not worse treatment, should he ever again show his face in that region. They restored to him his pony and conducted him to the boundary of the military reservation. Arrived there, Bill quietly took out his pistol and, cocking it, said,—

"Now git!"

And the gambler "got."

CHAPTER IV.

MARIA, as she was now called, was very happy at the fort. When she had been there some months her desire to join her tribe at the Navajo reservation abated. She became very much attached to Mrs. Bateman, the commandant's wife, and to her children. She was treated with great kindness by the entire household. Bill and Ned came to see their *protégée* from time to time. They always brought her presents of bright-colored stuffs or ribbons, or pretty trifles of some kind. She had become an excellent servant. She was neat, careful, and diligent. Her only offense was the occasional use of a little freshly-churned butter as a substitute for pomade. Mrs. Bateman used to say she felt that the children were as safe when Maria was in charge of them as when they were under her own eye. The young squaw was now well fed, comfortably clad, and was paid a fair sum for her services at the end of every month, things entirely new in her experience. Mrs. Bateman proposed to take her faithful servant with her to the East, and Maria had already begun to dream of the marvels of the white man's civilization in his magic land far away towards the rising sun. But a sudden end was put to those pleasant anticipations by orders from Washington, which prohibited the employment of Indians as domestics by officers of the army. Poor Maria received with great grief the news that she was to be separated from her friends and benefactors. Whether she should now find any of her relatives on the reservation was more than doubtful. Mrs. Bateman tried to console her with the hope that under the President's proclamation her relations and

friends would probably be rescued from peonage and restored to their tribe; though the good lady well knew that such a hope was not to be indulged in very confidently. Few Mexican families were without Indian peons. Even the politicasters of the Territory, who made most capital out of the matter at Washington, did not desire the question pushed for the present. They talked very loudly about human rights and Indian wrongs in Washington bureaus when they sought places for themselves or their friends under the Territorial government from the party in power. But at home they intended that the President's proclamation should be a dead letter so far as peonage was concerned. They themselves had Indian peons, as well as all their friends and retainers. The enforcement of the proclamation not only would cause them pecuniary loss, but also destroy their popularity. It was only a few single-minded captains and subalterns who, innocent of statecraft, enforced the law and liberated an Indian peon wherever and whenever they found one. Indeed this was not often, for the masters took good care to hide their peons when the military people were near.

Thus poor Maria had to part from the best and kindest friends she had ever known. Captain Bateman was well known to the chiefs of the Navajo tribe. He had been just but firm in his dealings with them. Thus he gained their respect and confidence, and acquired no inconsiderable influence over them. He was ordered to visit the reservation for the purpose of persuading some of the chiefs to go into the Apache country and induce a portion of the Navajo tribe that had fled to the southern base of the Sierra Blanca to surrender and come to the reservation. Mrs. Bateman decided to accompany her husband. They concluded to take Maria with them and see her safely restored to her tribe.

With a sad heart and streaming eyes Maria left the fort, wherein she had passed the happiest days of her life. As the wagons were about to start, Bill and Ned rode up to say good-by. What additional grief this parting caused to the already sorely-aching heart of the young squaw we can only imagine. Bonita's romantic story undoubtedly awakened in the bosom of the poor Indian girl hopes which were never to be realized. She sat for hours after the train had started motionless, her face covered by her mantle and her head bowed upon her knees.

Captain Bateman's party made a safe and expeditious journey to the reservation. On their arrival there they were surrounded by Indians of both sexes, who remembered Captain Bateman as an old and kind friend. They crowded around him to shake hands with and to embrace him. As Maria was getting out of the wagon she uttered a loud cry. Then she ran towards an elderly squaw, who, with outstretched arms and wonder-expanded eyes, rushed forward to meet her. The next moment she was in her mother's arms.

And Bonita was there, and other women whom the wanderer had known in her childhood. Then they all sat in a circle upon the ground, holding each other's hands, rocking their bodies to and fro, and shedding alternate tears of joy for the return of the loved and of sorrow for the loved and lost who could return no more.

As the women thus sat, giving free indulgence to their emotions, a beaded and feathered brave looked on with an expression of lofty contempt; he turned towards Captain Bateman, and, as if in pitying explanation of such an unseemly exhibition of feeling, said in Spanish, laughing and shrugging his shoulders,—

"Squaws!"

JOHN THORNTON.

SHIPS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from page 666, vol. x.)

A WRITER for Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal*, narrating his visit to the "Keying," says,—

"On going on board we were surprised at the little walking- and standing-room on deck. From a limited clear space in the middle, stairs ascend to the higher portions fore and aft far above our head. Large beams, gaudily painted, meet the eye everywhere; and before us, on one side of the vessel, is an erection forming a galley, or cooking-house, which seems a monstrous encumbrance. Within this cooking-house there are two large iron pans fixed on brick-work furnaces which open outside. In one of these is boiled rice, covered with a half-cask, to confine the rice, which swells in boiling, and to prevent it from being thrown out when the vessel rolls. The other pan is used for frying. On the deck also are three very large wooden tanks, which hold about eight thousand gallons of water. Beneath the openings to the furnaces is a trough, or fosse, sunk in the deck, which is filled with water to receive the cinders that fall from the furnaces, to avoid the risk of fire.

"We now descend to the saloon, which is half-sunk below the deck, and half-raised to form the first story of the elevated poop.

"The saloon is thirty-two feet long, twenty-eight broad, and fifteen and a half feet high. Detracting from this spaciousness, however, are two beams traversing the length of the apartment breast-high, as if to bind the vessel in this direction, so that in crossing from one side to another it is necessary to stoop twice beneath these uncouth stays. With this exception the cabin is tastefully arranged; its sides and ceiling are painted yellow, and plenteously covered with paintings of birds, flowers, monkeys, etc. On the sides are also hung some Chinese paintings in frames and musical instruments. From the roof depend a number of lanterns of fanciful shape and variegated colors. The Chinese are remarkably fond of lanterns and lamps, and, as a regulation of police, every person is bound to carry one after nightfall. 'To such an absurd length do they carry this custom,' says a printed account of the 'Keying,' 'that when one of the batteries which had fired upon the "Alceste" in her passage up the Bogue had been silenced by her

broadside, and the soldiers who manned it fled in the greatest alarm, instead of endeavoring to escape in the darkness, each man seized his lantern and climbed up the steeps behind the fort. The great lighted and painted balloons which they carried formed a most excellent mark for such of our marines as might wish to fire at the retreating Chinamen, all fear of the consequences being forgotten in the practice of their daily, or rather nightly, custom.'

"The saloon contains a round central table of beautiful inlaid wood, and a number of seats of equally tasteful construction. But the most remarkable piece of furniture is a cupboard-like shrine at the inner extremity of the apartment. This is a Joss-house, as it is called by the Chinese, from the Portuguese word DEOS, for God, or deity, which they have engrafted in their language. The Joss-house, which has considerable resemblance to a Punch's show-box, contains in a sitting attitude the idol Chin-tee, carved out of a solid piece of camphor-wood, and richly gilt. The odd thing about this female deity is that she has eighteen arms, which spread out like a fan on each side. In each hand is held an object in ordinary use, such as a flag, an arrow, a bow, a flower, a bell, etc. The goddess sits so far within the Joss-house that space is left in front for various devotional apparatus, among which is a censer containing gilt paper and pieces of scented wood, presented as offerings; a piece of wood is slowly burning. The face of the altar table has a scarlet ground with gilt carvings of flowers, insects, and imperial dragons, and on each side is a square painted green, on which, inscribed in Chinese characters, is an invitation to worshipers to bring plenty of gold and agate stones. Ascending to the deck and going up a flight of steps to the second gallery, between two small cabins is a Joss-house for the use of the sailors, which is less ornamental, but similarly provided with Joss-sticks and other native offerings. The idol in this Joss-house is the deity of the sea, with her two attendants, each with a red scarf. In front is an earthen pot containing the sacred earth and rice, and here also is a lighted lamp. Near the goddess is a piece of wood of the 'Keying,' highly venerated by the crew, and placed there as symbolical that all of the vessel is protected by the deity. Along the top of the stern are ranged a number of small flags, which add gayety to the exhibition."

From another source we learn that the saloon was entered "beneath a sort of skylight, the sides of which were filled with prepared oyster-shells, commonly used in China instead of glass, which is too costly for general use," and that the pictorial embellishments "were painted by a good-natured native of Canton named Sam-Sing, who is on board, and who left his country and his family to accompany the 'Keying' wherever she goes as her painter in ordinary," and that right and left of the saloon-ladder were two curious portraits of the emperor, well worth inspection. The floor was covered with matting, and around the apartment were cases,

"and a great number of little occasional tables, besides pier- and loo-tables, settees, and arm-chairs with seats of marble, and at one end a couch, such as is used when smoking opium, for which there was a pair of pipes. In the cases and upon the tables was a host of 'curiosities,' including a state umbrella, various models, and musical instruments," etc.

Returning to the narrative in Chambers': "In this slight sketch," the writer says, "we have omitted any notice of a variety of curiosities (those above mentioned) placed in glass cases or scattered about the deck and galleries. Likewise of a number of Chinese sailors and officers, who, in proper costumes, are lounging about the ship, as if very much at a loss what to do in the crowd of lady and gentleman visitors. The Chinese sailors, it appears, were difficult to manage during the voyage. They were at first very particular in the performance of their idolatrous customs, burning paper, beating gongs, etc., in honor of their gods; but after a while they became negligent, or rather they abandoned them, on the representations of Captain Kellett. One of their most common and highly-prized superstitions was a belief in the efficacy of tying red rags on the rudder, cable, mast, and the principal parts of the vessel as safeguards against danger. On one occasion, when apprehensive of being attacked by a Malay proa, they tied red rags to the guns. One of their most revered objects was the compass: before this they would place tea, sweet cakes, and pork, to keep it true and faithful. Gradually they became accustomed to the European compass, which was marked, at their request, with the thirty-two points in Chinese figures and eight divisions, and then put aside all of their own but two. During the storms which the 'Keying' encountered they at first were exceedingly terrified, but were soon restored to comparative calm on observing the steadiness and confidence of the English part of the crew. When a storm was over they burned Joss-paper in great abundance. A very interesting personage on board the 'Keying' is Hesing, a mandarin of the fifth class, whose distinctive mark is a crystal button on the top of his cap. He is forty-six years old, intelligent, amiable, and gentlemanly. During the voyage he learned a little English, and was taught to write his name in English characters, an accomplishment of which he is somewhat proud."

The "Keying" was not a new vessel. She had for many years been engaged in the Chinese coasting trade, and was purchased for the purpose of being exhibited in England as a curiosity. Considerable address was required in the negotiation, as well as getting her safely past the Bogue forts. Her Chinese name I have not been able to ascertain.

A printed description of this remarkable vessel and of her voyage was sold on board at New York, Boston, and London. I have, however, been unable to obtain a copy of the pamphlet, from which, doubtless,

much of the foregoing descriptions have been derived; and I have also endeavored to obtain an account of her later history by correspondence and the insertion of queries in Boston, New York, and English papers, but hitherto without result, although she was visited by thousands on both sides of the Atlantic and received the attention of royalty only thirty-five years ago. After she ceased to be attractive as a show what disposition was made of her I have so far been unable to ascertain.

THE "GREAT REPUBLIC," 1853.—This ship, remarkable as the largest merchant-ship that had been constructed in the United States to that date, was launched from the ship-yard of Donald McKay, at East Boston, Massachusetts, in October, 1853. It was estimated that in her construction two thousand three hundred and eighty tons of oak was used in her frames, hooks, and knees, and one million five hundred thousand feet of hard pine in her keelson, ceilings, deck frames, decks, and planking; in her fastenings three hundred tons of iron and fifty-six tons of copper, and the amount of labor on her equaled fifty-five thousand days' work. A single suit of her sails contained sixteen thousand yards of canvas. On the day of her launch the rising ground in front furnished an eligible spot from which to witness it, and was improved by many hundred people, a large proportion of whom were ladies. All the sheds and the tops of many houses in the vicinity were black with people, and every window which commanded a view was filled with fair women.

The harbor in the vicinity presented a beautiful appearance. Many yachts, decked with colors, with their crews arrayed in uniforms, and a number of smaller sail-boats, were cruising around and about, which, with numerous row-boats, gave the harbor a lively aspect. The steamers "Mayflower" and "Argo," their decks and wheel-houses covered with people, added to the interest of the scene. Stretching the eye across the water to Chelsea bridge and the navy-yard were seen crowds of persons. Chelsea bridge was filled with carriages by eleven o'clock. From all the points of observation not less than fifty thousand people were gazing upon the "Great Republic" at the moment of her launch.

The ship was decorated with five flags,—on her bowsprit was a union jack, at the foremast a large American flag, at the mainmast a white flag, blazoned with a shield formed of the stars and stripes, and at the mizzen- and *spanker*-mast (as her fourth mast was christened), were American flags. The East Boston Brass Band, on her deck, entertained the crowd with music, and kept them in a good humor while they were waiting.

At eleven o'clock a company of ship-carpenters, with their hammers on their shoulders, marched to the ship, and took their positions to "wedge her up." This was commenced at half-past eleven. Next the blocks were split away, the shores taken down, and at five minutes past twelve the ship started slowly, and, moving gracefully

and majestically, entered the water, the band playing "Hail Columbia!" amid the cheering of the crowd on board and around, and the firing of cannons. As she made her parting bow to the shore, Captain Alden Gifford, standing upon her prow, christened her, with pure Cochituate, "The Great Republic." Again the cannon roared, the crowd cheered, and the iron horses upon the railroads within hearing joined with their shrill voices in the chorus. Everybody seemed delighted. The crowd began to separate immediately after the ship was off. The rush for the ferry was tremendous, but all were brought back to Boston with safety and dispatch.

The following description of this noble ship, prepared by an "old salt," under Mr. McKay's direction, will be of interest for preservation:

"She is three hundred and twenty-five feet long, fifty-three feet wide, and her whole depth thirty-seven feet. The keel for sixty feet forward is gradually raised from a straight line, and curves upwards into an arch, where it blends with the stern, so that the grip of her forefoot, instead of being angular, like other vessels, is the complete arch of a circle. This arch, both inside and outside, is formed of solid oak, and binds all the joints together, so that the greater the pressure the more firmly will the arch be knit. Strength, however, is only one reason for adopting the arched form for her forefoot. The other reason is to facilitate her working, and at the same time to make her entrance as clean as possible, to obviate resistance. She has vast surface of floor, with about twenty inches deadrise, and a very long and clean run, which, as it rises, is spread out to prevent her settling aft, no matter how swiftly she may fly through the water. Her lines are concave forward and aft, up to a few feet above the load displacement line, but become gradually convex as they ascend, and form her outline on the plank-sheer. The angular form of the bow is, however, preserved entire, and such a bow for sharpness, beauty, and strength has never been produced in this country. Yet it is plain, even to nakedness, having the national eagle emerging from below the bowsprit as its only ornament. But simple and appropriate as this ornament is, it adds nothing to the beauty of the bow.

"Her sides are arched, or swell like those of a ship of war, but not so much in proportion to her size; and her sheer is graduated her whole length, with sufficient rise forward to impart ease and grace to the bow. She has a waist of nine narrow strakes defined between the mouldings of the upper wale and the plank-sheer, and every line and moulding is graduated to correspond with her sheer. Her stern is semi-elliptical in form, and corresponds with her after body. It is spanned by a large gilded eagle, with the American shield in his talons, and measures thirty-six feet between the tips of the wings.

Her name and port of hail are also on the stern, and it, as well as the hull, is painted black. She is yellow-metaled up to twenty-five feet draught. Instead of bulwarks, the outer line of her spar-deck is protected by a rail on turned-oak stanchions. She has four complete decks. The height between the upper and spar-deck is seven feet, and between each of the other decks eight feet.

"Abaft the foremast there is a house twenty-one feet long by sixteen wide, the forward part of which is designed for a work-room in wet weather or as a shelter-house for the watch on deck in stormy weather. The after-part of it is a sick-bay or hospital, where those off duty will be properly taken care of and every means used to restore them to health. Abaft the fore hatchway is another house twenty-five feet long, sixteen feet wide, and six and a half high, which contains the galley. Abaft the galley is a blacksmith-shop and an engine-room where there is a steam-engine of twelve-horse power. This engine is designed to do all the heavy work of the ship, such as taking in and discharging cargo, setting up rigging, working the fire-engine, hoisting topsails, pumping ship, etc., and connected with it is an apparatus for distilling fresh water from salt water. The advantages of a steam-engine on board of such a ship are very great, and must prove a blessing to her crew as well as a source of profit to her owner.

"Abaft the mainmast is another house, forty feet long by twelve wide, which contains a mess-room for the officers and has a staircase forward, which leads to the quarters of the petty officers and boys on the deck below. Farther aft is still another house, seventeen feet long by eleven and a half wide, and the same height as the others. It protects a staircase which leads to the vestibule of both the cabins below, and contains lockers, etc., and aft is the wheel-house. Like a ship of war, she has a double wheel, an iron tiller, and gun-tackle purchase for her steering apparatus. She has four large boats on the spar-deck, two of them of twenty tons each, and thirty feet long, ten and a half wide, and five feet deep, fitted with sails and all the other appliances necessary to preserve life in the event of disaster to the ship. She also carries four quarter-boats of twenty-six feet length, and a captain's gig of twenty-two feet. Notwithstanding the space occupied on the spar-deck by the houses and boats, such is her size that the deck looks comparatively clear fore and aft, and is more roomy for working ship than that of a ship of the line. There are four working hatchways, the main one, eleven by fourteen feet in the clear, large enough to take down an omnibus, if required. Her heavy spare spars are stowed on the deck below, and in the spar-deck on each side is an oblong square opening.

"The accommodations for her crew are on the upper between-decks, and as she purchases her anchors with a capstan instead of a windlass, the space is not only ample, but light and airy, and most admirably

designed for comfort and safety, and the entrances on the spar-deck are protected by companions.

"Abaft the heel of the bowsprit are the riding bitts, and abaft the capstan, near the foremast, are other bitts, suitable for weather-bitting, so that she has bitts enough to ride with four anchors down. The space abaft the foremast will be partially occupied with spare spars, hawsers, spare rigging, etc. Between the accommodations for her crew and the after store-rooms and cabins there is a space for five or six hundred tons, which will be used as occasion requires.

"Abaft the after hatchway is a large sail-room, with a boatswain's store-room; next to it and abaft the latter is another sail-room for light sails, such as studding-sails and stay-sails. Farther aft are rooms for the boys, for she will carry twenty boys, and has spacious accommodations for them near the cabin of the petty officers. Leading from the sides of the petty officers' and boys' cabins are a carpenter's room, state-rooms for the second officer and steward, and farther aft two state-rooms and the pantry. Next aft is the dining-saloon, which is thirty feet long by fourteen wide, and contains on each side four large state-rooms. It is elegantly furnished, and its state-rooms are spacious and well designed for the accommodation of passengers. Abaft the dining-saloon is a vestibule, which communicates with the deck above and with both cabins below. It contains the captain's cabin on the starboard side and the chief officer's opposite; both handy to the deck, and both clear of the cabins, so that their occupants may be called at times without interfering with the passengers.

"The after-cabin is twenty-five feet long by fourteen wide, and contains three state-rooms on each side, two recesses with sofas, and is beautifully wainscotted with rose- and satin-wood, set off with pilasters, papier mache cornices, and gilded mouldings. The backgrounds of the recesses are ornamented with plate-glass mirrors, and mirrors also ornament the forward part of the cabin. The curve of the stern is fitted with a sofa, and over it are circular plate-glass air-ports, and over all an oblong square skylight. In every state-room there are deck- and side-lights, and skylights are over all the cabins.

"On this deck in each side there are three large ports, with bitts near them, suitable for making the ship fast to when alongside of a wharf. Her chain lockers are in the lower hold forward, and before the main hatchway and abaft the mainmast are two iron water-tanks, each of eight thousand gallons capacity. The space between the other decks and the hold is entirely clear for the stowage of cargo, and in the sides of the main-deck are three cargo-ports, nearly as large as those between the decks above. She has also double main hatchways below, so that goods hurriedly put in the decks in rainy weather can be lowered into the hold without exposing them should the weather be rainy.

"The materials of which the 'Great Republic' is constructed

are of the very best quality. Her keel is of rock maple in two tiers, which combined side sixteen inches and mould thirty-two. Her frame is of selected seasoned white oak, and she is as strong as wood, iron, and copper can make her.

"She is ventilated upon a new principle. A plank is open along the sides of all the houses on deck, with glass below, so that air acting upon the sides of the houses will follow the ventilators into the decks below on one side, and escape through those on the side opposite, thus keeping a continual current of air passing from side to side through every deck and the hold. These ventilators also answer for skylights, and are so arranged that the water cannot enter them.

"She has four masts; the after one, named the spanker-mast, is of a single spar; the others are built of hard pine, the parts doweled together, bolted and hooped over all with iron. The bowsprit is also built and hooped in the same style, and the topmasts and jib-booms are of hard pine. She has Forbes' rig, and is square-rigged on the fore, main, and mizzen-masts, and fore-and-aft rigged on the spanker-mast. The mainyard is one hundred and twenty feet square, and the lower main-topsail yard ninety-two feet. All the other yards above are alike on the fore and mainmasts, and the lower fore-topsail yard is of the same dimensions as the cross-jack yard. ?long

"The following are the dimensions of her masts and yards:

MASTS.

	Diameters, inches.	Lengths, feet.	Mast-heads, feet.		Diameters, inches.	Lengths, feet.	Mast-heads, feet.
Fore	44	122	26	Royal	15	22	0
Top	24	76	12	Skysail	11	19 Pole	12
Top-gallant	18	28	0	Mizzen	40	115½	40
Royal	15	22	0	Top	22	69	22
Skysail	11	19 Pole	12	Top-gallant	16	22	0
Main	44	124	36	Royal	10	19	0
Top	24	76	12	Skysail	8	15 Pole	8
Top-gallant	18	28	0				

YARDS.

	Diameters, inches.	Lengths, feet.	Yard-arms, feet.		Diameters, inches.	Lengths, feet.	Yard-arms, feet.
Fore	26	110	6	Top-gallant	15	62	4
Lower top	24	90	5	Royal	12	51	3½
Upper top	19	76	4½	Skysail	9	40	3
Top-gallant	15	62	4	Cross-jack	24	90	5
Royal	12	51	3½	Lower mizzen-top.	19	76	4½
Skysail	9	40	3	Upper mizzen-top.	15	62	4
Main	28	120	6	Top-gallant	12	51	3½
Lower top	24	92	5	Royal	9	40	3
Upper top	19	76	4½	Skysail	6	29	2

"The spanker-mast is twenty-six inches in diameter, one hundred and ten feet long, including fourteen feet head, and the topmast forty

feet long, divided at fifteen and ten feet above the cap, for the gaff-topsail and gaff top-gallant sail; the spanker-boom forty feet long, including two feet end; the gaff thirty-four feet, including eight feet end. The bowsprit is forty-four inches in diameter and thirty feet outboard, the jib-boom twenty-two inches in diameter and eighteen feet outside of the cap, with four feet end, and the flying jib-boom is fourteen feet long, including six feet end."

Harris' lightning-rods were applied to all her masts. She had four anchors,—her best bower weighed eight thousand five hundred pounds; her working bower, six thousand five hundred pounds; her small bower- or stream-anchor, two thousand five hundred; and the kedge, fifteen hundred. Her bower-chains were each of two and one-quarter inches, and each was one hundred and twenty fathoms in length. Her anchors were raised by a cast-iron capstan, which could be worked on both decks. On the quarter-deck was one of Allyn's patent purchase capstans.

When finished she was advertised in New York for San Francisco, but when nearly loaded she took fire and was burnt to the water's edge, involving a loss on cargo and ship of nearly four hundred thousand dollars. Nearly the whole loss was insured and paid for by companies in New York and Boston. She was then sold at public auction, the mere shell of a four thousand ton ship, for twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, and was bought by Messrs. Low & Brothers, of that city. They rebuilt her, with three decks, leaving off one, she having had four when first completed, and Captain Joseph Limeburner, of the clipper ship "Samuel Russell," was appointed to command her for a voyage to London. She sailed from New York February, 1855, with over three thousand tons of mixed freight, chiefly guano, and made the land in England in twelve days.

She was next chartered to the French government, and sailed for Marseilles, where she was loaded with ordnance of heavy calibre and took on board three thousand three hundred horses, and, with French officers in the cabin, sailed thence for the Crimea. She delivered her freight so satisfactorily that she was rechartered, and retained fourteen months in the same service. Before the French government accepted her charter she was remeasured in London by government officials, and found to be three thousand five hundred tons, measured in the old way.[33]

She had four masts at this time, as when launched, the fourth bark-rigged. With the French tricolor at her main, and all four of her masts covered with Marryat's naval signals, and the American star-

[33] A Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, writing during the war in the Crimea, says that the screw line-of-battle-ship "Navarino" was detailed to accompany the famous clipper the "Great Republic" on her voyage from Marseilles to the Crimea, and, if necessary, to tow her; but it appears the "Great Republic" was obliged to keep under her three topsails to enable the "Navarino" to keep up with her. The French officers were utterly confounded at her fleetness.

spangled banner at the peak, Count Cambaces, the officer in charge at Marseilles, remarked she was the prettiest marine view he ever remembered to have witnessed. She was the favorite among eight hundred of the transports out of that port. Steamers were appointed to tow her, but she could reach the Dardanelles better under canvas than under towage; so they let her sail, and only towed her through the Straits.

While in London she was visited by many distinguished persons, and in Marseilles upwards of ten thousand people were on board of her at a reception given by Captain Limeburner.

When she returned to New York she was put upon the berth for California, and loaded for San Francisco.

Her passages were always fine. In one she crossed the equator inside of fifteen days, and made the most miles in a twenty-four hours' run that had ever been made by steam- or sailing-ship, viz., four hundred and twelve miles. On one of her voyages from the Chincha Islands, with four thousand tons of guano, while running twenty miles an hour before the wind off Cape Horn, with a fearful sea running, a sea came on board just under the mainyard, which stove in fifty feet of deck about the main hatch and filled her with water, so that she came near foundering. She became so waterlogged that it was a serious matter to save the ship, but they worked her up to Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, the men all worn out and handsore from the ammonia from the guano taking the skin off. When she hove in sight of the port, a steamer came out, and her captain asked if they wanted the ship towed into the anchorage. Limeburner said, "That depends on your price. What will you take us up for?" "Four hundred dollars," said the captain of the steamer. "Well, hook on to us." When she came to anchor, and the captain of the steamer found it was a case of salvage, he was furiously indignant. Before she could proceed on her voyage to London they had to send to Montevideo for sails and provisions, and the whole cost from this unlucky sea was forty thousand dollars.

After delivering her cargo she returned to New York, and loaded for San Francisco. On her return from San Francisco she was sold to parties in St. John's, New Brunswick, transferred to the English flag, and loaded with deals for London, thence to Rio Janeiro. On her return voyage to England, when off Bermuda, she sprang a leak on the 9th of March, 1872, and was abandoned. The captain and crew arrived safely in their boats at Bermuda.

The last time she was loaded for San Francisco her freight amounted to one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and her expenses were one hundred and sixteen thousand dollars, including the repairs, outfits, provisions, etc., for the round voyage.[34]

Loss of the "Great Republic," 1872.—The "Great Republic"

[34] The foregoing account of the voyages of the "Great Republic" is derived from a communication of F. C. Sanford, Esq., of Nantucket, to a Boston newspaper.

left Rio Janeiro for St. John's, New Brunswick, under the English flag, on the 18th of January, 1872, in ballast, under Captain Ingraham, her captain (Pope) having died in Rio Janeiro. The early part of the voyage was pleasant and prosperous, but on the 2d of March a fierce gale from the northeast arose, veering rapidly to the northwest, and increasing hourly in fury. The ship's head was turned to the southward, and it was at first thought that she would ride out the storm, but her great length told against her, and she began to labor fearfully.

All the next day the tempest raged with unremitting violence, and the ship began to leak in an alarming manner. Four double-action steam-pumps were set to work, but the water continued to gain steadily, and the carpenter reported eight feet of water in the hold. Every exertion was made to save the ship, but the strain on the timber was too great, and the water began to force its way through opening seams. The copper began to yield, and large sheets were torn from the bottom and sides, leaving apertures through which the water poured in torrents. The deck soon opened in several places. The oakum was forced from the seams, and the water drawn from the hold by the steam-pumps found its way back almost as quickly as pumped out.

On the 4th the storm lulled, but all hope of saving the ship was abandoned. The carpenter reported twelve feet of water in the hold, and that the vessel was rapidly settling by the head. Under these circumstances the captain called the crew together and briefly announced his determination to leave the ship. Boats were provisioned and launched as quickly as possible, the captain commanding the life-boat, which was forty feet long, built of iron, and provided with water-tight compartments. Eighteen sailors embarked with the captain. The first mate took fifteen men in the launch, and the second mate, seven men in the cutter. The captain ordered his officers to make for Bermuda, but the stiff breeze scattered the little boats. The second mate was driven from the path by wind and sea, and at ten o'clock at night again sighted the "Great Republic," lying on her beam ends, and evidently sinking fast. Soon afterwards the darkness hid her from sight. On Tuesday evening, March 5, the first mate was rescued by a pilot, who brought him and his men safely into Port Hamilton. A few hours later the captain arrived at Building Bay, and in the evening the second mate reached the Royal Navy-Yard in safety.

H. M. S. "RESOLUTE," 1850.—This vessel was one of five ships—the "Investigator," "Assistance," "Pioneer," and "Intrepid" being her consorts—sent out under Sir Edward Belcher in 1850 in search of Sir John Franklin. In the fall of 1853 the "Investigator," "Assistance," and "Resolute" were abandoned in Wellington Channel, about latitude 76°, longitude 94°. I believe the "Investigator" and "Assistance" have never been heard from since their abandonment. When found on the 10th of September, 1855, by Captain Buddington, of

Groton, Connecticut, commanding the whaler "George Henry," the "Resolute" had drifted through Barrow's Straits, Baffin's Bay, and into Davis Strait, a distance of one thousand miles.

Captain Buddington, narrating his experiences, said, "I arrived on board the 'Resolute' after a terrible journey through pools of water and over broken ice. I found the hold full of water up to the first deck, —seven feet exactly. A force-pump of great power was rigged, and, after three days of continuous pumping, she was still full of water. I then decided to sail the vessel myself, and, taking eleven men from the 'George Henry,' brought her, after many difficulties, to New London harbor."

The "Resolute" was a vessel of six hundred tons, and was valued at one hundred thousand dollars. A resolution was passed by the House of Representatives August 28, 1856, authorizing the purchase of the "Resolute," and directing that she be presented to Great Britain. She was brought to the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, and, after being thoroughly refitted, sailed out of New York amid salutes from all the forts at the Narrows, and arrived at Cowes December 12, 1856, under command of Commander Hartsteine of the United States navy. She was under the American flag, but on letting go her anchor the British colors were run up and saluted. The ship was visited by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert on the 16th, four days after her arrival, and a large and handsome steel engraving from a painting ordered by Her Majesty commemorates the interesting event. The official transfer was soon completed, and the "Resolute" became again British property on December 30, 1856. She never was employed on any service after her return to the royal navy, and was a few years since broken up at the Chatham Dock-Yard, when a handsome oak desk was made from the best timbers, and presented by the British admiralty to the President of the United States as a souvenir of the "Resolute's" having been found by an American whaler abandoned in the ice, and of her having been repaired and refitted and presented to the British admiralty by the government of the United States. This desk is used by the President of the United States in his office at the White House in Washington.

Early in 1884 the British government offered the Arctic steamer "Alert" for the Greely relief expedition, which is regarded as a graceful acknowledgment of the return of the "Resolute" to England in 1856.

This offer was cordially accepted by a resolution of Congress, and on the 15th of April the "Alert" arrived at New York in charge of United States officers.

The "Alert" was built originally in 1856 in the Pembroke dock-yard, England, and was classed as a five-gun steam sloop-of-war. The "Alert" may be described as a double-skin wooden vessel of twelve hundred and seventy tons displacement and three hundred and eighty-

one horse-power. In 1875 she was rebuilt at Portsmouth and strengthened for the Arctic voyage under the direction of Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock for the Nares expedition. She was the advance ship in the expedition. Upon her return in 1878 she was again commissioned for the surveying service, in which she continued until 1882. New rigging, a set of new spars, and a rudder have been recently fitted for shipping and unshipping while in the ice floes. Iron plates have been put on her bow, going entirely around the stem and eight feet aft, and new green heart planks have been put in where the most chafing had occurred on her previous expedition. The work has been done under the supervision of Captain Chadwick, naval attaché of the United States legation, and Captains Goodrich and Parr. The British admiralty rendered all possible aid in the preparations, and the valuable advice of experienced English explorers of Arctic fame was freely given. She is to be used as a supply vessel, being the largest of the three vessels comprising the relief squadron.

Captain Buddington, who found the "Resolute" derelict and brought her from the Arctic to Connecticut in 1856, was in Boston in April, 1884, hale and hearty, and in command of a barge.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY PACKETS "MORNING STAR," 1856, 1866, 1870, AND 1884.—Among the many Christian missions supported by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is that in Micronesia, the islands in the Pacific Ocean. It was begun many years ago, has been carried on with growing success, and is in many respects one of the most interesting missions. In one respect it has been for years a children's mission, for one of the most useful features in its working machinery has long been a series of little vessels called the "Morning Star," built by aid of contributions from the Sunday-school children of America. There have been three vessels of this name, all of which have done good service in plying among the islands, carrying the missionaries and their families from place to place as was required, bearing supplies and making a connection between the scattered laborers, far from their native land and dear friends, who sought to bring the untutored and savage natives into the light of Christian truth.

But the first "Missionary Packet" (for she had no other name) which sailed from America is not included among these three, nor is the writer able to state whether it was built by the children or not. It was a very small craft to make such a distant voyage as it was obliged to make in order to reach the scene of its usefulness, being scarcely more than a large sail-boat. Its length was forty-nine feet and its breadth thirteen; its measurement being a little more than thirty-nine tons. The departure was made from Boston in January, 1826, James Hunnewell being master of the vessel. The passage around Cape Horn was made in safety, though the little craft narrowly escaped shipwreck, and Honolulu was reached in October, the passage lasting nine months and one day,

during which time the vessel anchored in twenty different ports and harbors.[35]

The following lines of the poet Cowper are particularly applicable to all these vessels:

> "Heaven speed the canvas, gallantly unfurled
> To furnish and accommodate a world;
> Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave
> Impel the ship whose errand is to save,
> To succor wasted regions, and replace
> The smile of joy and hope, in sorrow's face.
> Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
> Impede the bark that plows the deep serene,
> Charged with a freight transcending in its worth,
> The gems of India, Nature's rarest birth;
> That flies, like Gabriel, on the Lord's commands,
> A herald of God's love, to pagan lands."

Morning Star, No. 1, 1856.—The first "Morning Star" was a little brig built in 1856. A missionary packet was needed for Micronesia, and the Sunday-school children of America were asked to build one. A little sum from each of a great many children was the ready response, and in three months from the time the keel was laid the vessel was ready for her long voyage. In this they but followed the example of the children of England, who some years previously contributed their pennies to build and fit out the "John Williams" and the "John Wesley" for cruising among "the Isles of the South." She sailed from Boston in November, 1856, and during the next ten years was constantly employed in missionary work.

The Christian Register for November 15, 1856, says, "The missionary ship 'Morning Star' is about completed, and will be launched full rigged, with part of her cargo on board, on Wednesday next at twelve o'clock. The Essex Street Sunday-school contributed two hundred dollars for a chronometer; another school three hundred dollars to pay for her masts; a school in Ipswich presented an elegant Bible. Her cost, which is twelve thousand dollars, and of her equipments is divided into one hundred and fifty thousand shares at *ten cents* each; and every scholar who contributes a share receives a certificate from the Treasurer of the Board."

The *Commercial Advertiser*, of Honolulu, for April 30, 1857, announced her arrival in the following terms: "The American brigantine 'Morning Star,' Captain S. G. Moore, arrived here on Friday last, one hundred and thirty-eight days from Boston. She was off the port at sundown the previous evening, but too late to enter. She sighted the islands four days before reaching port, but owing to the light wind and calms, which have prevailed since crossing the equator,

[35] For an account of this little vessel and her voyages, see "Small Vessels and their Voyages," in THE UNITED SERVICE for July, 1883.

she made but little progress. She put into Rio Janeiro for a foreyard, and, deducting her detention on this account, made the passage in one hundred and twenty-six days. She was towed into port by the steam-tug. The 'Morning Star' is a most beautiful clipper model, her hull very much resembling our favorite San Francisco packet, the 'Yankee,' having a round stern, poop-deck, and high bulwarks. Even in our port, where we often see some of the finest specimens of clipper vessels, she is considered no ordinary craft. She is furnished with a spacious cabin, and state-rooms for fifteen passengers, besides accommodations for eight or ten forward passengers. Her freight capacity is about one hundred tons. With her sailing qualities Captain Moore expresses himself much pleased. Her best day's run was two hundred and forty-two miles. She is built with great strength throughout, and appears to be well adapted for the service intended.

"The 'Morning Star' cost about twelve thousand dollars, and the most singular circumstance about her is, that she is owned by perhaps one hundred thousand children in the United States and in these islands, in shares of ten cents and upwards. So great was the demand for 'stock' in her that, up to the last advices from Boston, over twenty-five thousand dollars had been subscribed,—enough to build a sister packet for her.

"Immediately on the vessel's coming alongside the wharf, her deck was crowded with natives, who were loud in praise of her as *their* vessel. During her stay of six days she has been an object of great curiosity, not only to the natives, but to the children of Honolulu, several hundreds of whom have taken shares in her."

On the 29th of April a public welcome was given to Captain Moore by the ladies and Sabbath-school children of Honolulu, and a beautiful banner was presented, with addresses and religious services.

The Rev. R. Armstrong, in presenting the banner to Captain Moore, said, "I feel honored in being called upon, on this occasion, to present you, for the 'Morning Star,' this banner, on behalf of a number of the good ladies of Honolulu, prominent among whom stands one venerable for age, and untiring in her devotion to the cause of our Divine Master among the heathen. These ladies take this method of expressing the interest they feel in the new and beautiful vessel under your charge, and their approbation of the conduct of thousands of beloved children in this land and in the United States, who have purchased her, paid for her, and fitted her out for this most noble of all services. It is not the costliness of the gift, nor its elegance that constitutes its value, but the sentiment it conveys by its silent and significant emblems.

"Wherever it may wave at your masthead, let it proclaim to all that this beautiful craft plows the main, not for commerce, not for conquest, not for discovery, but for the extension of light and love, peace

and good will to all the Polynesian families. And should any dark-minded islander ever inquire of you, 'What mean these hieroglyphics? what means that central star and that flying dove?' you can tell them the one means *light* and the other *love*, shed abroad in the hearts of men through the Son and the Spirit of God, and thus men are saved. 'Light and Love' is our motto. These are what the benighted races of Polynesia need, and what the 'Morning Star' is intended to carry to them. The hands that wrought this beautiful banner were moved by hearts that feel only love and good will for all for whose welfare this vessel sails the ocean. And need I add that the same sentiments pervade the hearts of this entire mass of dear children here present to-day, whether of the native race, the white, or the mixed, who are here as part owners of the vessel, and whose fixed attention shows how deeply they are interested. Accept then, sir, this banner from the ladies of Honolulu; and wherever the winds and the waves, in the Providence of God, may carry you, let it proclaim 'Peace on earth and good will toward men!' May the day-star from on high soon arise on every dark spot in this ocean, and may the spirit of peace and life rest down upon every tribe and every heart!"

Captain Moore accepted the banner in fitting words.

Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Lot, the King being absent, honored the occasion with their presence.

The banner was white, bearing the figures of a star and dove, and the motto LIGHT AND LOVE.

A letter to the *San Francisco Pacific*, dated Honolulu, May 20, 1857, says, "The 'Morning Star' came into port on April 24, after a very pleasant passage of one hundred and thirty-eight days, having been detained at Rio Janeiro eight or ten days to have her foreyard repaired, which had been sprung in a squall.

"She is a beautiful little craft, and was greatly admired by all among us. Sea-captains and other critics in naval architecture were especially loud in her praises. After remaining in our port one week, she sailed for the Marquesas, taking along one native missionary and his wife, besides a native chief, and Rev. Mr. Emerson as delegate. J. E. Chamberlain, Esq., also accompanied her, and is intending to write the history of her first cruise for exploration. After an absence of two months she will return, and then be dispatched to Micronesia. During the whole of her stay in port she was hourly thronged by crowds of native and foreign children, each eager to secure his *ten cents' worth* of satisfaction by standing on the decks and strolling through her cabins.

"The day before her departure the native and foreign Sabbath-schools assembled around the wharf to present a beautiful and appropriate banner to her captain,—a white banner bearing the figures of a large star and dove, as the emblems of *light* and *love*. More than five thousand persons were assembled to witness the presentation; and as

this appropriate signal was run up to the masthead a shout of joy that might almost rend the heavens went up from that vast concourse of youthful hearts. The 'Morning Star' will be followed by the earnest sympathies of thousands on these islands, as well as in the United States; and she will be watched and waited for here with an interest which no other vessel afloat inspires."

The constant service of the little vessel wore on her, of course, and in 1866 she was sold at the Sandwich Islands, and her name being changed to the "Harriet Newell" she went to sea and was never heard from again.

Morning Star, No. 2, 1866.—In 1866 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions decided to build and equip another small vessel to establish communication between the missionary stations in the Pacific, and again appealed to the Sunday-schools of the Congregational Societies for the means. The appeal was responded to liberally; shares of stock as low as ten cents were again issued to afford all the young folks an opportunity to subscribe and become stockholders in this new enterprise.

By September, 1866, the sum of twenty-four thousand dollars had been subscribed by Sunday-school children for the building of a new "Morning Star," the old name being retained. Among the contributors, who numbered about one hundred and fifty thousand, were three or four thousand Hawaiian Sunday-school children. The amount eventually subscribed, together with the sum received for the old vessel, was sufficient to build the new vessel needed, the work being done in East Boston. The entire subscriptions, when completed, amounted to twenty-eight thousand six hundred and ninety-six dollars and thirty-seven cents.

This vessel, like her predecessor, was brigantine-rigged. She sailed from Boston November 13, 1866, and reached Honolulu March 15, 1867, where she was welcomed by over two thousand of the Hawaiian children. Her career was useful but brief, as, October 18, 1869, she was driven on shore by a sudden squall on Kusaie, one of the Micronesian Islands, and became a total wreck, those on board barely escaping with their lives.

This "Morning Star" (second) was ninety-eight feet three and a half inches long, twenty-six feet two and a half inches wide, and nine feet and three-quarters of an inch deep. She registered $206\frac{55}{95}$ tons, old measurement.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

NOT much was at the outset to be expected of Congress in a Presidential year in the way of useful legislation, and now, when both the weather and the political atmosphere are approaching fever-heat, there is still less prospect of the success, during the brief remainder of the session, of many of the important measures which are hung up in the committee-rooms of the two houses. This is perhaps not a matter of regret as respects some of the pending bills, for the country, in the present disturbed state of business and finance, can better risk inaction than venture upon experimental legislation affecting its industries and business interests. But we shall esteem it a real misfortune if the bill for increasing the annual militia appropriation from two hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars, passed some months ago by the Senate and now in the hands of the Committee on Appropriations in the House, shall fail of becoming a law. The very reasons that tend to make us content with inaction on bills radically affecting business interests constitute, we think, an argument in favor of legislation calculated to foster and improve the efficiency of the militia. Disturbed conditions of business are not unlikely to produce social disorders and riotous outbreaks; the present state of things, therefore, is an additional incentive to favorable action on the bill in question. We can conceive of no well-grounded argument against the bill. Its expediency is not, as we understand, questioned, and we are informed that the only opposition to it is based on the plea of economy. This, it seems to us, is a merely colorable excuse for refusing assent to a bill so reasonable, and so entirely free from the taint of jobbery or corruption. If our thrifty and economical forefathers of more than three-quarters of a century ago, when the population of the country was only about one-seventh of what it now is and its resources were infinitesimal compared with their present proportions, thought it prudent and wise to appropriate annually two hundred thousand dollars for the support of the militia, economy certainly seems a sorry sort of plea to urge against an appropriation of six hundred thousand dollars for the same purpose now.

AFFAIRS in the Soodan remain pretty much in *statu quo*. Rumors of various sorts respecting General Gordon spring up from time to time, only, however, to be denied or supplanted by fresh ones. With the distinct avowal by Mr. Gladstone that the government recognizes and acknowledges its responsibility for General Gordon's personal safety, there has ensued a comparative lull in the excitement which has marked the temper of the British public, though suggestions for his relief, more or less quixotic in character, continue to be made in the columns of the press, and his personal friends have organized a corps of messengers to open communication with him, and acquaint him with the debates in Parliament and the proceedings of the various public meetings held to urge government to move in the matter of relieving him.

DURING the recent campaign in Tonquin, Lieutenant Delmotte, of the French army, commanding a regiment of Annamite tirailleurs, captured, after a gallant hand-to-hand fight, one of the standards of the Black Flags, and sent it as his personal property to his relatives in France. Thereupon has arisen an interesting question with regard to the "spoils of war." Lieutenant Delmotte's action, it is claimed, clearly contravenes the regulations of the French army concerning *butin*, while, on the other hand, it is contended that inasmuch as Lieutenant Delmotte was in command of irregulars, he was justified in claiming the trophy as his own property. The question has, however, been happily settled by the young officer voluntarily relinquishing his claim, and the flag has been presented to General Canot, commandant of the Third Corps d'Armée. It will be shortly exhibited as a national trophy in the Exposition, while the officer who so gallantly captured it will be created an officer of the Legion of Honor.

APROPOS of the order for gold lace recently sent to England by the quartermaster-general, *Broad Arrow* speaks as follows:

"The 'Americanizing' of our English institutions has so often—and not altogether without foundation—been matter of complaint in this country, that it is with pleasure we note a reversal of this practice, in one respect at least. The quartermaster-general of the United States army has lately been taking some useful lessons from our military system, and one of the latest of these is the adoption in that force of gold chevrons as used in our army. We read in one of our American service contemporaries:

"'Those who have seen the gold chevrons worn by non-commissioned officers of the British army can testify to their neat appearance, and their introduction in our army, as proposed by Quartermaster-General Holabird, will, we predict, meet with general favor. The

gold lace necessary has been ordered from England, so that the new feature in the uniform will be in use before long. The gold lace used for the chevrons does not soon tarnish, and, we are informed by a gentleman who in days gone by wore several on his arm, is more economical than might at first be supposed.'

"It will be good news for some of our gold-lace manufacturers that these chevrons have been adopted by our American cousins, though no doubt, now that the demand has sprung up, the supply will shortly be forthcoming in the States. For the present, British trade will benefit by this novel 'Englishizing' of the United States army."

"A REMARKABLE 'oil spot' in the Gulf of Mexico," says *Iron*, "has been recently described by Lieutenant Stamm, of the American navy, and there has been much discussion respecting it among American scientists. The facts in connection with it are corroborative of the claim set up for stilling the sea-waves by the artificial application of oil to the surface of the sea. The oil spot in question is situated about ten miles south of Sabine Pass, into which flows the Sabine River to the Gulf of Mexico, and it extends two miles along shore, and seaward about three-quarters of a mile. There is nothing remarkable about its appearance during calm weather, but in a gale, when 'riled,' to use an American term, it assumes a reddish hue, and is thick and muddy. The greatest depth where comparative quietude reigns while the elements are at war, is twelve feet, so none but vessels of moderate draught can enter. Lieutenant Stamm pushed, with very little effort, from one of the ship's boats, a pole thirty feet in length down into the soft stratum. A storm from the northeast, by way of east to southeast, has a rake of from three hundred to seven hundred miles across the Gulf of Mexico into this mystic haven. During a gale the spot is well defined. Looking seaward the scene is grand. An acre of foam marks the abrupt dissolution of the seas as they rush towards the shore. This occurs in about eighteen feet of water, from which the storm-driven craft emerges, and suddenly finds herself in a calm sea. Decks of vessels are frequently scrubbed with mud from the spot. It is soapy, and its cleansing properties are remarkable. There are no streams in the locality emptying into the gulf, and the mud of the Sabine River to the northward contains none of the properties here found. If there is oil, it must come from the bottom. The place is termed the 'oil spot,' not from any known analysis of its nature, but simply from its condition; it has no troubled water."

SERVICE LITERATURE.

"THE POEMS OF GOETHE: CONSISTING OF HIS BALLADS, SONGS, AND MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS. Done into English Verse by William Gibson, Commander U. S. Navy," etc., is the subject of a critical article in *The Saturday Review* (London) of April 26, from which we give the following extracts:

"It is very much easier to point out the inadequacy of even a good rendering of a foreign poet than to translate any one of his poems in a tolerable manner; and yet the critic is almost instinctively inclined to dwell upon the faults rather than the merits of such a volume as the one at present before us. It is not the malignity which is the badge of all our tribe that prompts this unkindness. If a dozen landscape painters were to make a study of the same piece of wood or moorland, all their pictures would be different; the features of the scene which were most prominent in the one might be entirely wanting in the others. In the same way every reader takes an especial delight in certain peculiarities of his favorite author. He thinks these characteristic; in translating, he himself would endeavor to preserve them, at whatever cost of other beauties, and he naturally applies the same test to any translation that falls into his hands. Besides this, he misses all that is inevitably wanting; he underestimates what is done, since it brings him nothing new, and so he is inclined to judge harshly. We must confess that we have been subject to this temptation while reading Mr. Gibson's book; and, though we have resisted the devil, he has not entirely fled from us. Still, even the most severe critic, with 'the spirit that denies' at his elbow, must allow that a task of great difficulty has been executed with a considerable amount of success.

"The volume, it is true, cannot be classed with D. G. Rossetti's 'Dante and his Circle,' which is indispensable even to Italian students, and in which many passages are commentaries as well as translations. But it makes no claim to such a position. It is intended for lovers of poetry who are ignorant of German, and by such it ought to be warmly welcomed. Many of the pieces deserve what Mr. Gibson tells us he considers the highest praise. 'They do not read like translations,' and it is long since a collection of poems, either original or translated, has appeared which is so full of deep thought and poetical feeling as this."

The *Review* quotes the following very beautiful song, which it says "is nobly though not faultlessly translated":

"At midnight, when I crept, not very willing,
A small, small boy, through churchyard calm and cool,
To father's house, the curate's; light was thrilling
In star on star, till all was beautiful;
At noon of night.

"When, further, as life widened out before me,
Drawn to the one beloved, the war I viewed
Of Northern lights and constellations o'er me,
I, coming, going, breathed beatitude;
At noon of night.

"And now, as beams of the full moon, with lustre
Lucid and lovely, throng the dark profound,
My thoughts spontaneous coruscate and cluster
Around the past, around the future, wound;
At noon of night."

DR. KARL MULLER, of Stuttgart, has nearly completed a German translation of Appleton Morgan's "Shakespearean Myth," which, with an introduction by the translator, the Messrs. Tauchnitz will publish early in the fall.

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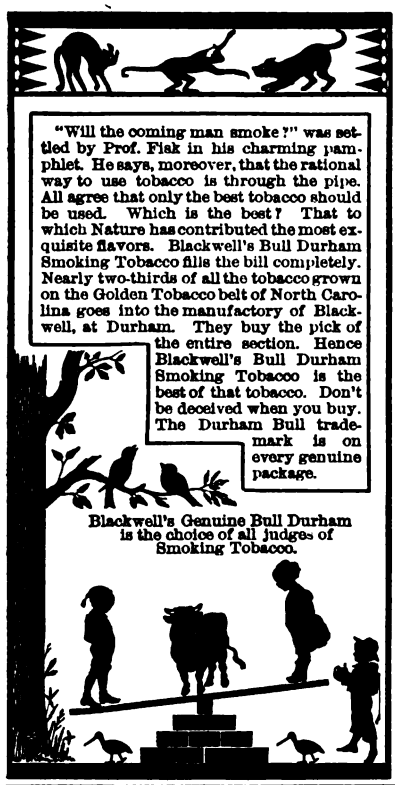

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A MONTHLY REVIEW OF MILITARY AND NAVAL AFFAIRS.

VOL. XI.—AUGUST, 1884.—No. 2.

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THE PROPER MILITARY SUPPORT TO THE CIVIL POWER.

As our nation and our society grows older, and our people are more closely brought together, as that time approaches in which the elegant historian and statesman, Macaulay, predicted our republican institutions would fail, the attention of the American patriot and statesman is more than ever before directed to the necessity for some prompt and efficient and safe means of enforcing the laws and preserving peace and order in our midst.

New interest has of late been added to these questions by the recent occurrences at Cincinnati, in which a large number of the good citizens of that unfortunate city, with a sudden and almost irresistible impulse, undertook by riotous force and violence to execute vengeance where the courts and juries had failed to inflict just punishment. And this interest is in no degree abated when we consider the causes which led to these riotous acts, the character of the people who at first participated in them, or the comments of the popular press upon them.

It is apparent to all students of history that little or no benefit, as a rule, is ever derived from lawless bloodshed. The appeal is to the passions and not the judgment, and passion begets passion only, always and everywhere, and does not appease, prevent, or control it.

How, then, shall these wanton outbreaks, this subversion of law and destruction of life and property, be prevented, and a peaceful and secure as well as a progressive and happy future be secured to our people?

An article in one of our Western metropolitan dailies advocates the abandoning of all reliance upon the National Guard, or active volunteer militia, and the stationing of portions of the regular army near all

large cities as a protection to life and property, and says that such regular forces are not to be feared as much as anarchy. All such articles, and they have been many since the riots, seem to presume that if it can be shown that the regular troops will not themselves take away our liberties, then all objection to their employment is removed. This is a fundamental and very grave error. No doubt the army is worthy of all the confidence its best friends place in it, and the danger is infinitely small that it will ever turn against and destroy the government that employs it. The danger to be feared as resulting from its use is of an entirely different character. Any government that is defended by regular troops always and naturally becomes less careful of the sentiments, wishes, and prejudices of the people, and more and more centralized and arbitrary.[1] To the extent that regular troops are employed against its own citizens the government itself loses in a continually increasing degree the confidence of the people, and as it seems to have very little of their confidence now, to have less might be disastrous. If the good citizens of Cincinnati, under existing circumstances, think they are doing humanity and good government service when they rise in arms and attack the civil officers of their own selection, when supported in their duty only by their own neighbors and friends, how much more would they entertain this feeling if the force employed were men whose trade was fighting and who belonged to the far-off Washington government, men who were not supposed to have much sympathy with the people with whom they might live, men, indeed, who were selected and were known to have been selected, as the article referred to suggests, for this very reason, men who as a rule, as far as the rank and file are concerned, have no families, no wives or babes, no hearths or homes to love, protect, and cherish? Where so large a number of good citizens are willing to rise up in arms against the civil authorities, the presence of a regular force might postpone the outbreak, but it would at the same time increase the feeling of discontent, and give an appearance of necessity and justification to it, which would greatly strengthen and increase the communistic and socialistic element, and in the end insure an upheaval that would remind us of the murder of the Swiss Guard of Louis XVI. of France and the bloody reign of terror that followed. It would indeed, in the language of one of the Cincinnati mob, "make Cincinnati the Paris of America" in its lawlessness. This is a great and real danger, and one we should by no means be willing to incur.

There is another. Such a course would have a tendency to increase the number of the discontented to such an extent that the civil government itself would be in danger of falling into their hands, in which case the army could do nothing for the preservation of the rights of the citizen.

[1] Lieber's Civil Liberty and Self-Government, chap. xi. p. 113.

The worst danger, however, is to be found in the change of feeling of the friends of the government themselves which would probably result from the use of the army.

A careful study of the late outbreak will reveal the real cause of it to be the disposition of the ordinary good American citizen to neglect his duties as a citizen until abuses can no longer be endured, and then to cast the blame of the unpleasant situation of affairs upon some one else than himself. He is too much occupied with his private concerns to attend to the making and enforcing of the laws, and he leaves such matters to those who think they have something to make by attending to them.

Besides, it is disagreeable and unpleasant to many gentlemen of culture and refined and delicate taste to attend party caucuses to nominate candidates for office, to attend the polls on election-day and urge their election, to themselves be candidates for election to small offices and do the canvassing among the neighbors that is necessary to secure an election; it is unpleasant to sit upon the grand or the petit jury, or to testify before them; it is unpleasant to defend in conversation or elsewhere the acts of public officers who have done their duty, or to denounce those who have misused their offices when they are assailed or upheld by interested persons, or by party or class prejudice. These onerous, irksome, and unpleasant duties are neglected. The citizen is prone to think, and act, as if some one else and not himself were responsible for the administration of public affairs. This disposition so commonly expressed, to put the enforcement of laws against mob violence in the hands of the army of the United States, is the legitimate outgrowth of this disposition of the good citizen to avoid the duties which his citizenship devolves upon him, and if the plan should be adopted, it would be another powerful influence added to existing ones to produce and increase this apathy to a perhaps fatal extent. If the good citizens had spent the time, money, and energy to have their laws and the administration of them amended and improved that they have spent in trying to break them, they might have had them changed to their liking. Ample means are provided in the Constitution and laws for their amendment and improvement. It only requires active and united effort.

It may possibly be that the facts that the rank and file of the army have no interest in the people composing the mob, that the officers owe their appointment in no way to their influence, hold their offices for life, and look for promotion not to anything that any member of the mob could ever do, but only to the central government at Washington, would give them a greater disposition to insist upon and compel obedience to the laws as they are than would be found among the armed and partly-trained citizens of the active militia. The use of the army might save us the task, for a time at least, of educating the citizens up

to a full appreciation of the absolute necessity for the protection and safety of life and liberty, as well as property, of enforcing the laws as they exist until they can be changed, a task that sometimes seems a very discouraging and an almost hopeless one. Here lies the danger that would almost certainly in time prove fatal to our free institutions, and in no very long time either. We move with wonderful rapidity in America, and ten years here may accomplish what would require ages in the Old World.

With the disposition on the part of the best citizens to abandon the defense of the laws and their enforcement to the army, and the apathy that would be sure to result were this course adopted, with the disposition of the discontented to look upon those who enforce the laws as the unsympathizing and unfeeling hirelings of a far-off centralized government, and their consequent increase in number and unfriendly spirit, with the habit of the people to look supinely to the general government to protect them, and their ceasing to consider themselves in any way responsible, the crisis might be fearful and not long delayed.

A people who will approve of such mob violence as Cincinnati has just experienced, and after it is over, without protest, permit resolutions to be adopted approving it, and approving the course of those who should have done all in their power to suppress it and did not, and denouncing those who at the risk of their lives, their personal popularity, and their business interests, defended the public offices and property; a people who will supinely and without protest see members of the National Guard, who stood by the civil officers in their hour of need, maligned, denounced, and dismissed from their usual daily work and employment because they did their duty during the riot,—are very close to that state of mind wherein only anarchy is possible. The clothing of the executive with ample power, and the employment of mercenary and unfeeling troops equal in devotion and efficiency to the Imperial Guard, and in any desired number, so that the executive might in truth say with Louis XIV., "I am the state," cannot avert the crisis, though it might postpone it to come as it finally must come, under such a régime, with added power and terror.

The futility of the effort to enforce the laws by the aid of the troops alone, unsupported by public sentiment, will be seen in the fact that if the whole army of the Washington government and the Ohio National Guard should be placed at the disposal of the mayor of Cincinnati, he probably could not bring to justice one of the twenty thousand men who made the attack upon the civil officers of the State, who destroyed public and private property, and who were every one of them legally, though perhaps unconsciously, guilty of arson and murder. However discouraging the prospect may seem to be, the perpetuity of our free institutions depends upon the mass of our people being taught to respect

the law, and the officers of the law as such, and being willing and ready when necessary to defend them with their property and their lives. Unless this can be done, our institutions are near their end.

We have seen, then, that the use of the national regular troops would have a very injurious effect in many ways.

The other and only alternative is, that the citizens should arm, organize, and drill, officer, and discipline themselves, and should at all times be prepared in their own persons to defend their own civil officers, their property, and their homes. The evils mentioned as resulting from the use of the army to enforce the law would not be caused by the citizens qualifying themselves and supporting the civil officers with arms when necessary in the form of militia forces. The militia are a part of the people, their sympathies are the same and are known to be the same, their interests are not only similar, but they are the same, for the acting as militia is only an incident in their civil life. Their business and their hopes are all in and from their civil pursuits, and it is only to protect their civil life that they in an emergency, and for a short time and for a special purpose, assume the rôle of the citizen soldier.

The organizing, training, and using of a part of the people as militia will not have a tendency to relax in the minds of the mass of citizens the necessity for every citizen to support with voice and arm, if necessary, the enforcement of the law and the preservation of order.

In fact, if proper attention is paid to the matter by the chief executive officer of the State, and if the militia are provided, as they should be, with proper general officers, with competent and capable staff-officers, each militia company may be made as good a school as can be found in which to teach the necessity, propriety, and manliness of obedience to all properly-constituted authority, whose beneficial lessons will be taught not only to the young men who compose the companies, so that they will never in after-life forget them, but also to all the relatives, friends, and neighbors, who by their smiles, their commendations, and their contributions serve to keep the company in existence and efficiently active. This influence alone is of sufficient value to justify the entire expense of maintaining the militia.

It is the universal teaching of history, and has been embodied in our national Constitution and in the constitution of almost every State in the Union, that a well-regulated militia is necessary for the defense of free institutions. Only that people can be sure of their freedom who are at all times prepared and willing in their own persons to defend themselves.

One of the greatest achievements of King Alfred, who accomplished so much of good for his country and his people as to secure for him, by the universal consent of mankind, the only title of *the Great* among English-speaking people, was his organizing the militia, and through

their agency restoring order and obedience to law throughout the realm.[2]

President Washington, in a message to Congress, said, "The devising and establishing of a well-regulated militia would be a genuine source of legislative honor and a perfect title to public gratitude." Thomas Jefferson, the champion of personal freedom and free institutions, in one of his messages said to Congress, "For a people who are free and mean to remain so, a well-organized and armed militia is their best security."[3]

The succeeding Presidents, Madison and Monroe, who are acknowledged to be among the greatest statesmen of their own or any age, were strong advocates of a well-regulated militia.

In April, A.D. 1808, Congress, in response to the earnest efforts and importunities of Thomas Jefferson, passed a statute making a permanent appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars per annum to provide arms and equipments for the militia, which statute is still in force.

The error with former militia laws has been that they have generally contemplated the compulsory mustering and training of all able-bodied men, which, according to the estimate of the War Department, would now be more than six million eight hundred thousand.

The drilling and arming of so large a number of men are so manifestly unnecessary and entail so large an expenditure of time and money, and compel the active participation of so many men who have no taste, inclination, or ability for, or appreciation of, military matters, that they fail to meet with the general approval or support necessary to their execution. The appropriation has been too small to furnish arms for the number who were required to parade, and the militia were required to arm themselves, which they did with sticks and cornstalks; and the training and manœuvring of the cornstalk militia (as they were derisively called) became a burlesque on military tactics, and were purposely made so by the men who were compelled to attend the muster, in order that the law might the sooner become a dead letter. These evils and defects in the system were foreseen, by the wisest and best of our fathers, from the beginning. Jefferson, in a letter to Madison, said, "The classification of our militia is now the most essential thing the United States have to do."[4] In his fifth annual message he says to Congress, "You will consider whether it would not be expedient, for a state of peace as well as war, so to organize or class the militia as would enable us on a sudden emergency to call for the services of the younger portion, unincumbered with the old and those having families. Upward of three hundred thousand able-bodied young men between the ages of eighteen

[2] Hume's History of England, vol. i. p. 65; Alfred the Great, by Hughes, p. 151.

[3] Jefferson's Works, vol. viii. p. 108.

[4] Ibid., vol. v. p. 78.

and twenty-six years, which the last census shows we may now count within our limits, will furnish a competent number for offense and defense in any point where they may be wanted, and will give time for raising regular forces after the necessity for them shall become certain; and the reducing to the early period of life all its active service can not but be desirable to our youngest citizens of the present as well as future times, inasmuch as it engages to them in a more advanced age a quiet and undisturbed repose in the bosom of their families. I cannot, then, but earnestly recommend to your early consideration the expediency of so modifying our militia system as by a separation of the more active part from that which is less so we may draw from it when necessary an efficient corps fit for real and active service, and to be called to it in regular rotation."

Subsequent experience has demonstrated the necessity of separating the more active portion of the militia from the less so, but this should not be done by an arbitrary division according to age. Not all young men are active, nor do they all have any military taste or ability, or even the necessary courage, nor are they all so situated as to make it possible for them to spare the necessary time to make themselves efficient. For this purpose we should not reckon age by the flight of years. Experience has shown that the proper method of classification is the voluntary one. If it had been adopted in the beginning, the militia would never have sunk to the low place in public esteem that it at one time held. At the outbreak of the Rebellion the militia organizations then in existence proved invaluable. The Sixth Massachusetts and the Seventh New York moved to the protection of the national capital with a promptness not excelled by any regular troops, and it may well be said that their presence saved the archives and prestige of the nation and probably the nation's life. The first blood shed in the war for the Union, not taking into account that which was accidentally lost while ceremoniously hauling down the old flag, was the blood of volunteer active militia.

The volunteer active militia of each State, in order to their greatest usefulness, might be enlisted, mustered, and sworn to respond instantly to the order of their governor, as well when he wishes them to fill any call that may have been lawfully made upon him by the President as when he desires them for duty in the service of their own State.

It is not more necessary that the militia should be again rendezvoused, sworn, or mustered when ordered out by the governor to report to the President for duty in the service of the United States, than when ordered to duty in the service of their own State.

It must be conceded that prompt action is the measure of their usefulness in most cases, and to hold the voluntary militia liable to immediate military duty in the service of the United States without reenlistment, or remustering or administering a new oath, or waiting for

them to rendezvous, when so ordered by their governor, on the call of the President, is not contrary to the Constitution of the United States or the spirit of our institutions, nor is it contrary to sound statesmanship or antagonistic to the greatest civil and personal liberty or the best and freest self-government.

The volunteer militia should be considered in the actual active service of their State or of the United States, as the case might be, and subject to military law from the time a proper order is issued to that effect. Their pay and commutation of rations should commence at once, and their reasonable transportation should be furnished in such manner as may be provided in the army regulations and Articles of War. Any militiaman who knows in advance that he cannot, or who is unwilling so to respond, should not become a member of the volunteer corps, but should remain in the reserve. It is to protect such men from the necessity of immediate active service that the volunteer militia should be organized.

The Supreme Court of the United States has said it can entertain no doubt but that Congress may fix the period at which militia ordered out into the service of the United States changes from State to national militia, by confining it to the draft, the order given to the chief magistrate or the militia officer of the State, or to the arrival of the men at the place of rendezvous, or any other circumstance.[5] The suggestion that a militiaman should not be pronounced a deserter before he becomes a soldier is a specious one. It, however, only raises the question as to the period at which a citizen becomes a soldier. We have seen that under the Constitution Congress may determine this question, so far as militia called into the service of the United States are concerned, and it is not unreasonable, unjust, or tyrannical for it to say that the citizen becomes liable to military duty and subject to military law whenever the necessity arises for his services in this capacity. The Constitution defines the circumstances which make it proper for the President to call out the militia, of the existence of which circumstances as a matter of law and as a matter of necessity he alone is the final judge.[6] It has not been considered unreasonable that the citizen who has never taken the oath of allegiance should be punished for treason, or that persons in our midst enjoying the protection of our laws may be punished for their violation, notwithstanding they have never expressed a willingness to obey them, and may always have expressed an unwillingness to do so. Indeed, a continued and repeated expression of unwillingness to obey the laws would be considered an aggravation of the offense.

The duty in all these cases is irrespective of a distinct affirmative assent on the part of the party to be bound. This question, however,

[5] Houston *vs.* Moore, 5 Wheaton, p. 17.
[6] Martin *vs.* Molt, 12 Wheaton, p. 19.

should be allowed to arise only with reference to the reserve militia. The militia statutes should be so drawn as to prevent any doubt as to the position of the volunteer militia. They might be required to volunteer, and be enlisted and sworn to obey the order of the President of the United States when called out by him, and ordered to report to him by the governor of their own State, and so by their own voluntary act as well as by the statutes be made subject to military law from the moment an order is issued to them by their governor to report for duty to the President pursuant to his call.

This arrangement would not place any patronage in the hands of the President, and would give him no control over the militia when not in the service of the United States, nor any more after they were in the service than he has now. It would only enable him to use the power he has promptly, economically, and efficiently when the promptness might save many valuable lives and much valuable property, and avert what would otherwise prove a terrible calamity, and permit military force to be sooner relieved and the laws of peace to again assume full sway.

We may well remember that our national Capitol was at one time sacked and burned, and our self-respect as well as our interest demands that we should so perfect our national defenses that it cannot suddenly be done again with a mere handful of men.

The placing of this efficient and prompt instrument for the enforcing obedience to the laws and for the defense of the nation in the hands of the President would in no wise tend to that sort of centralization which threatens to destroy our liberties, break down individual enterprise, lessen the self-reliance and manly independence of our people, nor teach them to court the favor of the central power and bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning, nor would it in any way tend to check or destroy the prosperity of our people.[7]

True statesmanship makes the widest difference between the centralization of administration, or the paternal form of government as it is sometimes called, and the giving to the executive all necessary and convenient power to enforce prompt and certain obedience to the laws.[8]

Our fathers who formed and adapted our national Constitution seem to have understood this, for while they took every precaution to prevent the centralization of legislation and of administration in the general government, they never seem to have contemplated a resistance by a State in arms to the military force of the nation; or if they did contemplate it, it was only to place the State in such a position that such a resistance would be impossible. The Constitution was adopted "in order to form a more perfect union," "insure domestic tranquil-

[7] Lieber, Civil Liberty and Self-Government, chap. xxxiv. p. 389.

[8] Ibid., chap. xxiii. p. 270.

lity," and "provide for a common defense." The Constitution ordains that Congress shall have power

"To provide for the common defense."

"To declare war."

"To raise and support armies."

"To provide and maintain a navy."

"To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces."

"To provide for the calling forth of the militia to execute the laws of the Union, to suppress insurrections, and repel invasions."

"To provide for the organizing, arming, and disciplining of the militia, and for the governing of such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress."

"The President shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States."

Such are the provisions of the Constitution placing the military power of the nation in the control of the general government.

On the other hand, for the apparent purpose of preventing any possibility of a balance of military force between the general government and any State or number of States, it is provided that

"No State shall, without the consent of Congress," "keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or engage in war unless actually invaded or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay."

The idea that States should have a sufficient military force, or the nation so small a force as to enable States to cope successfully with the nation, found its origin in the minds of those who foresaw that slavery or free institutions must go down, and they preferred to retain the former.

In the progress of events slavery has gone, and the idea it has produced should go with it. It was conceived in opposition to free institutions, and it is still their enemy. No better plan has ever been discovered by which to make available to the government a sufficient military force to insure domestic tranquillity, and provide for the common defense, and at the same time avoid the centralizing of patronage and administration than the militia system.

Real civil liberty and good self-government will be vastly promoted when we learn on the one hand that the majority should govern as little as possible, leaving the individual as much liberty as is consistent with public safety, and should govern according to justice and right and not merely in the interest of the majority, and, on the other hand, learn that there is no remedy in resistance to the law, but only in an

appeal to the sense of right and justice and the liberality of the majority. If the course of the leaders of the majority cannot be changed in this manner, a sufficient number of adherents may be induced to leave them to reduce them to a minority. We believe there are always some who are unwilling to follow a multitude to do evil,[9] and if this should ever cease to be the case, civil liberty will be already dead.

After the late war our volunteer army returned to the peaceful affairs and quiet rest of civil life. The citizen soldier became the soldier citizen, and it seemed as if the nation itself was as a hero taking his rest and needed only to hear the martial call to respond with promptness and effect. But circumstances are altered now; very few of the old army have now the physical health and vigor, the enthusiasm and freedom from cares and responsibilities that are necessary for active service in the rank and file.

If the nation should now call for its proper defenders, it must call for younger men. Let us remember that the veterans of the late war are now five or six years older than the soldiers of the Mexican war were at the outbreak of the Rebellion, and they are all rapidly passing away to the eternal resting-place whence no bugle can call to service again. Almost all of them have already passed the age which exempts them from militia duty, except as volunteers, and unless some substantial action on the part of the States and the nation is taken very soon to put the volunteer militia in a position to receive the respect of those who know what a good military organization is, and unless military companies can be organized throughout the land so as to transmit in the form of traditions of the army the invaluable lessons learned by the experience of the late war, these lessons will, so far as the mass of the people are concerned, be forever lost. What, therefore, is to be done for the militia would be doubly valuable if done quickly.

There should be in the United States a volunteer militia of at least one hundred thousand men, which would involve an expenditure of about three million dollars, a part of which should be paid by the nation and part by the States. If only a part of these appropriations can be made, the number of volunteers should be reduced in proportion. If a volunteer gives his time to his country, he should have all his expenses paid, which would be about thirty dollars a year per man, or from three to four per cent. per man of what it costs to maintain a soldier in the regular army or in the field. This militia force, properly supported and ready to respond instantly as suggested, without any preparatory remustering or re-enlisting as already suggested, would give us a very efficient means for securing domestic tranquillity and for common defense, and with our means for internal transportation would enable us to concentrate a fine army at any point on short notice. Though the amount required to maintain our militia is comparatively insignificant, it is

[9] Exodus, chap. xxiii. v. 2.

absolutely necessary for its efficiency. In considering the expense of the active militia, it is well to remember that a feeling of danger and uncertainty greatly retards and depresses the delicate pulse of trade and commerce, while a sense of safety and security lends wings to enterprise and leads on to prosperity, to employment and comfort for all, and many times repays all that it may cost.

One of the charges popularly urged against the militia at Cincinnati is, that they were unfamiliar with loaded guns. This is a serious charge and one that is not entirely without foundation; but it is not applicable to the Ohio National Guard alone. There were many troops taken into and through bloody campaigns during the war who were not familiar with their loaded guns, and who had never had any opportunity to become familiar with them, or had any adequate instruction to enable them to hit the objects at which they expended enormous amounts of ammunition with surprisingly little effect. It is only lately that any considerable number of military men anywhere are beginning to know and act upon the principle that "the soldier will never know how to hit until he knows why he misses." It is only lately that the subject of rifle practice has received any considerable attention in the regular army. Now almost every post has its rifle-range and target, and every man is allowed from two hundred and forty to six hundred rounds of ammunition per annum for practice. But few States have provided their militia with proper and reasonable rifle-ranges and facilities for rifle practice, and Ohio is not one of them.

Brigade and division organizations are also necessary, with competent generals and staff-officers. It is through these that the regimental and company organizations will be made the means of proper and efficient instruction and discipline in time of peace and quiet, and the whole force be more efficient and capable of concerted and well-directed action in time of need. This was made very manifest during the early period of the riots at Cincinnati, and had been fully appreciated by the militia officers of the Ohio National Guard for some time previously, but the statutes of Ohio until recently only provided that the militia might be organized into brigades and divisions by the commander-in-chief while in active service. It was of course utterly impossible to perfect a brigade organization after the riots had begun. Such a provision in the statutes is entirely inoperative and futile.

Sufficient appropriations should be made to enable the militia to go into annual brigade encampment. More of discipline and more of the general duties of the soldier can be learned in large than in small encampments. There is a certain steadiness in action and under fire that can be obtained only by service in the presence of the enemy. It must be the sincere wish of every lover of his country and his race that the opportunity to obtain this kind of military excellence, both for our regular army and our militia, may long be deferred.

The military discipline and steadiness, however, that may be acquired by drills in the armory and in annual encampments are of great and almost inestimable value, as was shown when the attempt was made in Cincinnati to relieve the National Guard by special police.

Much of knowledge of the manual of arms and of military tactics and evolutions, and of the duties of the soldier citizen in times of disorder, might well and profitably be taught in the larger public schools, as is the case to-day in Sweden. What boys and young men could learn in school without any loss, of time from their studies would enable them, when of the proper age, to take their place in the active militia and do valuable service from the beginning. Proper military exercises, including "setting up" practiced under competent instructors at school, would give our boys and young men more erect and manly forms than many of them now have. It would be a pleasant, healthful, and exhilarating exercise for those who like it, and would from hygienic considerations alone justify its introduction in the public schools, at least in the cities. This could be done without much additional expense to the school. These exercises in the schools should be optional, otherwise they would meet with such indifference on the part of some awkward boys as would destroy their usefulness altogether.

As society becomes older and people become more wealthy, as business becomes more divided and people separated into classes of business men, manufacturers, farmers, artisans, mechanics, and laborers, each class with its suspicions of the others, as great factories and large organizations of men in different kinds of business begin to spring up, as people begin to crowd together, to suffer privation and want in cities, the danger becomes greater, every day, of anarchy, riot, and desolation on the one hand, or tyranny and oppression on the other. Then it is that an adequate force is necessary to preserve peace and our lives and property, and then it is that it becomes equally necessary that this force shall be composed as nearly as possible entirely of those citizens who love the country and love the people, who love peace, order, and freedom, and who seek the protection of themselves, their liberties, their families, and their all through the efficient administration of equitable laws. The time has come in this country when a sufficient number of such citizens who are able to do so should, as a matter of urgent public duty, become members of the active volunteer militia.

The duties of the officers and members of the active militia are very onerous and at times very delicate and responsible ones, and upon the way in which these duties are discharged, as well as upon the way in which the militia are respected and esteemed, supported, and rewarded, depends to a greater or less degree the perpetuity of our country as the home of the free among the nations of the world.

JAMES MONTGOMERY RICE.

SHIPS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(Concluded from page 108.)

WHEN the "Morning Star" (second) was fitting out, the late Earl of Aberdeen applied to Mr. Alpheus Hardy for the situation of chief mate on her, but was refused, as he was not personally known to her managers. As he left home in the spring of the same year, he could not have had more than eight months' experience at sea, which shows how well he had improved the time to consider himself qualified for such a position. But even if Mr. Hardy had given him the situation, he would have had to swear that he was an American citizen, an oath which he afterwards surmounted when he took command of the "Walton." The young earl was swept from the deck of the schooner "Hera," on the passage from Boston to Melbourne, about the 27th of January, 1870, and perished. It is singular how indifferent he was about the feelings of his loving mother and family in seeking to engage on such long voyages, where they could not hear from him for many months. When he applied for the situation of chief mate of the "Morning Star," he bore the assumed name of George H. Osborne; his true name being George Hamilton Gordon, and he a peer of the United Kingdom, entitled to a seat in the House of Lords. His grandfather was the prime minister of Great Britain during the early part of the Crimean war. The young earl was only twenty-four in 1866, and was twenty-seven when he lost his life. His only surviving brother, John Campbell Gordon, succeeded him in the title and estates, and to an annual income of forty thousand pounds, or about two hundred thousand dollars. Why the young man should ignore all these hereditary advantages to pursue the life of a sailor is a mystery as profound as that of Edwin Drood.

Morning Star, No. 3, 1870.—Undeterred by this disaster, No. 2 had proved so useful during her short service that the children were a third time called upon to help replace her, and again the response was general and generous. Accordingly, a third vessel was built at East Boston, and received the same name.

This "Morning Star" (third) was ninety-eight feet on the keel, one hundred feet between perpendiculars on deck, had twenty-six and a half

feet beam, and nine and a half feet depth of hold. Her dead-rise at half floor was eighteen inches, and her sheer about two feet, graduated her whole length with sufficient spring forward to impart an air of buoyancy to her forebody. She had a sharp, raking bow, with concave lines up to her displacement mark; above that the bow was convex to correspond with her general outline. A full female figure in robes of flowing white, fringed with gold, and with an open book in her right hand, ornamented the bow, and was a fine specimen of marine carving. On one open page of the book were the words, "Light, Love, Life;" the other page was blank. Her stern was oval in outline and convex between the quarters and between the archboard and the taffrail, and the latter rounded in its blending with the monkey-rail. Her name and port of hail, with tasteful scroll-work and devices, ornamented the stern. Viewed either end or broadside on she was a beauty; every seam of her planking followed the sweep of her sheer in exact proportions, and the mouldings of her plank-sheer and the rail, as well as all her external workmanship, were as smooth as cabinet-work. She was sheathed with yellow metal up to ten feet, and was painted black outside and a pearl color inside.

The height of her bulwarks from the deck, including a solid monkey-rail, was four feet three inches. She had an open topgallant forecastle eighteen feet long with lockers, and several useful apartments under it; close to its break was her windlass, with massive riding-bitts abaft it. The accommodations for her crew were forward below, fitted with berths, and were spacious and well designed. Abaft the foremast on deck was a house twenty-one feet long, fifteen wide, and six and a half high, which contained the galley and several state- and store-rooms. She had a half-poop the height of the main rail, thirty-eight feet long, under which was a house twenty-six feet long, twenty wide, and seven high, which contained a spacious cabin, with five state-rooms, a pantry, and other apartments, well lighted and ventilated. On the port side was a large sofa recess; two doors to the cabin in front were protected by a two-feet projection of the deck above; and aft there was a staircase which communicated with the poop. She had also a small cabin in the after-peak. In the after-part of the house was the binnacle, and the outlines of the poop and of the top of the house were protected by rails on turned stanchions. If required, a platform gangway could be laid from the tops of the houses to the top-gallant forecastle, so that a person could pass fore and aft without descending to the main-deck. She had not much deck-room, but what she had was well arranged for working ship.

This "Morning Star" was strongly built of the best materials. The frame was of seasoned white oak, her keelsons, deck frames, planking, and ceiling of hard pine, her upper deck of white pine, and she was square-fastened throughout, butt and bilge bolted with copper, and

treenailed with locust. The keel was ten by fourteen inches forward, and ten by eighteen aft, with stem and stern-post to correspond; the floor timbers were twelve by eight, and top timbers seven by five; the keelson ten by fourteen, and bolted through all with yellow metal, copper, and iron; the ceiling on the floor three inches thick, on the bilge four and a half inches, above these three inches, and the clamps four by fourteen inches, scarphed and square-fastened. She had a stout transom well secured with knees, and her stern-knee extended six feet along the keel, and four along the stern-post, and was strongly bolted. She had a good breasthook which crossed the cants and was bolted through all; her deck-beams were eight by twelve inches, the stanchions six by eight, tenanted in the keelson, and bolted below and above. The beams had strong knees, and the water-ways above were fayed into them, so that they were secured in every possible way consistent with her general construction. The garboards were five inches thick, the bottom plank three, and the wales four, without a single blemish. The covering board and main-rail were each four inches thick, with a solid monkey-rail of twelve inches by four. The deck planking was of white pine, three inches thick, laid with the utmost care.

Her foremast was fifty-one feet long, topmast thirty-two, top-gallant-mast seventeen, and royal-mast eleven, with six feet pole; the main-mast seventy-one, main-topmast, etc., twenty-eight, nine, and seven feet, all in one pole; the bowsprit thirteen feet outboard, jib-boom and flying jib-boom in one spar ten and eleven feet, including four feet end; and main boom fifty feet and gaff thirty-two feet. The yards on the foremast, topmast, etc., were fifty-two, forty-five, thirty, thirty, and twenty-three feet. She had double topsail yards, chain topsail sheets and ties, the best of rigging and sails, so that aloft and below she was in every sense of the term a clipper yacht, and ready to cope in speed with any vessel of her size afloat.

She had the best of ground-tackle, good pumps, a handy steering apparatus, and three good boats. If required, a platform deck could be laid over her ballast, and her hold converted into accommodations for over one hundred persons between the bulkheads of the forecastle and the cabin in the after-peak.

When the "Morning Star" reached Honolulu she passed under the control of the Hawaiian Board of Missions, who bore the expense of her cruising, but she continued under the American flag, and was commanded and officered by Americans. When ready for sea she cost twenty-seven thousand dollars, and was as perfect a vessel of her class as sailed under the American flag.

The "Morning Star" (third) sailed from Boston, February 27, 1871, under the command of Captain Matthews, for Honolulu, where she arrived *via* San Francisco, July 3, and on the 13th of September

reached the Micronesian Islands, where she was engaged in active service. Captain Isaiah Bray, who commanded her since 1878, was recently in this country on leave of absence, and has been active in promoting the movement to build a new steamship to take her place, which took shape soon after his return.

A steam launch was provided, which was ordinarily stowed on deck, and was made generally useful for towing the brig into lagoons, for landing passengers and supplies, and in case of calms towing her when in danger of drifting on the coral reefs.[36]

"*Morning Star,*" *No.* 4, 1884.—The mission in Micronesia has grown, and a larger ship has been needed for some time. During the past two or three years the "Morning Star" had necessarily been so overloaded as to make her voyages very uncomfortable and somewhat dangerous, and she was quite unable to carry all that needed to be carried.

A new vessel being necessary, the fact was taken into consideration in projecting plans for such a vessel, that much valuable time could be saved during some of the voyages by employing steam-power in calm weather, and for entering the narrow passages into the lagoons. It was determined, therefore, that if a sum sufficient for the purpose should be subscribed, a new "Morning Star," to be supplied with steam as an auxiliary power, should be built. Once more the children have been appealed to, and once more the subscriptions are flowing in. The sum of twenty-five cents secures for each subscriber a share in the new vessel, which it is estimated will cost when completed some forty-five thousand dollars, and one dime annually from each shareholder will pay the running expenses. Early in January the appeal for subscriptions was sent out, and more than twenty-five thousand dollars of the forty-five thousand needed has already been subscribed. In view of this fact the Board has voted to build the ship at once.

Like its predecessors, the new craft will be called the "Morning Star." She will be more than twice the size of the third "Morning Star," as her measurement will be about four hundred and twenty-five tons. She will be built at Bath, Maine, by the New England Ship-Building Company. The style of her rig will probably be that of a three-mast brigantine. The work upon her will be done in the most thorough manner, she will have ample and healthy accommodations for her officers and crew, and the arrangements for her passengers, both

[36] A dispatch received by the American Board of Foreign Missions, dated Hong Kong, China, June 23, 1884, reports the loss of the missionary brig "Morning Star" at Kusaie, Micronesia. All hands saved and would proceed to California on the steamship "Oceanica." She was in charge of the first mate. Captain G. F. Garland had completed the work of the voyage and was on the way to Honolulu when lost. The vessel had been overdue at Honolulu for some weeks. Kusaie is the island on which the second "Morning Star," the missionary ship of the American Board, was wrecked in 1869, when a strong current drifted her ashore during a calm.

American and native missionaries and teachers, will be perfect in every respect. It is anticipated she will be at Boston ready to load on September 20, and will sail for Honolulu about the 1st of November, 1884, making what is known as the summer passage round Cape Horn. The new vessel is to have one hundred and thirty feet length, thirty feet breadth, and twelve feet depth.

In Bulgaria, at the close of a meeting at Samokov, after an address by a native pastor, one hundred and thirty shares of one hundred paras each were taken in this new steamer without any aid from the missionaries, and it seems probable the Bulgarian boys and girls will take shares to the amount of one hundred dollars.

The Micronesian Islands, among which the "Morning Star" goes to and fro, are four groups of islands in the Pacific, viz.: the Gilbert, the Marshall, the Caroline, and the Ladrone; and almost all of them lie north of the equator.

Most of these islands are simply a large, circular, coral sea-wall, rising about six feet above the ocean, and a quarter of a mile wide. Here and there upon this sea-wall are little clusters of cocoanut, bread-fruit, and pandanus-trees. The coral islands produce nothing else for food, except the taro—a very coarse potato. Fish, however, are abundant.

Other islands there are, like Ponape and Kusaie, much larger, with mountains and valleys, and good soil for a great variety of products.

Missionaries and natives out there seldom see a white visitor, and, except the "Morning Star," only now and then a ship.

THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "MERRIMAC" (40), 1855.—In 1854, Congress appropriated $3,000,000 to build six first-class steam frigates, of which the "Merrimac" was one. They were designed to be superior to any vessel then in our navy, and the equal of any vessel at that time in the British or French navies, and such they proved. On the 6th of May, 1854, orders were sent to Commodore Gregory at the Boston navy-yard to prepare to build one of these vessels. On the 27th or 28th of June he received her dimensions, and her keel was laid in the upper ship-house at the Boston yard, and September 24th orders were received to call her the "Merrimac." On the 12th of May, 1855, the Department was notified she would be ready to launch on the 1st of June, and she was launched on the 14th of June, in the presence of many thousands of spectators, and towed to the upper shears to be masted. The National Lancers were present, and a salute of thirty-one guns (one for each State of the Union) fired. The "Ohio" (74) and "Vermont" (74), in the stream, were thronged with people. Her draught of water when launched, was forward, 11.11; aft, 17.3; and her mean draught, 14.17. She measured 3200 tons, and her original cost was $879,126. She was the first screw steam frigate launched in our navy.

The dimensions of the "Merrimac" were: length, on keel, 250 feet; on load-water line, 260 feet; over all, 300 feet; breadth, extreme, 51⅓ feet; moulded, 50⅓ feet; depth of hold (to gun-deck), 26⅓ feet; draught of water, forward, 23½ feet; aft, 24 feet. When the vessel was at her load-line, the height of the gun-deck ports above the water amidships was nine feet, and forward and aft twelve feet. The height from her gun-deck to the lower sides of her spar-deck beams was six feet. The height of her bulwarks was such that when the hammocks were stowed they reached eight feet eight inches above the upper or spar-deck. Her gun-deck ports were three feet eight inches long, and nearly eight feet six inches apart. Her load displacement was estimated at 4000 tons.

The "Merrimac" was designed by John Lenthall, chief constructor of the United States navy, and built under the supervision of Mr. E. H. Delano, the naval constructor at the Boston navy-yard. Her frame was of live-oak, crossed *inside* with two sets of diagonal iron plates which were inclined in opposite directions. She was also strengthened by similar plates on the *outside* at the bow and stern. Her plank was of oak, and she was copper-fastened up to a few feet above the load-water line. Her decks were of pine. Her deck-knees were all of wood, and her main-deck was high, roomy, and with its double tier of guns presented an imposing appearance.

With all her sails set she spread 56,629 square feet of canvas, and her rig was in all respects that of the largest sailing frigate, but from her great length she seemed capable of carrying masts, spars, and sails much larger than she had. Her engines were auxiliary only. The mode in which the mainmast was stepped is worthy of notice. The shaft of the propeller coming immediately beneath it, since the engines were before the mainmast, a step was formed to receive it *above* the shaft. This step consisted of a large athwartship beam of live-oak, supported near the middle by two 12-inch solid iron columns, which rested upon suitable keelsons.

The "Merrimac" was pierced for sixty guns, but her original armament was as follows: On her upper deck two 10-inch pivot shell-guns, each weighing about five and a half tons, and fourteen 8-inch guns, weighing rather more than three tons. On her gun-deck were twenty-four 9-inch Dahlgren guns, each weighing four and a half tons. The whole of these guns, forty in all, though strong enough to discharge solid shot if desired, were primarily intended to be served with hollow shot or shell. She could have carried without inconvenience a few additional 9-inch guns on the main-deck. Her gun-carriages on that deck were of wood, and had but two trucks each at the ship's side end of the carriage. The whole of the 9-inch or main-deck guns, as well as the 2-inch pivot-guns, were upon the Dahlgren system, which consists in giving to the gun at every point of its length a thickness pro-

portioned to the pressure of the powder in the chase at that point, supposing the gun to be fired with an ordinary service charge. They were of greatly reduced thickness along the chase, and suddenly increased in their thickness near the breech, where the great bulk of the metal of the gun was collected. In the service they obtained the popular name of "soda-bottles" from similarity of form. Each gun was furnished with two lock-lugs, or lugs for the gunlocks, one for use and one to supply its place if it should be knocked away in action.

Her guns were fitted with elevating screws instead of coins, which still held their place in the royal navy, and to a great extent in our own, and her sponges were made of bristles instead of the sheepskins then commonly used for that purpose. Her three boat-guns—9-, 12-, 24-pounders respectively—were mounted on light wrought-iron carriages.

The engines of the "Merrimac" were from the Cold Spring Foundry, New York. She had two cylinders, seventy-two inches in diameter and three feet stroke. These were placed close to the shaft on opposite sides of it, leaving room only for the crank. Each piston had two piston-rods, one above and one below the shaft; these carried a cross-head, from which the connecting-rod reached back to the crank. Each cylinder had its condenser at the side of it, and its air-pump opposite to it. The air-pump rods went through the cylinder ends directly to the piston. She had four vertical tubular iron boilers (the tubes being of brass), patented by D. B. Martin, the engineer-in-chief of the United States navy. The length of each boiler, athwartship, 11 feet; breadth, fore and aft, 14.8 feet; length of vessel occupied by the four boilers, 31 feet 8 inches; breadth of vessel occupied by the four boilers and fire-room, 31 feet. The fire-room was between the two pairs of boilers, the furnaces fireing athwartships, and the flues delivering into one chimney. Height of boiler, 12 feet 6 inches; cubical space occupied by all the boilers and fire-room, being the centre of a parallelopipedon included within the above circumscribing lines, 13,240 cubic feet; number of furnaces in all the boilers, 16; breadth of furnaces in all the boilers, each 2 feet 10½ inches; length of furnaces in all the boilers, each 7 feet; grate surface area, 338 square feet; number of brass tubes in all the boilers, 5480; length (or height), 37¾ inches; diameter (outside) of the tubes, 2 inches; heating surface in furnaces and back connections up to tubes, 1614 square feet; heating surface in tubes, 8508 square feet; heating surface in tube-boxes and connections to smoke chimney, 1581 square feet; total heating surface in all boilers, 11,703 square feet; proportion of the same to grate area, 34.6 to 1.00; flue area, or calorimeter, between the tubes in all boilers, 42 square feet; proportion of the same to grate area, 1 to 8 square feet; diameter of smoke-stack, 8 feet.

The propelling arrangements of the Griffith screw on board the

"Merrimac" were very complete. The forward thrust was taken by a series of collars, and the backward thrust by a brass disk dropped down between the end of the propeller-bearing and the after sternpost. This disk could be renewed when worn. The shaft was supported between the engines and the dead-wood by bearings and intermediate spring supports, and a connecting-pipe was led from the outside of the ship over each. The after bearings were of wood upon Penn's principle. The propeller was raised by a cabled pulley, the cable being led to the capstan. A long wooden stay, tightened by a screw, was used for keeping the propeller down in its place, and suitable means were provided for steadying the propeller during the raising of it, for slinging it when raised or partially raised, etc. The speed of the "Merrimac" under steam ahead was *seven knots*.[37]

The "Merrimac" sailed from Boston on a week's trial trip, February 25, 1856, when her draught forward was 23.3; aft, 23.10. Then returning to Boston, she sailed thence again for Annapolis, where she arrived on the 19th of April, and where she was visited and admired by great numbers, including nearly all the members of both houses of Congress then assembled in Washington. On the 6th of May she sailed for Havana, returning to Boston on the 7th of July, where she was docked on the 16th. September 9, 1856, she sailed for England, and at Portsmouth received great attention from the naval authorities and others. An English writer in Colburn's *United Service Magazine* for January, 1857, in an article comparing British and American frigates, and describing his visit to the "Merrimac," says, after comparing the "Merrimac" with the "Majestic," 80, to the disadvantage of the latter: "However, if by frigate is meant a ship with a single battery-deck from stem to stern, then the 'Merrimac,' notwithstanding her vast size, is a frigate, but equal to a line-of-battle ship in everything but name. We trust, however, that the lesson taught us by the Americans in the frigate actions between the 'Constitution' and 'Guerriere,' the 'Macedonian' and the 'United States' will not be thrown away, and that a few companion ships to the 'Merrimac' and the 'Niagara' will be laid down in our own yards, so as to put us on level terms with them. We say this knowing the trouble and expense we have experienced in passing through the transition state from canvas to steam, and of adapting engines of great weight and power to the hulls of our men-of-war, the whole, or nearly the whole, of which has been avoided by our transatlantic brethren. They are happily so situated as not to be compelled to maintain huge armaments for the protection of their country. With us it is a necessity; we must not only be armed at all points, but we must take the lead. America can wait the result of our experiments, and then take advantage of our experience. She has not passed through an intermediate state of bungling trials in building her

[37] This account is derived from the *Mechanics' Magazine*, No. 1730.

steam ships-of-war, but we have been obliged to feel our way through a host of difficulties from paddle to screw. Most of this she has been spared. She leaps at once to conclusions, builds a fine frigate (we beg her pardon: a line-of-battle ship in disguise), sends her over to England, and we admire her, as we are bound to do; at the same time we cannot help thinking that our American friends are very fortunate in having a warning beacon like England to point out the road to success, without running any risk or expense to themselves." As a consequence of her visit and the impression it produced, the Admiralty immediately issued orders to lay down three vessels of similar size and design; and the "Orlando," "Mersey," and "Diadem," and, later, the "Emerald," "Doris," and "Liffey," were accordingly built from the designs of Sir Baldwin Walker. Returning home *via* St. Thomas, in the West Indies, she arrived at Hampton Roads March 16, 1857, and at Boston, *via* Annapolis, before the end of the month, and was immediately equipped for sea. October 17, 1857, she sailed for the Pacific, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore John Collins Long, and after an absence of two years and three and a half months, arrived at Norfolk on the 6th of February, 1860. This was her last sea-service under our flag.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion she was lying in ordinary at the Norfolk navy-yard, and on the 10th of April orders were issued to fit her for temporary duty under steam alone. She was got ready, and but for the prevalence of treasonable counsels would have been taken out of Norfolk before the destruction of the navy-yard, on the 21st of April, 1861; when Commodore McCauley, the commandant, ordered the vessel to be scuttled, and she was set on fire, by order of Commodore Paulding, while sinking. The Confederate authorities caused the wreck to be raised soon after they obtained possession of the yard, and converted her into an ironclad, on a plan devised by John L. Porter, who had been a constructor in the United States navy. A board, consisting of Chief Engineer W. P. Williamson, Lieutenant Brooks, and Constructor J. L. Porter, all of the Confederate navy, and all ex-officers of the United States navy, was appointed by Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Confederate States navy, to consider the matter. Mr. Porter's plan was approved, and on the 11th of July, 1861, the work of her reconstruction was commenced, Porter attending to the hull, Williamson to the machinery, and Brooks to the ordnance and armor. The wreck was placed in the dry-dock and cut down to the nineteen-foot water-line on the stem, and to the twenty-foot water-line on the stern-post. It was intended to cut her down to the nineteen-foot mark on the stern-post, but as they came in contact with the propeller the idea was abandoned. There was a shield on the deck of the ship one hundred and fifty feet long, the sides and ends of which formed an angle of thirty-five degrees. It was twenty-four feet from the knuckle to the shield-

deck, and it looked very much like the roof of a house, the knuckle answering to the eaves of the same. This shield was joined to the sides of the ship by means of white-oak knees fayed between the old frames and bolted to them. The rafters, which were of yellow pine, were bolted to these knees and to each other, making the roof perfectly solid. The rafters were sixteen inches in depth, and across them there was placed a course of yellow-pine plank five inches thick, and bolted to the rafters with three-quarter-inch bolts; this having been calked and pitched, another course of white-oak plank was placed vertically, bolted and calked, etc. The shield-deck was covered with iron gratings two inches in thickness. A large pilot-house of cast iron was placed on the forward end of the shield-deck, but it was never used. The captain and pilot stood on a small platform in a hatchway over the steering-wheel during the engagement.

The interior arrangements of the ship were not unlike other vessels of war. The orlop-deck was used as a berth-deck. Forward and aft the shield the deck-beams were fayed to each other, and the deck-planks sheathed with iron one inch thick, then covered with pig-iron five inches thick for ballast, in order to submerge the deck two feet below the water.

The armor on the shield was four inches thick, laid in courses of two inches in thickness, and fastened with one-and-a-quarter-inch bolts. The sides of the shields were slushed, to guard against boarding, etc. The whole weight of the armor amounted to eight hundred tons, and it took three hundred tons of ballast to submerge her deck two feet below water.

The ship mounted eight 9-inch shell-guns in broadside, and two 7-inch rifled pivot-guns on the bow and stern.[38]

The success which attended the conversion of the "Merrimac" induced the Confederates to build several ironclads, viz.: the "Louisiana," "Tennessee," "Mississippi," etc., on a similar plan, and to convert other steamers that had fallen into their possession.

The actions of the "Merrimac"—or the "Virginia," as she was renamed—with the "Cumberland" and "Congress" on the 8th of March, 1862, and with the "Monitor" on the following day, are historical, and have been told in the pages of THE UNITED SERVICE by officers on both sides in the contest, and it is unnecessary for me to repeat them in detail here. The broadsides of the "Cumberland" and "Congress" made no impression on the ironclad hull of the "Virginia," which, as is well known, rammed the "Cumberland" in the bow, and sunk her with her colors flying.

[38] I am indebted for the foregoing description of the U. S. S. "Merrimac," as converted into the Confederate ironclad "Virginia," to a history of the "Merrimac," by Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, U.S.N., published in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for July, 1874.

"Like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp.
Down went the 'Cumberland,' all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

"Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord! how beautiful was the day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer
Or a dirge for the dead."—LONGFELLOW.

The "Congress" surrendered, after her gallant commanding officer was killed, and was fired and sunk.

The next day the "Virginia" (*née* "Merrimac") and the "Monitor" engaged, and, for a long time, many shots were exchanged. The effects of the shots from the "Monitor" were more severe than those from the other ships, her guns being of larger calibre and fired at closer range. The "Monitor's" shots broke several of the plates of the "Merrimac's" shield and started the woodwork in several places. One of the "Virginia's" guns was disabled by a shot from the "Monitor." A leak was also caused in the stem in consequence of her cast-iron ram breaking off when she ran into the "Cumberland."

On her return to the Norfolk navy-yard she was put in the dry-dock, which unfortunately was not destroyed beyond repair when the yard was abandoned, and a wrought-iron steel-pointed ram was placed on her.

After the engagement, upon examination, it was found one hundred shots had struck the ship, *not one of which penetrated*, those from the "Congress" and "Cumberland" making only a dent, but those from the "Monitor" breaking in the plates in several places. The "Virginia" used cast-iron shot and shell, but when she moved down the river the second time she had wrought-iron steel-pointed slugs, and was in every respect greatly improved. She, however, was never again engaged in action.[39]

When the Confederate forces evacuated Norfolk and Portsmouth, May 11, 1862, Commodore Tatnall caused her to be blown up, and she sunk off Craney Island, five miles from the navy-yard, where portions of her still remain imbedded in the mud.[40]

When the "Virginia" was blown up, portions of her armored casemate, weighing near thirty tons, were blown about two hundred yards

[39] For an account of the "Monitor," 1861, see "Notes for a History of Steam Navigation" in THE UNITED SERVICE for May, 1882, pp. 555–560. For an account of the "Great Eastern," 1858, see UNITED SERVICE, April, 1882, pp. 403–421.

[40] For the particulars of her destruction, see "The Life and Services of Commodore Josiah Tatnall," by Charles C. Jones, Jr. Savannah, 1878. 8vo, pp. 258.

distant from the wreck. Other portions of the armored casemate, weighing more than seventy tons, were blown fifty yards. Some large pieces of her casemate were blown nearly into the middle of the channel, and other portions in toward the shore, the whole causing a very dangerous obstruction to navigation.

In 1866 a gentleman named Underdown contracted with the commandant of the Norfolk navy-yard to raise the wreck and remove all obstruction to navigation arising therefrom, but failed to fulfill his contract, removing only a part of the hull, her boilers, and some portions of the machinery. Nothing more was attempted until November 4, 1870, when Rear-Admiral Davis, then commandant of the Norfolk navy-yard, contracted with Hebrew & Assesron, of Norfolk, to remove the wreck within one year, so as not to cause any obstruction to navigation. These contractors removed the armor and such portions of the wreck as were found above the surface of the bottom, and all obstructions to navigation arising therefrom. A portion of the vessel's hull still remains imbedded in the channel, but is completely covered up with mud, and does not interfere with navigation. In some future time these old timbers may furnish canes and snuff-boxes for the curious. Thus ends the ten years' history of the "Virginia," *née* "Merrimac." Her sister-ships, the "Wabash," "Colorado," and "Minnesota," still survive on the active list of the United States navy, to show us what she was before converted into an ironclad by the Confederates, and the "Roanoke," another sister-ship, which was converted by the United States authorities into a double-turreted monitor, has recently been sold from the service for about forty-five thousand dollars.

THE UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP "HARTFORD," 1859.—This ship, from having been Farragut's flag-ship throughout the civil war of 1861–65, certainly is worthy of mention among the noted ships of the nineteenth century. It was on board of her he passed the forts below New Orleans, and was lashed in her rigging, engaged in the Bay fight at Mobile, and fought all his battles up and down the Mississippi. When consulted about his uniform as admiral, he suggested for his sleeve-mark a gold-embroidered star, with a representation of this his favorite ship in silver in the centre, and his wishes were complied with.

The "Hartford" was launched from the navy-yard, Charlestown, Massachusetts, November 22, 1858. The writer was then attached to the navy-yard as executive lieutenant, saw her keel laid, watched the progress of her construction, and assisted at her launch, and can attest to the thorough and careful manner in which she was built and the materials of her hull selected; yet she has been twice rebuilt and several times repaired in less than a quarter of a century. This shows how fast wooden steamships deteriorate. But, more than this, though fully up to the requirements of a vessel of war of her class then, she is now

(1884) as far behind the improvements that have intervened, in hull, engines, guns, speed, and efficiency, as though she had been built a century ago. The following description of her is from the *Boston Post* the morning of her launch:

"This day at noon will be launched at the navy-yard the 'Hartford' sloop-of-war. Mechanics pronounce this vessel to be the finest specimen of naval architecture that has been produced at this yard. She was built upon the ways occupied by the 'Merrimac,'[41] but rather rivals her predecessor in the combination of elegance and strength in her build and in workmanship.

"The 'Hartford' in form differs from any vessel ever constructed.[42] Her length from knighthead to taffrail is two hundred and forty-eight feet, and over all two hundred and sixty-four feet. Her length of berth-deck is two hundred and twelve feet; breadth of beam, forty-four feet; depth of hold to gun- (spar-) deck, twenty-one feet. Her light draught of water is nine feet forward and nine and a half feet aft, and her load-draught is sixteen feet. Her tonnage is $2023\frac{59}{95}$, and her capacity at sixteen feet draught is $2550\frac{50}{100}$. Her propelling power is supposed to be eleven miles an hour, and her sailing speed without steam fifteen knots per hour.

"The 'Hartford,' from keel to rail and from knighthead to taffrail, presents a model of workmanship alike creditable to the mechanic and worthy of our country. The keel is of white-oak, two hundred and eight feet long, and sided sixteen and a half inches. Her frame is of live-oak, sided ten inches, and moulded at floors fifteen inches, gradually diminishing to rail to six inches, and filled in solid and calked as high as the floor timbers. She is cross-strapped with iron braces four and a half inches wide by three-quarters of an inch thick, put on the inside of her frame timbers at an angle of forty-five degrees, crossing each other at every five feet, bolted through and clinched on every frame. This bracing extends fore and aft. She has also iron bracing upon the outside to strengthen the overhanging stern. She is copper-fastened throughout eighteen feet six inches above the garboard streak, with two through bolts and two short fastenings in each plank and in every frame.

[41] Afterwards so celebrated, after her alteration into an ironclad by the Confederates, under the name of "Virginia," for her fights in Hampton Roads with the frigates "Congress" and "Cumberland" and the original "Monitor."

[42] The "Hartford" and her sister-vessels were built of light draught expressly that they might be able to enter the Southern harbors of the United States, and at the solicitation of the Southern members of Congress. It was considered doubtful at the time of her construction whether a powerful armed vessel of two thousand tons and upwards could be built to draw less than twenty-two or three feet of water, the extreme limit allowed. It was fortunate for the cause of the Union that the problem was successfully solved, and that three of these first-class steam sloops, viz., the "Hartford," "Pensacola," and "Brooklyn," were able to ascend the Mississippi River to Vicksburg, and so help to dismember the Confederacy.

"There are to be two large capstans upon the spar-deck, one of which is to be of peculiar construction, *which is to be worked on the berth-deck,* directly beneath the ship's launch. The chain-cable is to be taken directly to this capstan on the spar-deck, and hove in by the men on the berth-deck, thus doing away with the messenger." (I may say in passing the "Hartford" was the first ship in our navy so fitted.) "The galley is upon this deck, which is calculated to cook for about three hundred men. She has nine-inch composition pumps, together with chain- and force-pumps.

"Her mainmast is to be ninety-two feet six inches long; her main-topmast, fifty-five feet; her foremast, eighty-six feet; her mizzenmast, seventy-four feet; her mainyard, ninety feet; her foreyard, eighty-one feet. The surface of her principal sails covers nineteen thousand feet.

"Her engine is being constructed by Mr. Loring, of South Boston, under the supervision of Chief Engineer Jesse Gay, U.S.N. The propeller is of composition, and the apparatus is fitted in such a manner as to admit of its being hoisted up and lowered to its bearings with but little trouble, that she may use her steam or not.

"Her armament will consist of fourteen nine-inch guns,[43]—Paixhans,—mounted upon carriages of peculiar construction. Each gun will weigh nine thousand pounds.

"Her state-rooms, store-rooms, and mess-rooms are of a most liberal character; and her interior arrangements and all her accommodations for officers and men are spacious and well ventilated. Their elegance must be seen to be appreciated.

"This splendid ship was wholly designed by the naval constructor of the yard, E. H. Delano, and has been built under his immediate supervision and daily inspection, assisted by the master-builder, Melvin Simmons (subsequently a naval constructor), who is also a superior workman. Both, we believe, were on the 'Merrimac.' She is a beautiful sight as she appears in her cradle, where the whole of her smooth lines can be seen at a glance. Hundreds have visited her, and thousands to-day will assemble to see her glide into the bosom of her appropriate element.

"May the 'Hartford' prove to be an ornament to our gallant navy, a noble guardian to our flag, and a monument of the genius and skill of Massachusetts mechanics!

"The morning of the launch was mild and beautiful for the season, and there was a crowd of persons assembled to witness the launch; all the available places were occupied by spectators, and the 'Ohio' (74), which lay in the stream, was crowded with hundreds of both sexes. In the house from whence the 'Hartford' was launched were several hun-

[43] The "Hartford" was pierced with twenty-two ports; and after her launch, in order to bring her down to the requisite draught of water, before going to sea, she was furnished with a battery of eighteen 9-inch Dahlgrens.

dred people, the ladies comprising a *fair* proportion of the number. Between one and two hundred ladies and gentlemen were on board when she glided along the ways into the water. From half-past 9 until 11 A.M. over two hundred workmen and mechanics were employed in completing the preparations. At 11 A.M. the final 'wedging up' commenced. By these wedges, each of which were impelled to their places by a battering-ram in the hands of five or six men, the vessel was lifted from the blocks upon which it had rested, and its whole weight transferred to the sliding way with which the newly-inserted blocks were connected. After this had been accomplished, at 11.10 A.M. the order was given to sunder the connection between the sliding and stationary ways. There was nothing then to hold the vessel back from her destined element, but there was a little delay in her moving, and a screw was applied to her forefoot to expedite it, when the vessel moved gallantly off the ways; and at precisely nineteen minutes past eleven touched the surface of the water, when a salute of thirty-two guns announced that an addition had been made to the right arm of the country's defense, and their thundering was echoed by the cheers of the surrounding multitude."

A bottle of Hartford spring-water, a bottle of Connecticut River water, and a bottle of salt water from the entrance of Boston Harbor had been provided, in order to the proper christening of the "Hartford." Commodore Stringham, the commandant of the navy-yard, whose temperance proclivities were well known, refused to permit the usual libation to Bacchus, a bottle of wine, to be used, thinking water more appropriate as an offering to Neptune. To the writer was assigned the duty of breaking the bottle of salt water on her bow and naming the ship, and to Miss Lizzie Stringham, the commodore's daughter, the bottle of river water, and to Miss Caroline Downes, a daughter of the late commodore, the bottle of spring-water. Unfortunately, Miss Stringham accidentally broke the bottle she held before the launch; Miss Downes threw hers wide of the mark so that it struck the water unbroken; and I broke the bottle of ocean water upon her bow as she slid from the ways and entered the water, proclaiming at the same time her name to be the good ship "Hartford." Subsequently there was received a framed copy of the arms of the State of Connecticut carved in bold relief on a panel of the "Charter Oak," which was placed in her cabin. It being decided to send her to the East Indies as the flag-ship on that station, a poop-deck and cabin was placed upon her for the accommodation of the flag-officer. On the 27th of May, 1859, at 11 A.M., she received a crew on board, and was placed in commission for the first time, when by direction of the commandant of the yard, in the absence of the captain of the yard, I hoisted her ensign.[44] Flag-Officer Stribling hoisted

[44] May 18, 1859, orders were received at the Boston navy-yard to supply the wardrooms of all ships of the United States navy with oil-cloth carpeting. This

his flag the next day. At two o'clock she was hauled into the stream with the aid of a steam tug, and on the 4th of June started on a trial trip, from which she returned June 11, having been absent just one week. On Saturday, June 25, at 2.30 P.M., she took her departure for the East Indies, under the command of Captain Charles Lowndes, and wearing the flag of Flag-Officer Stribling. On the breaking out of our civil war she was ordered home, and soon after her return recommissioned as Flag-Officer Farragut's flag-ship, when a considerable addition was made to her battery, all of her twenty broadside ports being filled with 9-inch Dahlgrens, and a rifle mounted on her poop and forecastle.

After the war she was again sent to the East Indies as the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral H. H. Bell, who was Farragut's fleet-captain and chief of staff at New Orleans. Admiral Bell was drowned at Hiogo, Japan, while she was carrying his flag. On her return to New York she underwent extensive repairs and alterations, which were completed in 1872. A spar-deck was then added, which increased her tonnage, by the new measurement, from 1366 to 2000, and her displacement to 2900.

The "Hartford" arrived at Boston November 17, 1879, from her last cruise in the South Atlantic, under the command of Captain James A. Greer, and wearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Edward Tatnall Nichols. After being put out of commission she underwent a thorough repair on the dry-dock, and her repairs and alterations having been completed, sailed from Boston on the 5th of August, 1882, under the command of Captain C. C. Carpenter, for the Pacific, and is now the flag-ship on that station.

The "Hartford" was put into the dry-dock at Boston, December 13, 1879, and undocked February 13, 1880, when her masts, engines, boilers, etc., were removed, after which she was re-docked on the 25th of the same month. She was about half rebuilt while in the dock. Her top-timbers, outside planking, ceilings, and gun-deck were all removed and renewed, and the centre portion of the spar-deck was removed, leaving only the poop- and forecastle-decks. Bilge-keels were put on, the cabins rearranged, and a system of ventilation by means of a steam-fan used to exhaust vitiated or supply fresh air adopted, she being the first United States vessel so fitted. A steam capstan was also put in. Her composition-screw was taken out and used for memorial purposes, and was replaced by the screw of the "Pennsylvania," a vessel on the stocks. A complete set of new engines and boilers, which had been built for the same vessel, were put in after some ten thousand dollars had been expended for repairs on her old engines.

was the result of an application made by the executive officer of the "Levant" at my suggestion. Previous to that the wardroom officers had to carpet their own apartments or submit to the periodical holy-stoning of the deck. The "Levant" and the "Hartford" were the first ships in our navy so furnished by the government.

According to a recent official report, the original cost of the "Hartford" in 1859 was $502,650, and there has since been expended on her for repairs $1,520,771, making her total cost at the present time, after a quarter of a century's service, $2,023,421.

The armament of the "Hartford," as modernized, is composed of twelve 9-inch broadside Dahlgren guns; one 8-inch muzzle-loading rifle, mounted on a pivot-carriage, with a central compressor; one 60-pounder breech-loading rifle, with directing-bar carriage; two 20-pounder breech-loading bronze rifles, directing-bar carriages; two 3-inch steel howitzers, three hundred and fifty and five hundred pounds respectively; four Hotchkiss revolving cannon, mounted on the rail; one long Gatling gun, 45 calibre. All of these guns excepting those mounted on the rail have iron carriages.

THE UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE "NIAGARA," 1856.—The "Niagara" was one of the several steam frigates built for the United States navy to counterbalance the enormous increase of the English and French marines, and was intended to be the superior of any of her class afloat, which was acknowledged by the English government, which immediately after viewing her at Portsmouth, built the "Orlando" to compete with her. In the quarter of a century that has elapsed, the "Niagara" has disappeared from the United States navy list, and the "Orlando" from the Royal navy list, being as far behind the times now as they were in advance of them in 1856–59.

The construction of the "Niagara" was intrusted to Mr. Steers, the builder of the yacht "America," whose success in English waters in 1851 astonished our British cousins, and which still is sailed under the ownership of Benjamin F. Butler, who purchased her from the United States government some time after the close of our civil war at a nominal price.

In building the "Niagara," Mr. Steers had four conflicting purposes to reconcile,—to make her a good gun-boat, good sea-boat, good sailer, and a good steamer. The result was a compromise which left her the fastest sailer then in the world, one of the fastest steamers, a fine sea-boat, and a fair man-of-war.

The hull of the "Niagara" was of live-oak, varying in width and thickness from twenty-two inches by fourteen near the keel to eleven by eight on deck. Her keel was three hundred and twenty feet long; length on deck, three hundred and forty-five feet; breadth of beam over all, fifty-five feet; depth of hold, thirty-one and a half feet; her measured tonnage being two thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight tons, her displacement five thousand four hundred and forty tons. She had four boilers and three horizontal engines of one thousand horse-power. Her cylinders were seventy-two inches in diameter and eight-feet stroke. Her machinery, weighing over five hundred tons, was applied to turn a propeller of eighteen feet diameter. To protect

the machinery from shot in action, it was inclosed by immense iron coal-bunkers, overarching and descending many feet below the water-line. Her smokestacks were telescopic. The engine- and fire-rooms were well supplied with ventilators. The "Niagara" was intended as a cruising vessel to rely mainly upon her sailing qualities, and, unless in calms or extraordinary occasion, was to be only a clipper sailing frigate. Her model was that of a mammoth clipper, with shallow fore-feet, sharp, high bow, and hollow water-line. Viewed from any position, not a single straight line was presented. When under full sail she spread fourteen thousand running or seven thousand square yards of canvas, and it was anticipated her speed under canvas under favorable circumstances would exceed fifteen knots. Her mainmast was eighty-four feet above deck, one hundred and eleven feet in extreme height, thirty-seven and a half inches in diameter; her foremast seventy-four feet above deck, one hundred and one in extreme height, and thirty-five inches in diameter; her mizzenmast eighty-five feet in height, and thirty inches in diameter; her mainyard one hundred and six feet, and her foreyard ninety-four feet in length. A great feature in the "Niagara" was high and airy decks, the orlop-deck being six feet six inches, the lower-deck six feet eight inches, and the main-deck being seven feet three inches in height under the deck-beams. The main-deck, on which the officers and most of the men lived, was lighted by a multitude of dead-lights and thoroughly ventilated.

When the "Niagara" arrived in England as one of the Atlantic cable fleet she had only four small guns mounted, but she was designed to and did afterwards carry twelve Dahlgren 11-inch guns, throwing a solid shot of two hundred and seventy pounds a distance of seven thousand yards, or four miles. The shells weighed one hundred and thirty pounds and the guns fourteen tons. The whole motive-power of the "Niagara" was placed amidships, and occupied less space than the engines of any ordinary vessel. Fore and aft the machinery was bounded by two transverse water-tight compartments, which shut it in from the rest of the vessel. The engine-room, twenty-eight by twenty-six feet wide, had nine staircases. The "Niagara" had three direct acting engines, three feet stroke, with connecting rods between the cylinder and cranks. The cylinders were placed horizontally across the vessel. The shaft was one hundred and nineteen feet long, fifty inches in circumference, and weighed fifty tons. The propeller, nearly nineteen feet in diameter, was of brass, with two fans or blades, and had a pitch of thirty-two feet. The cylinders were all on the starboard side of the vessel, the condensers on the port. Each of the condensers had within itself an air-pump and hot well. The air-pumps were double-acting. A six-inch bilge injector was attached to each condenser, to be used, when necessary, to free the ship from water. In addition, two bilge-pumps were connected by the crank-

shaft to the engine, which kept the hold as dry as a chip. The "Niagara" had four vertical tubular boilers, each twenty-one feet long by eleven feet deep, and fifteen feet high, and she had a total fire surface of seventeen thousand five hundred feet, and a grate surface of four hundred and eighty-four square feet. During her voyage from New York her consumption of fuel was as low as twelve tons per day, and never rose above fifty-six tons. The "Niagara" could only carry in her bunkers a little over eight hundred tons of coal, which, however, would suffice for sixteen days, steaming at full speed. Her lofty and well-ventilated lower-deck was set apart for firemen and stokers. On the main-deck the crew was berthed, the after part being devoted to the officers' cabins and the fore part to cooking for the ship's company. Every sailor on board had his locker, and each mess a large locker for the mess-kit.

During her first voyage across the Atlantic no attempt was made to effect a quick passage; on the contrary, her engines were mostly worked at half-power. With full power she attained a speed of thirteen knots, and under sail above sixteen knots. With a stiff breeze on her quarter she could count on fourteen knots. Her draught when armed and with all stores and coals on board was about twenty-five feet. Each added one hundred tons of dead-weight brought her down three inches in the water.[45]

Soon after the close of the civil war it was proposed to convert the "Niagara" into an armored vessel, but after examination it was found inexpedient, if not impracticable, and her boilers and engines having been condemned and removed, she has remained in ordinary at the Boston navy-yard ever since. Up to the present time there has been expended on her for repairs $492,821, and her total cost, inclusive of these repairs, has been $1,521,743. In 1882 a board of officers reported her hull as not worth repairing, and in August of the same year, under the provisions of an act of Congress, her name, with other vessels decayed or of obsolete types, was stricken from the navy list. She was subsequently appraised by a board and valued at $29,000, for which sum she was sold September 24, 1883. For some reason, however, her purchaser failed to complete his contract, and she is now again advertised for sale to the highest bidder over her appraised value on the 3d of May.

The first important service of the "Niagara" was to assist in 1858 in laying the first Atlantic cable. The cable was placed on board the "Niagara" and Her Majesty's ship "Agamemnon," which sailed for the middle of the Atlantic. Before reaching the rendezvous the "Agamemnon" came near foundering during a severe gale which lasted several days. Meeting at last in mid-ocean, the ships spliced their sep-

[45] A fine engraving of the "Niagara," drawn by Edwin Weeden and engraved by F. J. Smith, can be found in the *London Illustrated News*, No. 862.

arate portions of the cable and started in opposite directions, the English ship for Ireland, and the "Niagara" for Newfoundland. Scarcely however were the cables joined before they were parted. Several attempts were made, with the same ill success, and both ships returned to England. On the first notice of the directors of the enterprise to try, try again, the ships returned to mid-ocean, and this time, to the amazement of the world, the experiment proved a success. The cable was successfully laid, and messages were sent from shore to shore. The first one was "England and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good-will towards men!" Queen Victoria and President Buchanan exchanged congratulations, and the people on both sides of the Atlantic lauded the enterprise as the greatest achievement of modern times. The enthusiasm was, however, short-lived; it was hardly three weeks before the cable ceased to act and lay silent in the depths of the ocean, and many persons doubted whether any message had been transmitted. It was not until 1866, when the new cable was laid by the "Great Eastern," and the communication was complete from shore to shore, that these doubts were resolved.

Her British Majesty's Screw Frigate "Orlando," 1859. —This ship, according to the *London Times*, was brought into existence in imitation of the "Niagara" and similar ships belonging to the United States government. The nearest approach to her in the royal navy was the "Mersey," built, with several others, to compare with the "Merrimac," after her visit to Portsmouth. It may be well here to remark whenever we Yankees get a good thing in the way of a ship we send her over and exhibit her to our English cousins, and they, taking advantage of our vanity, soon send out several copies of our model. When our new steel cruisers are completed I presume, if they are a success, as we hope, the first thing will be to send them on exhibition, and for copy, to England. We do not find England, in return, sending her best ships across the Atlantic for a like inspection.

The dimensions of the "Orlando" were: length, three hundred and thirty-seven feet; between perpendiculars, three hundred feet; breadth, fifty-two feet; for tonnage, fifty-seven feet six inches; length for tonnage, two hundred and sixty-four feet four inches; breadth moulded, fifty feet eight inches; depth of hold, nineteen feet ten inches; tonnage, three thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven tons.

She had more sheer than was usual in ships of war, and had ample space for working her guns. Her armament consisted, on the main-deck, of thirty-eight guns of sixty-five hundredweight each, 8-inch bore, for discharging hollow shot and shell, and, on the upper deck, twelve of ninety-five hundredweight, 8-inch bore, for solid shot.

Her mainmast was ninety-seven feet nine inches long and thirty-seven in diameter; the foremast was ninety-three feet six inches; main-

and fore-topmasts, sixty-five feet by twenty-two inches; the bowsprit, sixty-two feet; mainyard, ninety-six feet; and topsail-yard, seventy-one feet. The weight of all her spars was eighty tons two hundredweight. Her lower rigging was of wire, which had only been recently introduced into Her Majesty's service.

In order to distribute the weights and avoid unnecessary strain on any one point, the engines of the "Orlando" were placed just abaft the mainmast, the chief body of the coal next, and then the boilers. The screw shaft was eighty-six feet eight inches long; the engine-room, thirty feet nine inches long; the coal-bunkers, thirty-nine feet two inches long, with a passage ten feet wide and sixty feet long to the stoke-hole and beyond it. The total length of the machinery, coal, etc., was two hundred and nineteen and three-quarters feet. Her pair of trunk-engines were of one thousand horse-power; diameter of cylinder, one hundred inches; diameter of trunk, thirty-eight inches; length of stroke, four feet; pitch of screw, thirty-two and one-half feet; diameter of screw, twenty feet; length of fans, four and one-half feet. The pitch of the screw could be altered from twenty-nine and one-half feet to thirty-five and one-half feet; weight of its fans (metal), seventeen tons sixteen hundredweight; bangs, frame, and bearings, five tons eight and three-quarters hundredweight. Total weight for lifting, twenty-four tons four and three-quarters hundredweight. She had eight tubular boilers, weighing one hundred and sixty-eight tons four hundredweight; number of tubes two and one-half inches in diameter, three thousand five hundred and twenty, the length of each tube being six feet eight inches. The water in the boilers weighed one hundred and sixty-four tons. She had thirty-two furnaces and eighteen hundred and eighty-four grate-bars. The diameter of her two telescopic smoke-funnels was six feet eight inches, and their height from the spar-deck thirty feet. She carried eight hundred and eighty-six tons of coal, and her estimated consumption of coal, exerting full power, was one hundred and fifty per day. The thrust of the screw, instead of being inside, as customary, was taken outside, and the cheese-couplings pushed against lignum-vitæ, fitted in a brass washer, and secured to the stern-post. This plan did away with the necessity of internal bearings and economized much internal timber and iron. Besides the main engines the frigate was provided with three others, viz., two auxiliary in the stoke-hole for feeding the boilers, and a small donkey-engine in the coal-bunk passage for clearing the bilge-water when the main-pumps are "standing," or for discharging water into any part of the ship in case of fire.

The space under the shaft, in the screw alley, was fitted with iron tanks for tallow, lime, fire-clay, etc. Before the stoke-hole there was a spare fan, with connecting-rod and air-pump rods, conveniently stowed, and an extra piston close before, and a cylinder-cover close abaft the

engines. The engine-room was supplied with Crispin's patent telegraph, and furnished with speaking-tubes, bells, etc., for ready communication both below and on deck. Between the engine department and the sides of the ship were wing-passages, three to four feet wide and five to six feet high, containing a line of shot on iron rods throughout. The floor consisted of hatches, easily removed, and these passages being at the line of flotation between wind and water, they afforded every facility for plugging an enemy's shot-holes when in action. Under other circumstances the space could be economized for the storage of one hundred and twenty-five extra tons of coal in bags.

The "Orlando" was designed by Sir Baldwin Walker, the surveyor-general of the navy, and built at Pembroke by Mr. Oliver Lang. Her draught aft was twenty-three feet and forward twenty-one, with all her stores on board. On her trial trip average speed was thirteen and two-tenths knots; revolutions, fifty per minute; pressure, twenty pounds; indicated power, four thousand two hundred horses. In steering, the frigate had a considerable tendency to port, and it was stated that nearly all vessels propelled by a screw would describe a circle when under steam alone if left to themselves. In steering the "Orlando" under full steam many hands were necessary at the wheel, and, with the helm hard a-port, it took twelve minutes to put her around three-quarters, and sixteen minutes to complete the circle. Under half-steam she went round in half the time and in less than half the distance.

In order to estimate her comparative size with other steamships of her time, the dimensions of the following ships of war and merchantmen are given:

"Orlando," length, three hundred and thirty-seven feet, three thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven tons.

"Duke of Wellington," length, two hundred and forty feet, two thousand four hundred and six tons.

"Niagara," length, three hundred and seventy-five feet.

"Great Britain," length, two hundred and seventy-four feet, three thousand five hundred and nine tons.

"Royal Charter," length, three hundred and six feet, two thousand seven hundred and twenty tons.

"Atrato," length, three hundred and twenty-six feet, three thousand four hundred and seventy-four tons.

"Persia," length, three hundred and seventy-six feet, three thousand three hundred tons.

"Great Eastern," length, six hundred and ninety-seven feet, eighteen thousand nine hundred and fifteen tons.

The "Orlando" is not to be found on the royal navy list of 1883, and on that list the "Mersey," which was one of the ships built to compete with our "Merrimac" class, is replaced by a steel second-class

steam cruiser of fourteen guns and three thousand five hundred and fifty tons, now building at Chatham.

"La Gloire," 1858.—The Crimean war demonstrated more fully than was before realized the great aid to efficiency that the screw gave to war-ships; and it also showed that those huge floating castles, steamships of the line, were not of a character suitable for the attack of fortified places. The ironclad floating-batteries sent to the seat of war by the French were one step in the advance that naval architecture was so soon to make. As yet it was not supposed that vessels of this character could be constructed to go to sea. To the French also belongs the next step of producing the first sea-going ironclad steamer, "La Gloire," which was commenced at Toulon in 1858. She was originally intended for a 90-gun ship, but was cut down and plated with iron of thickness sufficient to repel the shot then in use. She carried forty guns on one deck, and was the most formidable vessel afloat. She was provided with full steam-power, her sails being only auxiliary.

Early in 1859 the Secretary of the British Admiralty and others reported to the government that France was building four iron-sided ships, two of which were more than half completed, and that these ships were to take the place of line-of-battle ships in the future; and he added, "So convinced do naval men seem to be in France of the irresistible greatness of these ships, that they are of opinion that no more ships of the line will be laid down. . . . The present seems a state of transition as regards naval architecture, inducing the French government to suspend the laying down of new ships of the line altogether."

At the instance of Sir John Pakingham, then the first lord of the Admiralty, designs were prepared for a formidable class of iron-cased ships, and the "Warrior" was constructed.

The Launch of the "Victoria," 121 Guns, 1859, England's Last Line-of-Battle Ship.—In the April United Service we gave the dimensions and some account of this ship, the most powerful line-of-battle ship in the royal navy, and the latest addition to it, and stated so rapid has been the change in naval architecture and armament that she is now rated as a 12-gun ship, and laid up in ordinary at Portsmouth. It may not be amiss, therefore, to add to these notes the following account of her launch, showing the estimation in which she was held only twenty-five years ago, which I have condensed from a description in *Colburn's United Service Magazine* for December, 1859. The writer says,—

"One of the signs of the times is that the western powers, England and France, are playing for a high stake,—the empire of the seas. This is a subject on which we are patriotic at all times; but it came out intensely strong on the 12th of November (1859), when Queen

Victoria honored with her presence the launch of this novel ship at Portsmouth. Everybody felt that she was the proudest triumph of naval architecture afloat,—a Colossus among Colossi.

"We shall not stop to register 'her length between perpendiculars and extreme breadth over all.' It is enough that the 'Victoria' is the last three-decker launched, and that includes all known improvements. Neither do we care for the pattern of the carpet, the rosewood table, and the golden bowl upon it (filled, of course, with the choicest cut flowers) that decorated the anteroom appointed for the queen, except so far as these elegancies afforded her majesty gratification. Antique sofas and chairs *en suite*, Italian cabinets, rich gilt girandoles, silver-gilt inkstands, jardinières, and Sèvres porcelain are all very well in their way, but they seem out of place in a dock-yard smelling of pitch and tar, and surrounded by huge anchors, cannon, vast cables, and the rough, earnest enthusiasm exhibited at the launch of a grand ship of war.

"More to our fancy was the honest English feeling that lit up the whole. There was a hum of thousands of voices in lofty praise of the mighty ship. Then there came a shout,—a shout that can be heard only in England. It rent the heavens when the queen took her place, surrounded by nobles, ambassadors, knights, and the shining accompaniments of her court. But, after all, was this shout, great as it was, equal to the human thunder that came from twice ten thousand lungs when the 'Victoria' majestically glided down her ways and became *the proudest and most daring specimen of naval architecture in the world.* No; great as was this shouting, loud as were the huzzas for the queen, it was increased by one voice when the noble ship entered her native [? destined] element,—only one voice,—but that one was Queen Victoria's own. . . .

"The fervent glow of enthusiasm that radiated upon every face in that vast crowd convinced us that Englishmen came honestly by their seamanship. Our ancestors, the rough old sea-kings of Scandinavia, might have been proud of their offspring had they witnessed that wild tempest of joy. We could not avoid filling up in our fancy the wide gap there is between the old Norse boat and its load of piratical sea-kings that landed some thousand and odd years ago in Kent and the splendid specimen of naval ship-building that had just left the stocks. It has taken many generations to trim and court and perfume the first cargo of Norse pirates into royal highnesses, most noble Knights of the Garter, admirals, etc.; but every medal, every badge and ornament that sparkled upon the breasts of England's proudest heroes at that launch dates back to the old Norse boats. . . .

"Full well we know how to interpret the burst of enthusiasm when the 'Victoria' floated safely. She was regarded, trusted as a champion sent by England to maintain her power and dignity upon the deep.

"Success, then, attend the 'Victoria.' She is aptly named, for she represents Britain's power on the seas, and the stability of England is the SECURITY of the modern world."

This fine ship was in commission from 1864 to 1867 in the Mediterranean, and it is believed to be her only active sea-service since her launch.

The following description of a launch, by Joshua Done, written many years previous, may well be applied to the launch of the "Victoria," the last and largest of those stately "wooden walls" which have been the pride of Old England for centuries:

"With ardent pride Britannia's sons attend
The gallant ship on airy structure raised,
Ere to the boundless deep she could descend;
With awe and pleasure thousands stand amazed.
Behold the grand triumphant skill of man,
Whose genius dared the mighty pile to form,
That o'er the ocean vast shall lead the van,
And long defy the battle and the storm.

"In all the gorgeous pomp of naval pride
Aloft she stands, in solemn stillness bound,
And, as she seems to watch the swelling tide,
Her stately keel the waters deep surround,
Then gently woo her to their soft embrace,
While breathless admiration fills the throng,
Bliss in each heart, and joy in every face,
The shouts foretell that hang on every tongue.

"At length the well-known warning signals pass;
The pond'rous hammer-stroke is heard around;
She moves! she glides! a pond'rous living mass,
Into the bosom of the wave profound.
Huzza! huzza! the loud-toned cannons roar;
Huzza! huzza! resounds from shore to shore.
On her broad decks a thousand seamen stand,
The pride and glory of their native land."

HER MAJESTY'S IRONCLAD STEAM FRIGATE "WARRIOR," 1859, ENGLAND'S FIRST IRONCLAD.—The contract for this, the first iron-cased steam frigate of the royal navy, was accepted in the spring of 1859 by the Thames Iron Ship-Building Company, Blackwell, and her keel was laid in June the same year. She was built from the designs of the department of the controller of the navy, Rear-Admiral Robert Spencer Robinson, and launched the 29th of December, 1860. She was an armor-plated screw steamship of twelve hundred and fifty nominal or five thousand two hundred and seventy indicated horse-power, and carried thirty-two guns, viz.: on the upper deck, eight 7-inch, on the main-deck, twenty 7-inch and four 8-inch, and was plated with 4½-inch iron plates. Her measured tonnage was six thousand one hundred

and nine tons; nine thousand two hundred and ten tons weight or displacement. Engines by Messrs. Penn & Son; speed, 14.35; her complement, seven hundred and five men. Total cost, including engines, £356,693 (about $1,730,000); but another account states her cost as £385,188.[46]

She was first commissioned at Portsmouth, by Captain the Hon. Arthur A. Cochrane, August 1, 1861, and afterwards became flagship at Queenstown for Rear-Admiral Charles Frederick; was recommissioned by Captain Henry Boys, who was succeeded by Captain Frederick H. Stirling, August 21, 1869, who was relieved by Captain the Hon. H. C. Glyn,[47] February 22, 1870. In 1883 she was in ordinary at Portsmouth, in charge of an engineer and three warrant officers. The "Warrior" marks the first stage in that long succession of ships which at present compose the armored fleet of England. She was built to carry 68-pounders, the heaviest gun then in use, and to resist the projectiles of guns of that calibre. She was originally designed for an iron-cased steam ram, to be built as nearly shot-proof as possible, not only to engage, but especially to run into and sink an enemy. She was, however, altered into a shot-proof, heavy-armed frigate, "the largest, strongest, swiftest man-of-war afloat in the world."

The extreme length of the "Warrior" is three hundred and eighty feet; breadth, fifty-eight feet; depth, forty-one feet six inches. The total weight of her engines and boilers is about nine hundred and fifty tons. For these she is able to carry nine hundred and fifty tons of coal, or enough for six days' steaming. Her armament, masts, and stores were calculated to weigh twelve hundred tons, her hull and armor not less than five thousand seven hundred tons; so that her total weight or displacement, as has been stated, is nine thousand two hundred and ten tons when ready for sea, which is rather more than the weight of the "Great Eastern" when launched.

There is no external keel in the "Warrior," but an inner girder, which acts as a keelson. This is formed of immense slabs of wrought scrap-iron an inch and a quarter thick and three feet six inches deep. To it are bolted the ribs, massive wrought-iron T-shaped beams an inch thick, and made in joints five feet long by two deep up to five feet below the water-line, where the depth is diminished so as to form a deep ledge or angle, on which the armor-plates and their teak lining rest. These immense ribs, except where the port-holes intervene, are only twenty-two inches apart. Above the keelson and inside the ribs are five box-girders, which go the whole length of the ship, from stem to stern, from which spring diagonal bands tying every rib together. The orlop-deck is of wood, and twenty-four feet above the keel; the main-deck is of iron and cased with wood, nine feet above the orlop;

[46] *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, 1870, p. 160.

[47] Captain Glyn has recently died a vice-admiral.

the upper deck is of wrought iron cased with wood, seven feet nine inches above the main. All these decks are carried on wrought-iron beams, to which decks and ribs are bolted as in one piece. The skin, or iron plates of the ship which cover the ribs on the outside, is also of wrought iron an inch and a quarter thick under the bottom to nearly one inch thick up to the spar-deck. From five feet below the water-line up to the upper deck comes, in addition to this, the armor of teak and iron over all. This is formed of a double casing of the hardest teak eighteen inches thick, with the beams laid at right angles to each other. Over these are laid the plates of iron, so as to case the broadside of the vessel with twenty inches of solid teak and five inches of the best wrought iron. Only the broadside, or about two hundred and twenty feet of the whole length, is so protected. The stem and stern have no armor-plates, but are covered with iron plates one and a half inches thick and lined with twenty-four inches of teak. To compensate for the armor both the stem and stern are crossed in every direction with water-tight compartments, so that it matters little whether in action the "Warrior" should get riddled with shot or not, the whole vessel being subdivided in some twenty places by wrought-iron water-tight bulkheads of the most solid description. Those which cut off the stem and stern from the armor-coated portion of the ship are cased with teak and armor-plates below the water-line, exactly like the broadside of the vessel. Thus, supposing the stem and stern to be shot away completely, the fighting portion of the vessel would remain as complete and impenetrable as ever, still opposing twenty inches of teak and five inches of iron to every shot. The bows, as the spot where the whole force of the shock must be received in case of the vessel being used to ram an enemy's ship, are strengthened inside with a perfect web of ironwork. No less than eight wrought-iron decks an inch thick stretch back from this part to the armor-plates, as well as supports and diagonal braces innumerable. All the armor-plates are dovetailed into one another, and fastened through the teak and iron into the inner ribs of the ship with bolts, which are countersunk outside, so as to have their heads level with the surface of the plate. The total weight of the armor-plate is about one thousand tons. These monstrous slabs were formed of scrap-iron with a certain proportion of puddled bar-iron, which makes a mixture of almost unyielding toughness. Some of them were taken to Portsmouth and subjected to the following tests: They were fired at by 68-pounders at a point-blank range of two hundred yards, at which distance the massive shot failed to penetrate the iron, though they dinted it to the depth of one and a half and, in some cases, two inches. Six of the shots struck within a circle of almost less than two feet diameter. Each after the second shot (which, of course, more or less broke the fibre of the iron) tore a narrow circular fissure or crack outside the mark of the diameter of the shot-dint, until at the sixth shot

in almost the same place the plate was broken and torn apart. The narrator of this experiment in the *London Times* confidently said, "Six such heavy shots are never likely to strike all in the same spot, and the 'Warrior' will herself be armed with the heaviest guns in the world, which have sufficient range to enable her to commence her action with the enemy at least four miles distant. At two miles she herself will be to the enemy out of range for all practical purposes, even for the heaviest smooth-bore guns yet used in any navy, and at one thousand yards' distance a 68-pounder shot scarcely dints her iron sides to the depth of half an inch." And this was less than twenty-four years ago!

It was stated in the *Quarterly Review* that as early as 1856 designs for an iron-plated corvette with fine lines, and destined for high speed, very similar to the "Warrior," were submitted to the Admiralty by Mr. Scott Russell, and year after year the subject was pressed upon them, but in vain. It remained for Sir John Pakingham, on his accession to office, finding how active the French dock-yards were in this particular, to make a beginning. He accordingly requested six of the most eminent iron-ship builders to send in plans and suggestions, which were found not to differ materially from others submitted previously, and the result was the "Warrior," which in turn was the result of the commotion excited by the trial of "La Gloire," the first iron-cased frigate of the French navy.

The "Warrior" made her official trial of speed at the measured mile in Stokes' Bay, near Portsmouth, October 17, 1861, with the following result: First mean speed, in knots, 14.338, 14.338, 14.463, 14.343; second mean speed, 14.338, 14.400, 14.370, 14.310; true mean speed,—that is, the actual speed attained, as shown by the results of her six-miles' trial,—14.354 knots. The ship had seven hundred and sixty tons of Nixon's navigation coal on board, and four months' provisions under hatches, together with all her sea-stores, drawing twenty-six feet five inches of water aft and twenty-five feet six inches forward. The average pressure of steam was twenty-two pounds, the vacuum in the condensers being twenty-five and one-half pounds. The propeller was an improved Griffiths of twenty-four feet six inches diameter and thirty feet pitch. The temperature in the engine-room ranged from 82° on the platform to 92° back of the cylinders. The indicated horse-power of the engines was 5560.8, and they worked in a most satisfactory manner. There was a total absence of vibration in the ship. The speed of the "Warrior" placed her at the head of the British navy in that particular. The "Mersey" previously had the honor of being the fastest ship. On her trial trip she attained a speed of 13.290 knots when in sea trim, with a displacement of 5308 tons, an indicated horse-power of 4044.5, and a nominal horse-power of 1000.

In 1864 a board of officers, reporting upon her qualities, said,

"Her prominent virtue consists in her speed, at present unparalleled by any ship of war afloat. Her acknowledged faults consist in her extreme length, great draught of water, and deficiency in turning-power, faults which render her services unavailable in narrow or shallow waters. The main-deck guns of the 'Warrior' are undoubtedly as heavy as can be worked in a sea-way on the broadsides of our present ironclads, and they can inflict no great injury during a naval action on the plates of a ship clothed with five-inch armor. These facts speak strongly for the introduction of a more powerful gun in the navy,—one which shall crush the enemy's plate, in lieu of making, as the 68-pounder does, simply an indentation of about an inch and a quarter in diameter."

Chief Engineer J. W. King,[48] who saw the "Warrior" in 1877 or 1878, says, "She was in no marked degree a ship of singular appearance, except in size, being a long, handsome-looking frigate, masted and rigged in the usual way, and formed with a bow and stern in no way differing from those of wooden frigates.

"She was built of iron, and armored at the middle only with iron four and a half inches thick, thus leaving the ends, including the rudder-head and steering-gear, exposed. She was propelled by a single screw, and the original battery was intended to consist of thirty-six (?) 68-pounders. It was subsequently changed to twenty-six guns, ten of twelve tons weight and sixteen of six and a half tons.

"This fine old ship was lying at Portsmouth during my visit to that place. It is worthy of note that while the first productions of all nations of wooden ships clad in armor have gone to decay, the iron hull of the 'Warrior,' now twenty years old, presents no signs of deterioration, being to all appearances as sound and as durable as when set afloat in 1860; and although large expenditures for repairs have been made on the vessel and her machinery, the hull proper has required no expenditure beyond that for its preservation by cleaning and painting. In consequence of her great length (three hundred and eighty feet), unsteadiness, thin armor, and unprotected rudder and steering-gear, she is no longer regarded as suitable for action in great naval battles, but her success as to speed at so early a day in the race for naval supremacy seems to deserve attention still. In 1874 a new set of boilers, made at the Portsmouth navy-yard, was fitted on board. They were of the old box type, having superheaters, with the usual appliances of this variety. The grate area of the boilers is seven hundred and eighty square feet, and the heating surface 19,906 square feet.

"The cylinders were restored, the slide-faces and ports strengthened, and the expansion-valves altered to give an easier cut-off. After these repairs the ship was put on trial at the measured mile to test the

[48] War Ships and Navies of the World, 1880.

machinery and speed against the runs made over the same ground thirteen years previously.

"One curious result noted is the same speed as on her last trial with six hundred and sixty less horse-power than on the former trials many years previously (October, 1861, and April, 1868)."

Sir George Sartorius, now the senior admiral of the fleet in the royal navy, as early as 1862, in a pamphlet advocating the introduction of rams into that service, said of the "Warrior," "I admit the 'Warrior' is a beautiful ship, and does great credit to those who constructed her as an admirable work of art; but for the purposes of war I consider her an utter failure."

NOTE.—Having brought these "Notes on the Ships and Shipping of the World from the Ark to the 'Great Eastern,'" up to the advent of the ironclads, I here bring them to a conclusion. They have been extended further and have occupied more of the pages of THE UNITED SERVICE than was at first intended, for which I hope to be pardoned. Connectedly they should be read or arranged as follows, and not in the order published.

1. "The Mariner's Compass," published in THE UNITED SERVICE December, 1880; 2. "The Origin of Ships," published September, 1883; 3. "Some Ships of the Ancients," published October, 1883; 4. "Some Buried Ships," published May, 1883; 5. "Some Old and Famous Ships," published February, 1883; 6. "Small Vessels and their Adventurous Voyages: I., II., and III.," published June, July, and August, 1883; 7. "Ships of the Sixteenth Century," published November, 1883; 8. "Ships of the Seventeenth Century," published December, 1883; 9. "Ships of the Eighteenth Century: I. and II.," published January and February, 1884; 10. "Ships of the Nineteenth Century: I., II., III., IV., and V.," published April, May, June, July, and August, 1884.

ERRATUM.—In the July number, page 96, line 17, for "the keel rising forward blends with the stern," read "blends with the *stem*."

GEO. HENRY PREBLE,
Rear-Admiral U.S.N.

BUTTONS.

I.

"EYES" the girls called him. Well might they have sung,—

> "And when your glances rest on me,
> Right here they make me feel so funny."

The class called him "Shanks," for he was *very* long, and to see him in the riding-hall with those legs of his clasping the bare ribs of a Roman-nosed brute that had broken the head of nearly every other man that had tried to ride him, was a sight for gods and men. At least Tommy Dobbs thought so, but then to little Tommy "Shanks" was perfection.

It was at the "Graduation Hop"; the emancipated sure-of-diplomas had resolved to let their moustaches grow, and, with the energies that remained, assisted by Strauss and Waldteufel, to waltz into the hearts of all the pretty girls in the room. All of them—the girls—were eager to dance with "Eyes," and many a heart fluttered as the tall, graceful cadet bowed and begged for the pleasure, *et cætera*. Yet he chose to dance oftener with Miss Daisy Van Stump than with any of the others, and as the twain glided noiselessly over the glassy floor, many another pair paused to admire what seemed to be the poetic embodiment of the melody the band was playing.

But even waltzes must have an end, and as the "voluptuous swell" ceased, "Eyes" and his fair partner strolled away from the room, out upon the green and towards the Hudson, whose calm waters reflected the twinkling of the myriads of stars that shone in the cloudless blue above.

"And so you go away to-morrow, Miss Daisy?"

"Yes; in the morning."

"Then I may not see you. I am *so* sorry——"

"So am I,—we go to the Springs,—but we shall see you in New York? We return in September; and, Mr. Eyes,—I beg pardon, Mr.——"

"No, no; call me 'Eyes,' Miss Daisy. Ah! Daisy, if I may speak——"

There! I can't go on. There is but one language for this sort of thing, and as all of us have been in love at least once, it is hardly necessary to encumber the record with what would be simply a rehearsal of what has been going on ever since Adam and Eve began it. Ill-natured people say that Eve began it. Well, I'm glad she did. Perhaps Adam was——

But let us get back to our pair of rapt ones.

There was moonlight all about them, music filled the air, and flowers bloomed amid the love that stirred their hearts. Why say more? Stay! Yes: as they re-entered the room it was observed in a stage whisper by the eldest Miss Sternchase, who had been at the Point every season since the Mexican war, that a button was missing from the left breast of "Eyes's" jacket, and that one of the pale-blue satin lozenges that adorned Miss Daisy's gown was not where the eldest Miss Sternchase had last seen it.

The next afternoon many people stood on the wharf waiting for the steamer which was to carry them away. The Van Stump family—father, mother, and Daisy—were of the number, and the crowd was freckled here and there with youthful *militaires*,—some going away, many saying the last few words they would ever speak to the pink ears that listened; that had listened to others the year before; whose owners would be ready the coming summer to accept the devotion of the next graduating class. But Miss Daisy was not one of these light-hearted triflers,—at least as far as "Eyes" was concerned; and he, too, was there, looking as if, but for the bystanders and Van Stump *père et mère*, he would have taken her in his arms and kept her there forever. But he couldn't.

Van Stump *père* was said to be "made of money," and he looked it. The *mère* was fat, forty, and very red. People said that while her husband furnished the money, all the "blood" was on her side. Miss Daisy was a darling. How she became possessed of such parents—I mean as to looks—Mr. Darwin might have explained. I can't. She was tall,—not too tall,—a figure round, yet lithe and springy, with violet eyes and hair of wavy chestnut; a face that was grave when in repose, and that flashed like a sudden burst of sunshine when she smiled; and she had that "excellent thing,"—a voice that was "*ever* soft, gentle, and low."

So "Eyes" had to content himself with the barest of partings,—a throbbing grasp; a yearning look; a tremulous "good-by;" a whispered "God bless you!" Then "all aboard!" was sung out. The boat moved into mid-stream, leaving poor "Eyes" on the pier to watch with all his soul the fast-receding face and form of what was all the world to him.

He had actually forgotten that a Being with a tape-measure was waiting at the other end of the road to take his measure for a uniform!

And as he walked quickly up the hill, little Dobbs, very much out of breath, overtook him.

"Hallo, Shanks, old boy! What'll you give for some news? I've seen the list. You and I get the —th Cavalry,—think of it! So we may as well go out together."

"Congratulate you, Chick," was the reply.

"Chick" was the fond abbreviation of Chiquito, as Tommy was styled by the class "for short," somebody said.

Shanks had naturally asked for a cavalry regiment, but how Chick had managed to climb into the saddle was not patent to the rest of the class, who knew his capacity for tumbling head-first into the tan-bark whenever his steed—and all the horses in the riding-hall were acquainted with Tommy—grew tired of drill. There was but one solution,—he had used family influence (for he came from the whisky part of Kentucky) to obtain such an assignment in order to be near his dearest friend.

It was arranged, then, that "the twins," as they were sometimes called, should start in company for Dakota, on whose wide plains their regiment was fast forgetting all about civilization.

"And now," said Chick, "what are you going to do with yourself? I must go home, of course; but, hang it! I don't want to stay in that distillery-soaked country too long, and shall get to the seaside as soon as a decent regard for the bones of my ancestors will permit."

"To say the truth, Chick, I hardly know; my guardian's people expect me to spend part of the next three months with them; but I shall run away down to the sea, and take a good long look at it, for you and I, dear boy, are not likely to see much salt-water in the next few years. Where do you bring up?"

"Oh, I shall go to that place where they have a lot of rocks and sand, and fish and things. Somewhere in Maine,—hang it! I can't think of the name. I've had to remember such a lot of stuff about HO^2, and all the rest of it (*so* useful in the cavalry), that hang me if I can recollect anything that I *do* want to know. But it begins with a B and has a pool, whatever that is."

"Chick, my boy, that's just where I'm going,—Biddeford Pool. Meet me there. Let's see,—I must go to Richfield in——"

"Yes; I know. *She* will be there. Go on. Congratulate you, old fellow, and all that; lots of tin, and as for beauty——" Here Chick clasped his hands and gazed at the sky.

"Don't be a donkey, Dobbs. I shall be there" (severely)—"at Biddeford in August."

"Pardon me. But, Shanks, dear old fellow, I saw it all when you both came back to the ball-room last night, and—Gad! I'm as happy about it as if—as if—as if I were going to marry you myself!"

By this time the two friends had reached the hallowed spot where

the Being from New York was waiting with the tape-measure. One of the results of his efforts was rather startling to Tommy's mamma, who said, when her son appeared to her wondering eyes in the full-dress uniform of a second lieutenant of cavalry, "Sakes alive, Tommy! if you don't look jest like the inside of a mustard-pot!"

II.

THE harvest moon in the fullness thereof was making a very early start just above the eastern horizon, glinting with a rosy red the jagged rocks that make picturesque the southwest coast of Maine, and in the mellow light it cast along the glistening beach many pairs of human doves found food for tender words. But of these, two only are just now very interesting.

Who were they?

Listen.

"What a delightful night for boating, is it not?" This from one who at first glance looked very like the Daisy.

But she wasn't *The*. And yet her likeness to Daisy was the cause of the interest, the something, that, as it overhung the tender edge of friendship, was felt for her by her companion, who answered,—

"Yes; look how the light seems to swim upon the waves. How calm it is!"

A pudgy youth who was the male bird of the other pair, and none other than Tommy Dobbs, with a new moustache looking like the business end of an old tooth-brush, here lifted up his voice with,—

"I say, Shanks! we are about to get up a rowing-party to the island and back, and you and Miss Mopus are booked to go."

"Oh, that will be nice!" said the young lady, who was the one with whom Shanks was, as Tommy said, rather coarsely, "keeping his hand in." "Really, Mr. Sinclair, of all things in the world a moonlight row is what I most dote on."

And his name was Jack Sinclair. The girls hereabout did not call him "Eyes," as did those who knew him where he wore gray cloth and pipe-clay; and yet they felt the magic of his glance none the less.

In a few minutes the big barge, filled with a jolly, melodious crowd, was off and away o'er the waters blue, but Jack and Miss Mopus were not in it.

How did this happen?

This was the way. When the party arrived at the pier whence they were to descend into the barge, Jack and Miss Mopus, who had stopped to admire a cloud-effect or something else, were a little in the rear of the column. I say Jack *and* Miss Mopus, but it was Miss M. who did the halting, and Jack, out of his natural courtesy, forbore to urge her onward. Poor boy! this gentleness cost him much.

So when they did at length reach the stairs at the foot of which the barge rocked lazily, it—the boat—was quite comfortably full, and the only available place was a bit of a triangular seat up in the bow, full of holes like a colander, upon which Miss Mopus said she would *not* sit: they must find room elsewhere.

"But, hang it!—I beg pardon!—you can't. We're like a lot of sardines back here. Might make room for *you*, Miss Mopus, and I'll give way for Shanks and go ashore." All this from Tommy Dobbs.

But Tommy's young lady was not going to stand any such nonsense, and she said, in a low but very energetic voice, that gave promise of an uncertain future for him who should win—I had almost said "and wear"—her; but *she* would do the wearing,—

"Mr. Dobbs, you are not going to desert me for *that* Mr. Shanks, I know."

Before Tommy could say a word either way Shanks called out, in his big voice, "No, no, Chick! Stay where you are. There's a little 'dinky' tied somewhere here, and Miss Mopus and I will soon be in your wake. You will not mind going with me, Miss Mopus?"

"Oh, no; should be charmed, Mr. Shan—Mr. Sinclair."

So, as soon as the barge crew pulled away from the pier, Shanks, having found the "dinky," brought it to the foot of the dripping steps, and Miss Mopus was soon sitting in the stern-sheets, her hand on the tiller, having on the way thither made two ingeniously unsuccessful attempts to swamp the craft by twice convulsively seizing Shanks as he stood up to assist her across the thwarts. Off they went in the track of the bubbles left in the wake of the barge, now many yards ahead. But Shanks pulled a strong oar, and at first it looked as if the distance might decrease; but it didn't. The little boat was so light, and Miss Mopus was so—well, not heavy, but her heavenly body *was* of the first magnitude—that the "dinky's" bow stood up a little, and, as the light chopping sea slapped at her, showed just a little bit of keel. Consequently rowing was difficult work, even for one who, like Shanks, had had the odor of brine in his nostrils all his life. And thus it happened that the barge, rapidly gaining, soon rounded the rocky point of the island and was lost to view.

Shanks saw nothing of this, for, like the man in the song, he "looked one way and rowed another." Courtesy demanded that he should look at his *vis-à-vis*, who *would* look at him and talk, and he found it a pleasant thing to do, though his heart was safe in the memory of the one dear girl far away. Miss Mopus talked very well; she was *very* pretty; and being like Daisy in many things physical, there was, as I have said, a certain tie, made up of interest, as one would feel in gazing at a not-too-well-drawn picture of a friend. Like and yet not like. That sort of thing.

Well, the lady talked. They all do, bless their dear souls!—yes.

Some more than others,—never less. And as she talked and gazed on the handsome brown face before her, she paid no attention to the course of the vessel she was assumed to be steering, when, all at once,—bump! and Miss Mopus fell nearly into the arms of Shanks, who, easing oars, replaced the lady, and remarked,—

"Great Scott! what's that?" And without waiting for a reply, turned his head to find that the nose of the "dinky" was fast in the sandy beach. So much for Miss Mopus's steering!

"I say, Miss Mopus, we can't cross the island, you know." And the youngster laughed.

It was not polite, and she chose to be in a little pet. One does not like to be told of one's faults, and least of all by the one who is dear, and Miss Mopus had begun to find that Shanks was very dear to her. There was enough in the situation—the moonlight, the everything—to make fire where but an hour ago was just a little smoke. And when Shanks apologized for his rudeness in his soothing way, Miss Mopus's heart fell fluttering at his feet. But he knew it not. Not he! He was too modest, too loyal to the girl whose blue lozenge, held by a golden thread about his neck, lay close against his heart (for he was a little bit sentimental), to dream that any one else could weave a tender thought for *him*. And yet when the Mopus laid her soft, white, perfectly modeled hand on his, pressing it just a little; looked with her deep gray eyes, that had a nice way of dilating and moistening, into his, and said in her full voice, so like Daisy's own, that she forgave him, it must be confessed that he felt a little queer. Man is called the sterner sex, but really, in a case of this kind, the odds are on the other side.

However, he said nothing,—nothing that his Daisy, had she then arisen like another Aphrodite from the sparkling foam, might not have listened to, but he did say,—

"The barge must be just round that point, and, if you like, Miss Mopus, we may as well scramble over the rocks and surprise them all. They won't expect to see us coming overland,—I know every step of the way."

"Nothing could be better, I'm sure, for I feel just a little cramped from sitting so long. So good of you to propose a walk."

So Shanks sprang out, taking with him a light, three-pronged anchor secured by a line, the other end of which was reeved in a ring set in the bow. This he sunk in the sand, and then returned to the boat, from which he helped Miss Mopus to disembark, the seizing business being repeated as she skipped over the gunwale to the somewhat sloppy beach. Foreseeing that the ebbing tide might leave the boat high and dry, he gave it plenty of rope, and midway upon the line set a heavy stone to prevent the "slack" dragging the anchor. Then the pair started for the other side of the rocky point.

The way was rough and rugged, and the moon had a tantalizing way (Shanks thought,—Mopus didn't) of going behind bits of black with silver-edged cloud when they came to a place where the assistance of a strong arm was necessary. The situation was not without its charm, for when the moon chose to do the magic-lantern act, Miss Mopus would creep confidingly closer to her escort. Yet, notwithstanding the animal, man, usually becomes human under such circumstances, Shanks behaved in so stolid a way that Miss Mopus thought him decidedly the reverse. And so, in this manner, the pair surmounted the point and descended to the beach on its other side to find—nothing! No barge, no party, nothing but the beach glistening like a white ribbon twixt them and the deep, blue, moonlit expanse of dancing water that stretched away until it met the star-specked sky.

"Why—wh—where are they?" from Miss Mopus.

"They didn't land here at all," said Shanks, who had been looking up and down the smooth beach for tracks and footprints, but had found none.

"Then what shall we do?"

"Only one thing to do,—go back."

And so they went back over the rocks with the same experience as to moon, clouds, and so on, but less enthusiasm on the part of Shanks, who didn't quite like the way the bargeites had given him the slip, as he thought. And he had let Miss Mopus steer! and, of course—but then it would be unmanly to blame *her*. He ought to have kept a sharp lookout and followed the barge. Miss Mopus was not at all put out. Hers was one of those large, unangular, indolent natures that seldom take things *au serieux* until they begin to look *very* black, and then—— But at present everything was roseate and fair in her mind's eye, and she may have clung a little closer to her escort's arm as they toiled up and down the smooth, moss-grown rocks that lay twixt them and the place where they had left the "dinky" dancing on the wave.

And when they got there, the "dinky" was—where?

"We can't have lost our way! This, certainly, was the spot where we left our boat," said Shanks, dropping Miss Mopus's arm and running to the edge of the shore, apparently in search of something, which he soon found. It was a stone, beneath it a rope, the end of which was ragged, as if it had been sawed in twain. This was the end towards the sea. The other seemed to be fast; and going towards it, Shanks found the anchor as he had left it, half buried in the sand. It seemed that the ebb of the tide had tautened the line, and the swaying motion of the boat had caused the strands to part as they worked back and forth against the edges of the rough stone which Shanks had placed on it. This very precaution had caused the disaster.

With a sinking heart he turned to say what could not be left un-

said; but the lady did not wait for him. She was, to put it mildly, in a rage. She reasoned, or rather, she concluded, for in the state of mind she found herself in just then reason had no place, that poor Shanks had purposely kept out of the way of the larger boat, and that the disappearance of the "dinky" had been part of his plan. It was an outrageous thought, and she was insane enough to give it words. She could have torn her tongue away a moment afterwards when she saw the horror that stood in his eyes.

For a moment Shanks was silent. Then he spoke: "Miss Mopus, you wrong me terribly. But it is not far to the Pool; I think I can make it in an hour, and soon afterwards you will be with your friends."

He slipped off the light sack he wore, and, kicking off his low shoes, ran swiftly to where the sea met the shore. But she was at his side in a moment, all anger gone, and, catching him by the sleeve,—

"What do you mean to do?"

He stopped,—gently tried to take his arm from her grasp, saying, quietly, "Swim to the Pool, Miss Mopus. Do not detain me. The tide is now at a stand, and time is precious."

"Swim! Oh, you will not be so rash! For my sake, too, after I have been so—so—so unjust! To risk your life for——"

"Miss Mopus," said Shanks, "I *must* leave you. I cannot permit——"

"You shall *not* go! That is, not without me; I mean—— Oh! Jack, do you not understand what I mean? Forgive me for the horrid words I spoke. What must you think of me! Do not despise me, Jack; do not leave me!" And with tears she threw both arms about him.

He endeavored to escape from the encircling folds of her warm embrace, but so firm was her convulsive clasp that without roughness he could not. In vain he protested that he was quite able to swim, that he had often accomplished even greater distances, and that she ought for her own sake to release him and let him take advantage of the tide ere it turned. But to all this was she deaf, averring that she would not cease to cling to him; that if he went into the water it must be with her arms about him; and at last, with beseeching tears and frantic words, extorted from him a promise which a moment later he cursed himself for giving,—that he would abandon all thought of swimming across the water, which now, owing to the freshening breeze, was beginning to chop about unpleasantly.

Then she let go, with a long sigh, and Shanks, who saw that he was in for it, led her away from the damp sand to where it was dryer and less open to the moist and chilling wind. Then he quickly brought together some of the flotsam and jetsam that formed the high-water mark, and having in his pocket matches, made a fire. A large, hollowed rock formed a convenient resting-place, and soon Miss Mopus

was, she said, quite comfortable. Shanks sat down on another rock near by, and, at Miss Mopus's desire, lit a cigar. She "adored cigars." But he was very silent. She thought to herself that, considering how affairs stood, he might say *something;* but she failed to take notice that the standing of these affairs was a little one-sided, and yet she was very happy. She might have been vexed at his moody silence had she not begun to be very sleepy. The long walk, the excitement and reaction, the fresh breeze, the warmth of the blazing pile, the fumes of the cigar, all combined to overcome her senses, and, leaning against the rock, she gently lapsed into the land of dreams.

Shanks sat still and pondered. He knew enough of the world to be certain that lots of unpleasant things would be said about them both, and as he smoked and thought, he resolved, as he glanced at the sleeping girl, that he would do all that any man might be called upon to do in such a case. Tender thoughts of Daisy came upon him, and the sweet tones of her voice as she had said good-by, after a week of bliss at Richfield, came back as if borne upon the wave. She would hear of this; he should certainly tell her of it. It would come best from him. Then came the thought: Why on earth those people over there did not send in search of them? Perhaps they were looking for them,—yet it was strange they did not come to the island. Then again, why should they come to the island? Altogether it was very unpleasant, and he longed for morning. At last the rosy sun shot up from the sea, and Shanks began to feel that, as the night had passed away, it might not prove such a confounded mess after all; so piling a few sticks on the dying embers, he lit a fresh cigar and strolled towards the beach.

When at the edge of the shore, he gazed anxiously towards the Pool, half expecting to see something setting their way; but no,—there was nothing. He looked back at the place where he had left his companion. She had not stirred. Then he walked along the beach, which soon bent seaward, when in the red light of the early sun he saw, close at hand, that which made his heart stop.

Not a hundred yards off, and held in a cluster of sharp, black rocks that stood up above the fast-rising wave, was a dark object that increasing daylight told him was a boat.

It was the "dinky." But how came it there? He saw it all: the ebbing tide had carried her that way,—she had jammed between the rocks,—the flood would soon carry her far away to sea. Not a moment was to be lost. In he plunged, and, after a few minutes' rough buffeting with the white-caps which boiled about the jagged cliffs, his hand was upon the gunwale of the boat, that with this slight shock floated free in an instant.

He lifted himself in; found the oars; at once, with a few swift nervous strokes, drove the "dinky" half her length upon the sandy

beach, and a moment later stood dripping like a Triton before Miss Mopus, who at that instant awoke.

"How you startled me! Have I been asleep? But, Mr. Sinclair, why, are we—— Oh, yes, I remember now; and you are so wet,—it has not rained?"

"Pardon me if I am abrupt. But we have not a moment to lose. The boat is waiting. Come!"

"The *boat!* And you have done what you said you would not do. You might have drowned, and what would have become of *me?* Oh, Mr.—Jack!"

"I have not been to the Pool, Miss Mopus," returned Shanks, who, in a few modest words, related what had happened. And then, in a moment more, the two castaways bade adieu to their island with light yet anxious hearts.

III.

We have seen that the barge did not touch at the island, and hence it follows that, having circled it about, its crew took it back to the Pool, where the party were not a little surprised to learn that Shanks and Miss Mopus had not returned. Still, no one thought of danger, and, after a few rather loud whispers, the matter appeared to have been dismissed from the minds of all save Tommy and his fair enslaver.

"Hang it! you know," said little Tommy, "I don't like it at all. Engaged, you know, to the very loveliest creature you ever saw,"—a doubtful sniff from the lady,—"and to go off and *stay off* in this way with *another girl!* It's not a bit like old Shanks, Miss Bang,—well, Ophelia, then."

"As for your Miss Mopus——"

"*My* Miss Mopus! Well, I like that. Really, Miss Ban—Ophelia, then——"

"Be good enough not to interrupt. I am not surprised at any extraordinary departure from—from—well, you know what I mean—on the part of that young person; and as for *that* Mr. Shanks,—as he calls himself,—well, all men are alike."

"I say, you know, Miss Ba—Ophelia, then, if all men *were* like old Shanks, what a jolly world this would be! Eh?"

Miss Bang might have retorted, but she refrained; and the bright promise of an affectionate "good-night" was eclipsed by the appearance on the scene of Mr. and Mrs. Mopus, who were naturally worried about their daughter. So the vestal Bang withdrew, accompanied by the small, malodorous watering-place lamp, leaving her Thomas to confront the anxious parents.

To them Tommy told all that he knew, and wound up by advising

them to go to bed, saying that everything was sure to be right, and that he would go down to the pier and wait for the truants. He confessed to himself that he did not see what good this would do, nor why it should have any soothing effect; but the old people appeared to be easier, and that was something.

When the "dinky" hove in sight the next morning, an hour after sunrise, Tommy, with a severe face, stood at the head of the steps.

He bowed with grave courtesy to Miss Mopus as she came up leaning on Shanks's arm, and seemed half annoyed that she met his gaze so frankly. She put him wonderfully in mind of the Daisy as she had appeared upon her return to the ball-room that moonlit eve in June *minus* the blue button, and he couldn't understand it at all. Shanks was very damp and *distrait*, and though he bore himself not untenderly towards his companion, there was nothing in his appearance to recall the night when he had lost a button. Tommy was not sorry to see his friend thus, but he did not like to find him quite so haggard and constrained.

"Hang it!" he said to himself, "I don't like it!"

As soon as they reached the hotel, Miss Mopus flew to her mamma, where, if you please, we will leave her for the present.

"Now!" said Tommy, "come to my room. I want to talk with you. Come!" The little man's dignity and abruptness would, under other circumstances, have brought a laugh from Shanks, but he felt the premonitory chill that heralds coming clouds, and meekly followed Tommy to No. 44. His own was No. 45; the two communicated. The little chap offered him a wicker flask, saying, "I brought that from home." And while Shanks helped himself, went on,—

"Do you know what you have been about?"

"Do I know? Of course I know that I've got that girl into a pretty mess,—and myself, too. But, Chick, it was all a mistake——"

"Do you call it a 'mistake' to stay out all night with——"

"Stop! not another word until you have heard me!" And then he rapidly told the story of the night's adventure.

Before he had finished, Tommy's left arm was about his shoulders and their right hands were clasped.

"But," said Tommy, "my dear fellow, you must not hope that this will go down with the hollow crowd. If you *hadn't* found your boat and had stayed on the island until some of the natives had picked you up, it would have been better,—romantic, you know, and all that. But, from your own view of the case, I ask you what sort of a story will that woman from the Pacific slope, Mrs. Rummill, and her shadow, Miss Ekko, create out of such materials? What can you do? Then there's poor Miss Mopus. Fight? yes; but you can't call out the world. And as for the fair sex,—you know the luck Don Quixote had with the windmills."

"Well, then, what *am* I to do?"

"Blessed if I know! Yes: take off those wet things and go to bed. I will be on the *qui vive* for public opinion, and—there goes the gong: I'm off!"

So Shanks turned in, and Tommy went to breakfast.

When Tommy returned to where he had left Shanks, one end of the matutinal cigar had gone out, while that which he held between his teeth was much out of condition. He was in such a rage. He slammed the door, flung his dumpy carcass into a chair, kicked the table, swore a little; and this awoke Shanks, lying in the next room, who called out,—

"That you, Chick? What's the matter?"

"No end of a row. I shall not be surprised if you have a visit from Papa Mopus; so you had better get up and——"

"What the devil—— You don't really mean——"

"Yes, I do. That poor girl came down to breakfast with mamma just as if everything was all right, and——"

"Well, isn't it?"

"Wait till I tell you. You need not fly out at *me*."

"Pardon, old fellow. *Go* on."

"Granted. Now be quiet. As I was saying, Miss Mopus came down fresh, smiling, and looking as happy as if—— I'm afraid you've made a mash there, Shanks."

"Stuff!"

"Well, I was about to say 'sour mash,' of course, knowing how you stand in—in—another quarter; but every confounded woman in the place turned her back upon her. Cold cut and no mistake. And then they began to talk at her in that nice way women have. Said all sorts of really brutal things about you two being out all night, and that sort of thing. She couldn't help hearing,—they didn't whisper,—and after sitting a few moments at table, looking, as each horrid speech fell upon her ear, as if she had been stabbed, she burst into tears and rushed out of the room."

"Great heaven! what have I done?" from Shanks, now dressed and walking up and down Tommy's apartment.

"You? nothing! Couldn't be helped, of course. And yet——" A mute shrug of the shoulders from Tommy, who then went on: "I couldn't stand this, you know, and broke out in a way that forced people to listen, and told the whole story."

"Thanks! thanks!"

"Well, the men—there were not many about—seemed to see how it was; but the women—even my Ophe—Miss Bang, I mean—were worse than before. That horrid one—all red satin and diamonds—sneered out, 'Quite the Romance of a Poor Young Man,' and Miss Ekko, of course, came in with 'Poor Young Man.'"

Shanks, with something between a curse and a groan, dropped into a chair.

Tommy continued: "Then I went out. I felt that if I didn't go away I might say something. So I went off to the beach; but whom should I run across there but that fellow Swag,—J. B. Swag he calls himself. He was disposed to be confidential, but I promptly intimated to him that if he had any remarks to make it would give me pleasure to name a friend, who would make the usual arrangements. I don't think he knew quite what I meant; but, if he had been a Kentucky gentleman instead of a J. B. Swag——"

A knock at the door, which being opened, disclosed a servant, who bore the card of Papa Mopus, upon which was a penciled request for a few moments' private conversation with Lieutenant Sinclair.

"Show him up," said Tommy; and as the door closed, "Let him come in here, old chap. I'll get out for a bit." And, taking his friend's hand, he added: "Keep up your end of the log; it's all right, you know."

"Never fear," returned Shanks; "I'll face the music."

The twins shook hands. Tommy descended to the parlors, and soon afterwards did penance by "holding" worsted for Miss Bang, who was engaged upon a thing *she* called an afghan. *Some* called it Penelope's web.

The interview between Mr. Mopus and Shanks was said by those ladies whose rooms were on the same floor to have been "very quiet." They omitted to explain how they knew this, but they "knew" such a lot of things, that the Mopus family found it convenient and merciful for themselves to leave the Pool that same day.

The beach that afternoon was the scene of another interview, one which afforded entertainment and occupation for many eyes and tongues. The twins were in earnest conversation, frequently halting as if to emphasize their remarks, and it was observed that Shanks appeared to be resolved upon something which seemed to call forth much energetic remonstrance from Tommy. Miss Bang, who, like the rest, could not hear a word, was, in consequence, fairly bubbling with that kind of wrath which seems to boil best 'neath vestal flame, and alluded to the now absent Miss Mopus as a "creature."

The gong sounded as the pair approached the house. Shanks went to his room,—didn't want any tea; but Tommy, whose appetite was proof against everything but repletion, took his charmer in to table, where he nearly choked with rage and cold beef while the red satin female from the Pacific slope, her Miss Ekko, and his Ophelia made mincemeat of the departed Miss Mopus.

Next morning when the little man arose, he found upon his table a letter from Shanks, containing another, and explaining that he had gone,—didn't care to say good-by,—would soon meet him at Fort

——, their station, and would he, when in New York, deliver the inclosed?

Poor Tommy burst out crying. "He's done it, then! He said he would. Poor, dear boy! What an ass! Confound those women!"

IV.

It was September, in New York. The Van Stumps had returned. Mr. Van Stump was in stocks,—couldn't stay away any longer; his rosy spouse declared there was nothing to eat in the country,—she was nearly starved; and Daisy was eager to see "Eyes,"—he would be in the city in September.

She had not had a letter for a week; but he was at the seaside,—yachting, perhaps; he would come himself, soon. Every ring at the door-bell made her heart throb; but he came not.

One morning while at breakfast she saw in the *Herald* something that nearly stunned her. She looked again, doubting the evidence of her own eyes, to see announced the marriage of Lieutenant John Sinclair, U. S. Army, to Isabella, daughter of Mark Mopus, of——. She could read no more, but sat like a stone for a time, then rose and left the table, taking the newspaper with her to her own room. There, she locked the door, and tried to think. It was all over, then. Her dream had vanished; she had thought herself so happy, and now—— But, stay,—it might not be *her* John Sinclair after all: it might be a trick,—a hoax. She had heard such things talked about. But then came the doubt, why had he not written? Why this? Why that? It seemed to her that until she *knew* that he had been false she must have faith in him.

A ring at the door-bell!

It caused her heart to throb, but it was not the eager, expectant leap of yesterday. It was that of dread.

A knock on her door. A card:

"Lieutenant Thomas Dobbs,
U.S.A."

It was not "Eyes"; but it was his dear friend. She might learn from him. Yes, she would see him at once. And down the stairs, with the fatal newspaper in her hand, she slowly walked to meet poor little Tommy, who would have looked only less like a wraith than herself if he could have looked liked a wraith at all.

Without waiting to offer any conventional remarks, Tommy, pointing to the paper she carried, said,—

"You have seen it, then? This, perhaps" (here he presented the letter Shanks had confided to him), "will tell you all. I can't." And

the tears stood in the little fellow's round, honest eyes and trembled in his voice.

She took it, but did not then break the seal.

"'This will tell me all.' All? What? Nay, do not speak, Mr. Dobbs; I will read the letter."

She was very calm, although one hand played in a fitful way with a bell-button that hung from a chatelaine she wore.

"Yes; read it, and let me say—you know—good-by. I *couldn't* see you read it" (the tears were chasing one another down his cheeks). "And so, Miss—Miss—Daisy,—*he* always called you that,—I'll say—goo—good-by."

They shook hands and parted.

Tommy went to his hotel, rushed to his room, and passed the day in a most miserable state, forgetting all about dinner and Miss Bang,—the last-named charmer having returned to town.

She went to *her* room. There she broke the seal and read "Eyes's" truthful account of what had occurred at the Pool. His letter concluded with this:

"And now, my heart's own darling,—let me call you so for the last time,—I shall never call any one else so dearly,—you know what I *must* do. Such terrible things have been said—you, dear, sweet, pure heart, can never guess what—about this poor girl, that I, knowing myself to be their cause, feel that there is but one thing left for me to do. God forgive me if it be wrong. But I feel that it will be only right. I shall keep the blue button, dear, unless you send mine back to me. We shall meet again some day, but not here. God bless you, and farewell!"

Later, those who sought her found her lying in a faint upon the floor.

Among those who rode into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, which, one bright morning in June, lay crouching in swart, abhorrent form, was no better soldier than Lieutenant John Sinclair, of the —th Cavalry, who, during the short halt which preceded the subsequent attack, crossed over to where little Tommy Dobbs, on a large and sedate horse, sat wondering what they were going to do next.

"Chick, old fellow," said Shanks, in his gentle way,—gentler now than of yore,—"Chick, good-by!" And he held out his hand, which Tommy squeezed.

"Eh? Oh, of course. Good-by, Shanks. What's up now?"

"Simply, Tommy, that I don't think I shall get out of this affair. There's going to be hot work."

"Oh, come now, old fellow! You mustn't talk about not pulling through. It won't be much of a row. These things never are, you know. Blaze away all day; great waste of ammunition; Indians

suddenly disappear; long accounts from 'Our Special Correspondent'; everybody's trousers worn out, and nobody hurt. That's the style."

"Yes, I know; but this will be different, and I want you to take charge of this and return it to—— You know, Chick." And he made as if he would take something from within the breast of the blue hunting-shirt he had on beneath his blouse. But at this moment the word was passed to mount, and Tommy, who was a little way off from his troop, dug spurs into his staid beast and cantered away, calling out,—

"Can't stop now, Shanks. It's all right. See you to-night. Dine with us,—antelope and slapjacks!"

And when the smoke had cleared away, among the mutilated, despoiled, and slain were said to be Shanks Sinclair and Chiquito Dobbs, but their corpses could not be recognized.

And when Rain-in-the-Face rode insolently into the agency at ——, on the Upper Missouri, the wind that stirred the lappels of the cavalry officer's blouse he wore (bloody, torn, and stained) exposed upon his tawny breast a blue satin button.

Above a little iron cot within a cloistered room hangs a wreath of faded immortelles, within which in withered violets are the letters "J. S.," and from the wreath depends one silver button.

NIGHT ATTACKS.[1]

PART I.—*Their Nature. Classification. Causes and Motives. Justification. Preparation.*

THE study of fighting by night is, when embracing all connected with it, very extensive, for in addition to embodying most of the branches of the science of day battles, it has many others peculiar to itself.

To bring the subject within manageable limits this paper will be strictly confined to such actions as have either commenced or finished in the dark, and points connected with ordinary fighting will only be touched on when it appears that they must be materially modified to meet the requirements of night attacks.

In consequence of this limitation the following nocturnal operations will not be considered:

1. The taking up of a fresh position during darkness so as to surprise the enemy next day, as Frederick the Great did at Liegnitz, and Napoleon at Mantua.

2. Night marches undertaken to turn positions or lines of defense, of which the campaigns of Marlborough afford such brilliant examples in our own military history.

3. Night marches made to gain time, or avoid pursuit, as Dumouriez's before the battle of Valmy.

4. Combats in the dark, which have simply been parts of great battles and not distinct attacks of themselves. Such occurred at the celebrated battle of Kadesia in 638, which joined all Western Persia to the empire of Islam, and at the well-known relief of Turin in 1706, by Prince Eugene.

5. Battles prepared, but not begun before dawn, such as Inkerman, except a few of their incidents which illustrate points of night tactics.

Such operations as those just mentioned are doubtless closely connected with the subject, but so is the whole question of outposts, etc., and in night warfare so much depends on small details that it is very necessary to draw the limits of its study as close as possible.

[1] Several recent events in our own military history have been omitted, as I have thought it more becoming not to bring into discussion operations conducted by my superior officers.

Night attacks have been incidents in the wars of all ages. A detailed account is given in the Old Testament of one made by Gideon on the Midianites and their allies. The Athenians under Demosthenes made an unsuccessful attempt on Syracuse. The great Hannibal defeated the consul Junius on one occasion by wearying out his troops by cavalry attacks all night. On Trajan's column there is a scene supposed to represent the capture of a strong post by moonlight. And every one has heard of the attack by Gauls on the capitol, frustrated by the alarm given by the cackling of geese, which Napoleon referred to when he said, "The success of a *coup de main* depends entirely on luck, on a dog or a goose."

It is, however, in modern wars that we must seek for useful examples.

This kind of enterprise, having been very frequent in the last century, became rare, except in the case of sieges, during the Napoleonic period, but it is again beginning to be common and is now advocated by many writers.

Clausewitz explains the decrease by the fact that the more active tactics of Napoleon rendered the knowledge of the enemy's position difficult to obtain and uncertain, and that the bivouacs then in use were less easily distinguished than the regular encampments of Frederick the Great's time. A study of the examples of history appears to prove also that it is almost, if not quite, a necessity for the attack that the defense should have some well-defined object to hold, such as an intrenchment or village, where it is certain to make its stand, for if no resistance is met with, the assaulting columns will lose themselves in space as a boxer missing the aim of his blow loses his balance; as the quickly moving masses of French troops seldom intrenched, this is another reason for the decrease.

In Frederick's time, too, most of the instances were the surprises of towns, which then played a much greater part in war than they did later on, and the chief object of all night attacks was to obtain the advantages of surprise. The troops of Napoleon and those of his enemies contained too many veterans to be easily caught napping, and so it is only towards the end of the period, when his troops were young and unformed, that we find this kind of attack much used.

Nowadays, though the advantages of surprise are as great as ever, there is a much stronger reason for undertaking the risks of night fighting; viz., the deadly effect of modern firearms and the facilities for avoiding it afforded by the veil of darkness. At the same time, also, that the advantages of night attacks are becoming greater, their execution is easier, for the same cause renders intrenchments necessary, while practice and progress should be able to simplify the combinations and manœuvres required.

Before proceeding further in the general examination of the subject,

it may be as well to divide the various kinds of attacks into classes, and point out the leading peculiarities of each class, as the nature of an engagement varies with its object, locality, and surrounding circumstances. The division has been made as follows:

Class (*a*). Attacks on intrenched positions.
" (*b*). Attacks on important points preliminary to a general action at dawn.
" (*c*). Attacks to recover important posts.
" (*d*). Attacks to capture important posts.
" (*e*). Attacks on posts or parties which in the daytime would receive support from others.
" (*f*). Attacks made by the weaker belligerent to extricate himself from a dangerous position.
" (*g*). Attacks to effect the passage of an obstacle.
" (*h*). Attacks made in continuation of actions begun in the daytime.
" (*i*). Attacks made to cover a retreat.
" (*j*). Attacks made to harass the enemy.
" (*k*). Surprises of strong places.
" (*l*). Assaults on fortresses.
" (*m*). Sorties.
" (*n*). Actions arising from the chance meetings of troops.

These classes may seem too numerous, and some examples doubtless belong to more than one class, and some of the features of one class resemble those of another, but each has some peculiarity of its own, and the thorough subdivision will in the end tend to simplification.

Class (*a*).—Attacks on intrenched positions,—*i.e.*, such as have been whole actions in themselves and not parts of larger ones.

The hope of gaining the advantages of surprise has generally had a considerable influence in causing these enterprises, and sometimes the object has been to save the time necessary for a regular siege, as in the cases of our storming the camp of Cornelis in Java[2] in 1811, and the attempt by the Prussians on the lines of Düppel[3] in 1864. The real aim, however, has been in most cases the avoidance of losses from the fire of the defense, when these have appeared likely to be severe in consequence of the ground in front of the position being open and calculated to give to the fire its full effect. Examples are to be found in the storming of the lines in front of Seringapatam[4] by Lord Cornwallis in 1792; the attack of the French at the battle of Alexandria,[5] 1801; and the assault on Mount St. Nicholas,[6] in the Schipka Pass, in September, 1877.

Class (*b*).—Attacks on important points preliminary to a general action at dawn have either been undertaken for the sake of surprise,

[2] Thorn. [3] Crousse. [4] F. of M. Dirom. E.I.M.C.
[5] Walsh, Wilson, Thiers, etc. [6] Grandin.

or because the possession of the point attacked has been absolutely necessary to the assailant for making his preparations for battle.

The most celebrated of all night attacks, that in which Marshal Daun fell on Frederick the Great's right flank at Hochkirch[7] in 1758, is an example of the first object; the capture of the cemetery height south of Eylau, which Napoleon wanted to include in his line of battle in 1807, of the second. The surprise of the French outposts on the Heights of Abraham[8] in 1759 is another instance, but the actual fighting was insignificant.

Frederick the Great, Clausewitz, and Marmont all recommend such an attack as the best, if not the only method of making a surprise with large forces, for these, fighting in the dark, are very liable to confusion, but the sudden onslaught on important spots just before dawn will produce confusion on the side of the defense, while the combinations of the attack will have daylight for their execution. Unless, however, the preparatory movements of the battle take place before dawn, a surprise on a large scale is wellnigh impossible.

Class (*c*).—Attacks to recover important posts, lost by neglect, or the fortune of battle, during the preceding day, have been very frequent, and must be expected if the side which has lost them has not been thoroughly beaten. There have, indeed, been many failures, but in several cases, where the assailant has not obtained immediate success, the enemy has been prevented establishing himself securely and has been obliged to abandon the captured position next day.

At first sight this class would seem to be much the same as the next, but it differs in one important particular, in that in this class of attack the assailant generally knows the ground better than the defender, which is a circumstance very favorable to the undertaking.

Examples are afforded by the attempt of Charles XII. to dislodge the Danes, Prussians, and Saxons, under the Prince of Anhalt, from the island Rügen,[9] opposite Stralsund, in 1715; and that of the Allies to recover the Château at Brienne in 1814; also by the recapture of the village of Servigny on the evening of the first day of the battle of Noisseville[10] in 1870; and of the post of Villa Evrard[11] before Paris at the end of the same year.

Class (*d*).—Attacks for the purpose of capturing important posts have been made at night either because the capture has been apparently indispensable, and delay would have given the defense time to improve its position and so have increased the price of success later on; or, because an attack by daylight has been impossible. The capture of the passage of the Iser at Podol,[12] by the Prussians in 1866, is an example of the first; the attempt on Fort Bard[13] in 1800, of the second.

[7] Carlyle, Jomini, etc. [8] Pierron. [9] R.M.C.
[10] G.O.A. [11] G.O.A., Vinoy, Ducrot, etc. [12] P.O.A., Thival.
[13] Marmont.

Class (*e*).—Attacks on posts or parties, which in the daytime would receive support from others, are often the only possible method of attaining the desired aim in consequence of the overwhelming strength of the support likely to be brought into action. Their advantages are increased in the present day by the power to maintain the position gained, given by the effect of modern firearms. The examples of this class are particularly interesting. Concerning the attack on the British post at Stony Point[14] in 1779, Washington has left letters[15] which form an almost complete set of rules for such enterprises. The surprise of Marmont's corps by Blücher's troops in 1814 at Athies,[16] two miles from Napoleon's right, obliged the latter to withdraw from the battle of Laon. Again, the captures of the Russian outpost at Kizil Tepe[17] in Armenia, and of the Turkish position on the Green Hills[18] before Plevna in 1877, are illustrations of the advantages now to be gained in compensation for the risks incurred; in the first, by the time the Russians had learnt what had happened and had collected sufficient forces to attack, the Turks were intrenched and day began to break, and all efforts to recover the lost post were then futile; in the second, the Russians were intrenched before daylight, though the troops covering the working parties had to fight hard during the night.

Class (*f*).—Attacks, made by the weaker belligerent to extricate himself from a dangerous position, depending entirely on surprise, are certainly operations best undertaken under the veil of darkness. In 1828, General Geismar, with five thousand Russians, was cut off by the Seraskier of Widdin, at the head of a force of twenty-six thousand men and thirty guns. After an indecisive action, the Turks rested for the night round the village of Bojeles-chti.[19] General Geismar, dividing his small force into eight columns, attacked his enemy the same night, completely routed him, and captured arms for ten thousand men, twenty-four standards, and four hundred and twenty-four wagons. The Turkish outpost duties were, of course, carried out with the carelessness characteristic of Oriental armies. During the war in America in 1813, a small British force, under Major-General Vincent, at Burlington Heights, was cut off by three thousand Americans, who encamped at Stony Creek,[20] seven miles from the British position. Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, having reconnoitred the ground, advised a night attack; General Vincent intrusted its execution to him, and at the head of the Forty-ninth Regiment, and five companies of the Eighth Regiment, in all seven hundred and four rank and file, he succeeded in putting the Americans to flight, his loss being twenty-three killed, one hundred and thirty-six wounded, and fifty-five missing.

Class (*g*).—Attacks to effect the passage of an obstacle have been

[14] Carrington. [15] Upham. [16] Danilefsky, Pierron, Bourelly, etc.
[17] Bornecque, Melikoff, etc. [18] Ziekoff.
[19] Russell. [20] Brackenbridge, James.

made in the night generally to surprise the defense, while scattered along the line of the obstacle, but the avoidance of losses likely to be incurred during the time of passage has also been a consideration, and this latter object appears to have been particularly aimed at by Napoleon when forcing the line of the Vkra, near Czarnowo,[21] in 1806. This example is particularly interesting, as both sides prepared for the nocturnal combat, and the manœuvres were carried on as if by day. Other instances are the well-known passages of rivers, such as that of the Rhine[22] by Moreau in 1796, of the Limat[23] by Massena in 1799, and of the Danube[24] by the Russians in 1877. These enterprises require long preparation and great secrecy, where surprise is the object, which are difficult conditions to fulfill.

Class (*h*).—Attacks in the dark in continuation of actions begun in the daytime have been made,—

1. Because it has been necessary to strike a blow without any delay; such as the piercing of the French line at La Tuilerie by the Tenth German Corps, on the night of the second day of the battle of Le Mans,[25] in 1871, which obliged the whole of Chanzy's army to retreat next day.

2. To increase the result of a victory; such as the attack at Etoges,[26] made by Marshal Marmont, on a body of Russians, after the battle of Vauchamp, in 1814. There can be no doubt that the results of a victory may be greatly increased by a night attack, but such have not been frequent, because, as both Clausewitz and Marmont have pointed out, the large element of chance, always present with them, causes the victor to run the risk of losing the advantages already gained. Marshal Marmont also considers that the propinquity of the two forces is a condition absolutely necessary for success.

3. As a last forlorn hope of obtaining a victory; such as the capture of the Turkish post at Gorni Dubniak[27] in 1877, after repeated failures during the daytime.

The battle of Niagara Falls,[28] between American and British troops, in 1814, is another example which has an especially interesting feature, in that it was fought in the open without any defined position. In it the British, though they eventually remained masters of the field, suffered considerable loss by the fire of their own side, and by the One Hundred and Third Regiment, with some of the Sedentary Militia, and two field-pieces, wandering in the dark into the centre of the enemy's army. The confusion was so great that some guns are said to have been unwittingly exchanged.

Class (*i*).—Attacks made to cover a retreat have been frequent, but they are, as a rule, so mixed up with the other manœuvres of a battle, that they are difficult to separate from the whole, and seldom afford

[21] Foucart. [22] Dedon. [23] Limat.
[24] Grandin. [25] G.O.A. [26] Marmont.
[27] Grandin, Ziekoff, Greene, etc. [28] James.

any lesson particularly applicable to fighting by night. Two examples may be noticed, the attack of Sacken's Prussian corps on Marshal Ney, who had taken up a position at the village of Schmoditten, which commanded the Allies' line of retreat from Eylau, in 1807, and the attack made by Napoleon with the Young Guard to protect his retreat at La Rothière in 1814, at which Sacken also assisted, but this time on the victorious side.

Class (*j*).—Attacks made to harass the enemy may be of two distinct kinds,—

1. Descents on parts of cantonments or on positions of a more or less stationary character.

2. Attacks made with small bodies in order to deprive the enemy of rest, or to produce confusion in his ranks,—*i.e.*, to fatigue, harass, and demoralize his troops.

The first kind do not differ much from any other night combats except in being, as a rule, executed with small bodies of troops. Instances worthy of study exist in the descent on a Spanish outpost position at Villa Velha,[29] on the Tagus, by British and Portuguese troops under Colonel Burgoyne in 1762; in the surprise of a French post at Morsheim[30] in 1794 by Blücher (then a general of hussars); and in one on Prussian cantonments at Assendrup[31] by Danes in 1864, which last is very fully described with some valuable criticisms by Lieutenant-Colonel v. Boguslawski in his book on minor operations.

The second kind differ from all other night operations in that noise, and therefore firing, are essential on the part of the attack, whereas in all others silence must be maintained as long as possible, and, curiously, is most necessary in attack, belonging to the first subdivision of this class. The advantages to be gained by this form of warfare have been often pointed out, and have been vividly brought to my notice, by letters General Sir James Fitzmayer, R.A., has kindly written to me concerning his Crimean experiences. An illustration is afforded by the battle of Hochkirch in 1758. At this the Prussian army paid no attention to the firing accompanying the commencement of the Austrian onslaught, as it was supposed to be one of the raids the light irregular horsemen of Hungary were in the habit of making nightly. On the other hand, however, as Captain Bourelly of the French staff has observed, feints of this sort when repeated too often can provoke on the part of the enemy an increase of vigilance awkward for a real attack.

These combats are the most frequent of all nocturnal enterprises, but those belonging to the second subdivision cannot very well be illustrated, as they are generally too insignificant in their result to receive a detailed account, without which the study of them is not of much use.

[29] F. of M. [30] Pierron. [31] Boguslawski.

Class (*k*).—Surprises of strong places, or attempts to execute them, have been of common occurrence in all wars, especially in those of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, and many examples will be found in the memoirs of the Marquess de Feuquières.

The reasons for their having been undertaken have been various, but among them the following may be taken perhaps as the most common:

1. The circumstances being favorable either through the attack having partisans within the place or the garrison being weak, etc. The most celebrated example is the attempt on Cremona[32] made by Prince Eugene in 1702, which is interesting to us, as it is believed that the two regiments who stood firm and offered the first resistance to his victorious advance, though their commanding officers fell at the very commencement of the fight, were Irish ones in the service of France. In this case there were friends within the walls who arranged for men to be admitted during the preceding day to open the gates, and the look-out on the part of the garrison was exceedingly defective.

Another well-known instance is the capture of Prague[33] in 1741, in which Maurice de Saxe had the largest share. Here the garrison was too weak for the extent of the walls. This case also is an example of the next reason for attempting a surprise, viz.:

2. To anticipate the arrival of reinforcements for the garrison; for the Austrians under the Duke of Loraine, the husband of Maria Theresa, were hastening up, having been set free by a secret understanding with Frederick the Great.

3. To hasten the end of an investment. An example of this is the attempt by the French on Trichinopoly[34] in 1753, which failed chiefly in consequence of the ignorance of the attack of the ground inside the works. Some of the assailants fell into a pit, and their muskets going off alarmed the garrison.

4. In consequence of the want of time or means for conducting a siege or investment. Thus when Sir John Keane arrived before Ghuznee[35] in 1839 the place was found to be stronger than expected; the army, however, had no battering train, and was running short of supplies. A *coup de main* was the only way out of the difficulty. The attempt was successful. Another well-known instance is our disastrous repulse at Bergen-op-Zoom[36] in 1814. An example of an attempt and failure on a large scale occurred in 1877, when the Russians attacked the city of Erzeroum[37] in consequence of the season preventing any siege operations being practicable. The failure was in this case due to defective arrangements and ignorance of the ground.

5. Because the possession of the post has been of importance, and

[32] Feuquières, Pierron, etc. [33] Broglie, Saxe, etc. [34] Orme.
[35] Durand, etc. [36] Cust, Jones. [37] Ziekoff.

the carrying of it without surprise and the cover of night has promised very heavy loss. The Prussians almost succeeded in capturing the fortress of Bitche[38] in 1793, and probably would have done so if their ladders had not been too short. The British troops captured the important fort of Niagara[39] in America in 1813: entering the gates, which were opened for the relieving of the outposts.

Enterprises of this class have often been successful, but Wellington, and also Marshal Marmont, considered they should not be so if the *morale* of the garrison be good. The former, writing of the attempt on Bergen-op-Zoom, says, "Sir Thomas Graham is very unfortunate. However, night attacks upon good troops are seldom successful."

Class (*l*).—Assaults on fortresses, after a certain amount of siege operations, afford more examples of nocturnal fighting on a large scale than any other class of combats.

The reason for this is to be found in the conditions of this kind of warfare, which give both sides time and opportunities for thoroughly "learning the ground," and of obtaining precise information on all points connected with the enemy, and at the same time make attacks by daylight particularly costly on account of the previous preparation of the defenses and field of fire. The assault of Bender[40] by the Russians in 1770, and those of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz[41] in 1812, are well-known instances. Wellington's orders for the last two must always serve as examples, and a study of the details of execution is very instructive, showing how very small are the incidents on which depend success or failure.

In our own day has occurred the brilliant feat of arms which, in a few hours, delivered Kars[42] with its garrison of twenty-three thousand men protected by twelve forts into the hands of a Russian army whose infantry only exceeded that of the defense by seven thousand men. This, by the enthusiastic advocates of night attacks, may perhaps be compared to the long, weary investment of Plevna with its many repulses, but it should be remembered that in the last case the garrison was a large field army actively led, which would have had more chance of surprising and defeating the attack after its first onslaught than the latter could ever have had on its side to start with. It may, however, be safely said that no attack on Kars by day could have succeeded without a much greater loss.

Class (*m*).—Sorties have naturally been more frequent even than assaults, but in most cases it is difficult to discover their particular object, and so to decide whether they have been successful or not. Those made from Gibraltar[43] in 1781, and from Bayonne[44] in 1814, afford instances of the employment of large forces at night, and on a

[38] Cust.
[39] James.
[40] F. of M.
[41] Napier.
[42] Greene, Ziekoff, etc.
[43] Drinkwater.
[44] Cust, Napier, etc.

smaller scale those at Pondicherry[45] in 1760, and Toulon[46] in 1793, are very interesting.

Class (*n*).—Actions arising from the chance meeting of troops in the night have been placed last, because they generally occur between insignificant parties, are seldom recorded in detail, and can by their nature be subjected to no rules. In 1863 a cavalry combat took place near Spottsylvania between the Sixth New York Cavalry and Fitz-Hugh Lee's Confederate brigade under General Stuart; the Federals succeeded in escaping, and after the first onset there was much confusion among the Confederates, as their regiments charged each other.

When the bodies concerned have been of any size, the object of both adversaries has been to break off the engagement as quickly as possible to await daylight. Such instances are to be found in the encounter of British and American troops before the battle of Camden in 1780, and one between the armies of Suwarrow and Macdonald during their struggle on the Trebbia in 1799.

All the most eminent commanders and military writers, who have expressed their views on the subject, have recognized that the chief characteristic of night fighting is the tremendous *rôle* in it played by chance, and while admitting the possibility of great results, have regarded it with disfavor, and have considered success to be the exception and not the rule. The opinions of Napoleon and Wellington, as expressed concisely, have been already quoted. Frederick the Great said in his instructions to his generals, "For my own part, I am determined never to attack by night, on account of the confusion which darkness necessarily occasions, and because the major part of the soldiery require the eye of their officers and the fear of punishment to induce them to do their duty."

Military science, after exposing the greatness of the risks of these enterprises, will require a complete justification for running them. This justification is to be sought in—

I. Necessity.

II. The probability of success, or in the fact that

III. The value of the advantages to be gained far outweighs the risk incurred.

I. Necessity, of course, exists in all the cases where the adversary is immeasurably superior in numbers, and there are no means of avoiding a conflict.

Frederick the Great[47] said of the attack made by Charles XII. on the Prince of Anhalt at Rügen, in 1715, "The King of Sweden had reason for so doing, as daylight would have discovered the weakness of his army. He came with four thousand men to attack five times the number, and of course was defeated." The affair of Bojeles-chti[48] in 1828 rather weakens the "of course."

[45] Orme. [46] F. of M. [47] Frederick. [48] Russell.

Necessity, also as a matter of course, justifies attacks made to protect retreats. It may also form part of the justification of many other classes of night combats, through the undesirability of delay, or the greatness of the probable loss in daylight; but in these cases, if failure ensues, other conditions are required to make the plea complete.

II. The probability of success. This depends on whether the circumstances are favorable or unfavorable, and a decision on this point involves many considerations, whose relative values are almost always different in each individual case.

Among the favorable circumstances the following may be noted:

I. That the discipline and *morale* of the attacking troops are good. This is next to a necessity, for all attacks must be preceded by marches, and, as Sir Archibald Alison told the Highland Brigade in Egypt in his farewell address, nothing is so severe a test of discipline as a night march. One would have thought that if troops were ever disciplined those of Frederick the Great were, but, as before noted, it was his distrust of their qualities in this respect that he gave as one of his principal reasons for never undertaking a nocturnal combat.

The confusion, too, always produced by darkness, and the difficulty of supervision by the leaders, and of directing combined movements, will invariably cause the fighting to assume an individual character, which demands a high *morale*. The qualities requisite for this style of combat belong in different degrees to different nations.

2. That the discipline and *morale* of the enemy's troops are bad. The effect of a night alarm on bad troops is sometimes so great that it may almost be a full justification for the undertaking.

At Le Mans,[40] in 1871, when the Germans had pierced the line at La Tuilerie, no efforts of the French generals could induce their half-formed and badly-armed, clothed, and fed regiments to close with the victors. Of the effect of the Saxon attempt to recover Villa Evrard before Paris in 1870, which was not an immediate success, General Vinoy has written: "The night alarm had caused, at a considerable distance from the locality, a regular panic among the marching battalions of the National Guard, which were in reserve in the villages of Fontenoy-sous-Bois, Neuilly-sous-Bois, Neuilly, Plaisance, and Rosny. Although they were separated from the enemy by the village of Neuilly-sur-Marne, protected by the battalions of Gendarmerie, and covered by the plateau of Avron, a large number of National Guards were terrified at the simple apprehension of danger; the idea of an attack, as yet impossible, which might reach it, caused the Two Hundredth Battalion of the National Guard to fly first to Fort Rosny, then to the glacis of the enceinte, and lastly into Montmartre itself. Other battalions manifested like symptoms of discouragement and fear, and part of their men dispersed in all directions."

[40] G.O.A.

3. That the adversary's outpost system is defective, or its duties are badly carried out. This appears an essential condition for a surprise on a large scale, and is a fault characteristic of certain nations and commanders.

At Athies, Marmont allowed his young troops to spread in search of food and shelter on the cold March evening after their long march. His guards were inadequate or wanting, and, in consequence, Blücher fell on his detached force with foot and horse, capturing over two thousand prisoners and forty-five guns, and gaining a superiority which compelled Marmont's great master to retire from the field as soon as he received news of the disaster.

At Cremona, Trichinopoly, Hochkirch, Stony Creek, Bojeles-chti, Assendrup, Kars, in great and in small affairs, this defective lookout has been the first cause of the assailant's success.

4. Any other carelessness or laxness on the part of the defense.

At Cremona,[50] in 1702, a number of Prince Eugene's soldiers succeeded in passing into the town during the preceding day disguised as peasants, and no sentries were found on the walls. At Prague,[51] in 1741, Maurice de Saxe and M. de Chevert, by a personal reconnoissance just before the assault, discovered a heap of manure and rubbish against the escarp wall, by which the column mounted. At Fort Niagara,[52] in 1813, the Americans left the gates open while the outposts were relieved, and the British having captured most of these, entered with the fugitives. At Ghuznee,[53] in 1839, the Afghans, though they lighted the top of the walls, left the foot in darkness, and so the engineers blowing in the gateway escaped detection.

5. Proximity of the enemy, inasmuch as it lessens the risk of confusion and wandering on the part of the columns of the attack during the preceding advance, and causes the defense to have little time for its preparations. Marshal Marmont regarded it as a condition essential for success, but there are several instances of night attacks having been made successfully after considerable marches.

At Seringapatam,[54] in 1792, Lord Cornwallis, with over eight thousand men, had four or five miles to cover before reaching Tippoo Sultan's position. At Stony Creek,[55] in 1813, the small party of British troops had a march of seven miles; and at Fort Niagara,[56] the same year, the force had to cross the river in the dark three miles above its destination.

6. The state of the atmosphere, which should be dark and rainy or foggy when the expedition is on a small scale, and surprise is the object, but clear and moonlight when large bodies have to be employed, and the chief reason for choosing night for the enterprise is the avoidance of loss by fire.

[50] Feuquières. [51] Saxe. [52] James. [53] Durand.
[54] Dirom, etc. [55] James, etc. [56] James.

Writing to Brigadier-General Wayne, concerning his projected attack on Stony Point[57] with a small force in 1779, Washington said, "A dark night, and even a rainy one, if you can find the way, will contribute to your success." The brilliant victory at Kars and the miserable failure at Erzeroum in 1877 are examples of large enterprises undertaken, the one on a moonlight, the other on a dark night.

At Skobeleff's attacks on the Green Hills[58] before Plevna in 1877, a thick fog enabled the concentration of the detachments to be carried out in perfect secrecy.

7. Concealment being afforded for the preliminary movements and advance by the features of the ground or by woods, inclosures, etc.

At the capture of the village of Danjoutin[59] by the Germans during the siege of Belfort in 1871 a fold of ground and woods concealed the attack almost until the final rush. At Hochkirch, 1758; the passage of the Limat, 1799; Marmont's successful enterprise at Etoges in 1814; and at the descent of the Danes on the cantonments at Assendrup in 1864, woods favored the undertaking.

8. In his comments on the affair of Assendrup, Lieutenant-Colonel v. Boguslawski has pointed out what a favorable circumstance it is if the natives of the country are friendly, as it diminishes one of the greatest dangers,—that of information reaching the enemy enabling him to surprise the attack instead of being surprised himself.

In addition to the above-mentioned circumstances, favorable to all night attacks, the three following have great influence in those made on "localities":

9. The existence of a body of friendly-disposed inhabitants, or the possession of some small part of the place.

Thus, at Cremona, in 1702, a friendly priest hid no less than six hundred of Prince Eugene's men in his chapel and the cellar of his house; and when the French took the village of Servigny late in the evening of the first day of the battle of Noisseville in 1870, Lieutenant Lauterbach concealed his company in a small vineyard at the northwest side of the village, and having waited patiently until the German counter-attack was made in force, overwhelmed the nearest French troops with a vigorous file-fire on their right flank, which materially assisted the recovery of the post.

10. Any imperfection in the works of the defense, such as bad repair, the possibility of escalde, or the absence of flanking fire.

At Cremona there were no grills over the openings through which the surface drains communicated with the ditch. At Zierenberg,[60] in 1760, there was more than one gap in the wall. At Kars the forts were not secure against escalade and had no flanking defenses.

11. The strength of the garrison being too small for the extent of the ramparts.

[57] Upham. [58] Ziekoff. [59] Wolff. [60] F. of M. A. R., 1760.

This played an important part in the taking of Prague in 1741, and of Schweidnitz[61] in 1761; and formed the chief ground for expecting success in our attempt on Bergen-op-Zoom in 1814.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that circumstances which are the opposite to those just enumerated are to be regarded as unfavorable, and that sometimes the simple absence of them must be so likewise, but one—the want of discipline or of a good spirit in the attacking troops—deserves notice for three reasons: 1, desertion is generally of common occurrence in an army with this defect, and consequently secrecy is difficult to obtain; 2, from the nature of things the effect of a surprise must always be greater on the assailants than on the defenders, and bad troops cannot be expected to withstand it; 3, such troops require close supervision by their officers, which is impossible in the dark.[62]

Generally speaking, favorable circumstances are such as assist in the execution of the prepared plans, the effecting of a surprise, and the production of confusion in the ranks of the defense; and unfavorable circumstances those that hinder the attainment of these aims. It is difficult to particularize further, but the following are some of the causes that have most frequently led, or nearly led, to failure:

1. Losing the way during the advance, and want of knowledge of the ground or locality.

In 1799, Wellington (then Colonel Wellesley) lost his way in making an attack on an outpost before Seringapatam. At the battle of Alexandria[63] the left column of the French left wing bore too much to the right, and in putting it straight again General Lanusse was mortally wounded; his fall caused the attack to slacken, and the first light of day gave the British a chance of firing with success. At Erzeroum,[64] out of four attacking columns only half of one reached its proper position.

2. Mistakes concerning the destination of a column, or the point of attack.

In M. de Lally's sortie from Pondicherry in 1760, the left column was to halt at certain villages and await the signal for the simultaneous attack of three more, when it was to fall on the rear of the right flank of Colonel Coote's camp, which would have been at a short distance from the halting-place. By some unexplained mistake it halted one mile short of its destination, and, when the signal was given, had not time to reach its proper place before the other columns were beaten. At Seringapatam, in 1792, Lord Cornwallis's right column attacked the strong Mosque redoubt it ought to have left on its right. This mistake entailed terrible loss and prevented the column co-operating with the others. At Badajoz, again, the Light and Fourth Divisions, moving against the main breach, mistook an unfinished ravelin for it, and

[61] Carlyle, Jomini, etc. [62] Frederick. [63] Thiers. [64] Ziekoff.

mounting into it got mixed; they suffered terribly from the French fire and lost all cohesion. The mistake was rectified as far as possible, but with the shaken troops the assault was unsuccessful, though Napier's vivid account will ever be a monument to those who fell in the desperate struggle.

3. The presence of unknown obstacles or defenses.

At Rügen, Charles XII. hastened to attack the Prince of Anhalt before the latter could establish himself in the island, but he, knowing his adversary's character, surrounded his camp with a ditch and *chevaux-de-frise*. Charles arrived without any noise, but the Swedes speaking to one another while removing the *chevaux-de-frise* alarmed the camp, and the consequence was their severe defeat. At Trichinopoly, 1753, some of the assailants fell into a pit, and their muskets going off alarmed the garrison. During the French sortie from Bayonne in 1814 a detachment of the Thirty-eighth Regiment, under Captain Forest, were able to prevent the complete capture of the village of St. Etienne by holding a house, rendered defensible by some ready expedients. In an account of the attempt by the Afghans, in 1842, on Kandahar,[65] after describing the measures taken to repulse the fierce onslaught, the following occurs: "But more serviceable even than these movements was one which opposed a solid obstacle to the entrance of the besieging multitude. From the commissariat godowns a number of grain-bags were brought down and piled up at the burning gate. About nine o'clock the gate fell outwards, and then a party of Ghazies climbed the lofty barricade of grain-bags as men weary of their lives, then fell dead and desperately wounded beneath the heavy fire of our musketry. Spirited was the attack; spirited the defense. The fate of Kandahar seemed to tremble in the balance. For three hours the Ghazies renewed, at intervals, the assault upon the gateway; but they could not make good their entrance to the city, and at midnight drew off in despair."

4. Uncertainty as to the position of the other side.

The incident of a large party of British troops wandering in the dark into the middle of the American force at the battle of Niagara Falls has already been mentioned. An attack on Turkish posts at Berdek[66] in 1877 nearly came to grief from this cause. This last example is the one selected by Captain Roodzinsky to illustrate points in the offensive tactics of night fighting in his valuable pamphlet on "Marching and Fighting by Night," published at the Staff Printing Office of the Wilna military district in 1881.

5. Want of energy, or stupidity of individuals taking part in the enterprise.

At Mantua,[67] in 1793, a *coup de main* was attempted on an outwork; three hundred men were dressed up in the uniform of one of

[65] Kaye. [66] Roodzinsky. [67] Marmont.

the regiments of the garrison and were to pretend to be driven in by a French attack, and so gain admittance into the work. The command was given to an Italian who had once served in the Austrian army, and had deserted. He, not much relishing the chance of being taken prisoner and hung, took so much time about the preliminary sham battle, that the Austrians were not deceived. At the storming of Ghuznee, the retreat having been sounded in consequence of its being thought that the gate was not blown in, Durand, of the Engineers, who knew that it was, and that every moment was precious, asked an infantry officer to let his bugler correct the mistake, but the latter would not take the responsibility or allow Durand to do so, and insisted on higher authority being obtained, causing a delay which might have been fatal.

6. The most frequent cause, however, of the assailants being defeated or checked has been the alertness, good behavior, and skillful leading of the troops for the defense. Cremona, Bergen-op-Zoom, Düppel,[68] Cuddalore,[69] and numberless other affairs are all examples of this.

Marshal Marmont, in his book "De l'Esprit des Institutions Militaires," says of the surprises of strong places: "But it is necessary to bear well in mind that, even with the most favorable elements, it is still possible to fail, if the garrison thus surprised is animated with a good spirit, if the soldiers are endowed with an energy which hinders them from calculating at the first moment the disproportion of their strength and the danger, and causes them to think only of defending, and in no way of saving themselves. Then each soldier fights where he stands, the smallest parties take post in all directions,—at the door of a house, at the corner of a street, behind a vehicle; they thus unexpectedly disarrange the combinations of the enemy by suspending the advance of the foremost troops. Here there is a first chance of safety for the place. Then the chances increase with every moment; other troops form in imitation of the first, and soon the garrison, being all a-foot and freed from that powerful moral effect which the unforeseen always produces, acts in combination, and comes victoriously out of a struggle in which at first it seemed that it must succumb. In such circumstances the soldiers who are by chance first placed in the presence of the enemy should have no thought but for the safety of their comrades, and of the glory which always accompanies a grand act of devotion."

In addition to the above, there are the same causes which lead to disaster in the daytime,—such as the fall of leaders, sudden reasonless panic among the troops of the attack,—whose effects are increased by the confusion produced by darkness.

III. The third condition on which a night attack may be justified,

[68] Crousse. [69] C. of V. Hamont.

viz., that the advantages to be gained far outweigh the risks incurred in its execution, cannot, except in one instance, be analyzed without an answer to the question, What are the advantages of night attacks?

The one case excepted is when the force risked is very small compared to the whole, and circumstances render it impossible, or very unlikely, that the demoralization of failure will spread to the troops not actually engaged. The completeness of this justification is so self-evident as to require no proofs, though there are ample to be found in military history.

It appears that the advantages that are to be gained by, *i.e.*, the motives, viewed as distinct from the causes, for attacking by night instead of by day may be divided under three heads, which in an ascending scale of importance at the present day are,—

1. Gain of time.
2. Surprise.
3. Avoidance or diminution of loss.

1. The gain of time results from various causes. It is very clear, if works of approach are rendered unnecessary in consequence of a successful assault.

If a position necessary for the preliminary arrangements of a battle is seized during the previous night, it is likely to save much time on the actual day; as, for example, the taking of the cemetery hill at Eylau in 1807.

The side attacked being unable to estimate the amount of force employed compared to its adversaries' available strength, but impressed by the energy displayed in continuing or commencing an action in the night, may be induced to suspend its movement, and so be anticipated at the common goal or obliged to accept battle. The energy of General v. Werder's fight at Villersexel[70] in 1870, continued long into the night, caused Bourbaki to suspend his advance for a short time, and, in consequence, the Germans reached the line of the Lisaine before him. In 1878 a small body of Russians, consisting of six battalions, two regiments of dragoons, and two horse artillery guns, by a bold night attack on the Turks in the village of Karagach,[71] stopped the retreat from Philippopolis, and gained time for the rest of the Russian army to arrive. The result was the battle of the 17th of January, which finally drove the Turks in disordered masses into the Rhodope Mountains.

A position will take less time to recover immediately after its loss than when the enemy has established himself in it.

Time is also gained in the actual combat, for all the preliminary stages, now so long, are entirely eliminated, and the final rush is reached at once.

The gain of time is of course the motive for all attacks made to cover a retreat.

[70] Thival, etc. [71] Fédoroff.

2. Surprise. This formerly was the principal aim of all enterprises undertaken at night. Clausewitz begins his chapter on them thus: "Fundamentally, every night attack is only a more vehement form of surprise," and continues throughout with this view of them in his mind.

The advantages, too obvious and too well known to require any enumeration, of a successful surprise always heighten the *morale* of the side achieving it, and produce a demoralization on the other, which may have scarcely any limits. "The more an attack resembles a surprise, the more sure can one be of success."

This motive will still be present in every night attack; for even in those prepared for by both sides, such as the passage of the Vkra in 1807, there must exist opportunities for stratagem and deception, and partial surprises; but day by day, as firearms are improved, the third motive outdistances the others more and more.

3. The avoidance or diminution of loss is attained by fighting at night in more ways than one. The movements and numbers of the attack being concealed, the defense cannot deploy all its strength against it. The blows and combinations of the defense may be paralyzed by the demoralization produced by surprise and the confusion due to darkness. The desired position may be gained before the defenders' supports can arrive. When attacks are made to recover a post immediately after it has changed hands, the defense probably has not had time to examine and develop the whole of its resources.

The principal cause, however, that losses have been less by night than by day, is that the accuracy of all sorts of fire is destroyed by the want of sufficient light to aim by, especially with regard to giving the proper amount of elevation. This effect, which is felt on moonlight as well as on dark nights, has increased in importance as the weapons have become more accurate, but at the same time have required more delicate manipulation. Now, however, it is being diminished by the flatter trajectory of the projectiles, which renders any adjustment of the sights unnecessary for effective ranges, and also by the increased rapidity of firing, which makes it possible to launch a perfect storm of lead over all the field of fire.

Under these circumstances it would seem that the avoidance of loss will have to be sought in the future chiefly in the shortness of the combat, and so surprise will again increase in importance, though it will be a means to the end, and not the chief motive for fighting by night.

The losses incurred in the present day in attacking positions held by well-armed troops are so great that to avoid, or lessen, them may well be a complete justification for running all the risks attending operations carried on in the obscurity of night, if these risks have been properly considered and provided against. History, however, affords so many examples of the danger incurred that no motive can be a valid excuse if failure results from neglect of its lessons.

Night attacks having for the sake of clearness been divided into classes according to their various characteristic features, and their aim and the grounds on which they can be justified having been examined, the subject can now be considered in its relation with the attack and the defense.

Preliminaries of the Attack.—When an attack by night is contemplated, the first to be done is to gain every possible information concerning the enemy, and the ground must be thoroughly learnt. This must be accomplished by using all the sources of information available, but it must be borne in mind that "what the assailant knows of the defensive previous to a night attack is seldom or never sufficient to supply the want of direct observation." It is only the imperative necessity of maintaining complete secrecy or of acting without any delay that can justify a night attack being undertaken without a previous reconnoissance made either by the commander in person or by trusted officers.

This may be a strong statement, but it has a strong foundation.

Frederick the Great in his instructions to his generals says, "The nature of the country and the position of the enemy should be perfectly well understood prior to the formation of any plan. . . . Be particularly careful to conceal your design, for secrecy is the soul of all enterprises."

The Duke of Wellington, after miscarriage of the enterprise led by him before Seringapatam in 1799, wrote to Lord Mornington,—

"I have come to the determination, when in my power, never to suffer an attack to be made by night upon an enemy who is prepared and strongly posted, and whose posts have not been reconnoitred by daylight."

If the commander cannot make the reconnoissances himself, as did Lord Cornwallis at Seringapatam, 1792, Napoleon on the Vkra, the leader of the attack should do so, as in the cases of Maurice de Saxe at Prague, Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey at Stony Creek in 1813, and Captain Manstein at the capture of the village of Danjoutin before Belfort in 1871. If this is not possible, the officer who has had most opportunities for gaining information and knowledge of the ground should at least be consulted. Washington, writing finally to Brigadier-General Wayne about the descent on the British post at Stony Point[72] in 1779, said, "You are at liberty to choose between the different plans on which we have conversed. But as it is important to have every information we can procure, if you could manage in the mean time to see Major Lee, it may be useful. He has been so long near the spot, and has taken so much pains to inform himself critically concerning the post, that I imagine he may be able to make you acquainted with some further details. Your interview must be managed with caution, or it may excite suspicion."

[72] Upham.

As secrecy is so important, for surprise is ever advantageous, it is clear that the reconnoitring party should be as small as possible, but if no officers with a perfect knowledge of the locality are available as guides, a certain number of properly qualified ones should be included, who may either guide the columns themselves or act as checks on the natives employed for this purpose. Such a check is necessary, as the natives, even if faithful, are, as a rule, unaccustomed to military movements, and are liable to become confused.

No reconnoissance at a distance will suffice.

Washington, in the letters already referred to, says, "The three approaches here spoken of should be well reconnoitred beforehand, and by persons of observation. Single men in the night will be more likely to ascertain facts than the best glasses in the day." Our modern telescope-makers would probably claim to have improved on the glasses of last century, but the attempt of the Russians on Erzeroum in 1877 is an example that the maxim still holds good. Here, according to Major-General Ziekoff's account, "all the commanders of columns and detachments took part in a reconnoissance on the 27th October (8th November). During this the routes laid down for the columns appeared so clear from a height within musketry range of the town that it was considered impossible for them to lose the way. . . .

"The same afternoon Colonel Voïnoff, Acting Chief of the Staff to No. 1 Column, from a point within cannon-shot of Top-dagh, explained to Colonel Prince Amiradjiboff and all the officers of the Baku and Elizabethpol Regiments all the details, and pointed out to them the positions of the various fortifications and buildings."

General Ziekoff goes on to say,—

"It was soon to be proved that this knowledge of the ground gained by means of a bird's-eye view with a *viva voce* explanation was quite a different thing to that gained by experience and habit, by the help of which a man can sometimes, as it were by instinct, find his way in complete darkness."

The officers intended to act as guides should be, as said above, properly qualified, and in addition to the usual qualifications for reconnoitring duties should have one only to be obtained by practice; it has been defined by Captain Roodzinsky to be the faculty of recognizing during darkness objects, noted in the daytime, by their profiles against the sky-line.

When it is impossible to make a reconnoissance without the risk of the design being discovered and complete secrecy is necessary, agents and spies have to be used, but, even if their fidelity is unquestionable, the importance of full and accurate information is such that every means should be employed to verify their statements. If use is made of deserters or of natives whose fidelity is doubtful, it is necessary to regard their information with the greatest suspicion unless very strongly

corroborated, for as the assailant must principally base his plans on the supposed dispositions of the defender, they will be completely disarranged if his supposition has been made on false grounds.

It is by no means intended that such information should never be used, for history affords many examples of successful night attacks which have either been founded on the knowledge gained from such sources or have been materially assisted in their execution by deserters.

Thus at Stralsund[73] in 1715, a Swede fell off the ramparts into an arm of the sea, which, to his astonishment, turned out to be very shallow. He immediately deserted, and the result was that the besiegers captured the outer line of defense, and very nearly entered the town. At Prague, 1741, Ghuznee, 1839, Kandahar, 1842, and many other places the information of deserters proved of great value; and in the attack made by our troops on the intrenched camp at Cornelis, Java, in 1814, where a reconnoissance was impossible, a deserter, who had marked the path in anticipation, acted as guide to the principal column.

Secrecy is, as a rule, so important that it cannot be too much insisted on. Its observance may be said to have been one of the principal causes of success in most cases, and there are numberless examples of disaster resulting from its non-observance. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the plan of attaining it which has proved most successful has been to communicate the intention of making the enterprise to as few persons as possible, but it will not be out of place to quote one instance illustrating the care that should be exercised in the choice of the persons chosen for the confidence. At Ghuznee, 1839, the intention to attempt a *coup de main* was communicated to the Political Envoy, "who, ignorant or heedless of the possible consequences, permitted the matter to become generally known in the Shah's (our protégé's) camp, from whence it spread to the place, and caused the garrison to be all night on the alert."

This was the night before the actual assault. The account is taken from Sir Henry Durand's "First Afghan War."

The difficulty of maintaining secrecy, of course, increases when extensive preparations have to be made to overcome obstacles, etc.; but the passages of the Rhine, Limat, and Danube before quoted prove that it is not insurmountable. Sometimes it will be necessary to allow the "departments" attached to the army to remain in ignorance, as their preparations often take considerable time, and the more complete they are the more difficult is it to conceal their object, while secrecy becomes more and more necessary as the time for action approaches. "As it is in the power of a single deserter," Washington wrote, "to betray the design, defeat the project, and involve the parties in difficulties and danger, too much caution cannot be used to conceal the intended enterprise till the latest hour from all but the principal officers of your

[73] R.M.C.

corps, and from the men till the moment of execution. Knowledge of your intention, ten minutes previously obtained, blasts all your hopes." . . .

Schweidnitz, 1761; Bayonne, 1814; and Kandahar, 1842 are instances of the defense receiving information of the intention of the assailant.

If it appears that a night attack is feasible and there is a sufficient hope of success, the next thing is to carefully prepare the plans for its execution. These, of course, must depend on circumstances, but the following rules[74] have to be remembered:

1. The chief characteristic of all plans should be their simplicity.

Combinations depending on the co-operation of many columns are almost sure to fail,—

As is evidenced by history, for the fact of such combined movements forming an essential part of the plan led to failure at Cremona, 1702; Pondicherry, 1760; Alexandria, 1801; Bergen-op-Zoom, 1814; Mount St. Nicholas, 1877; and Erzeroum, 1877.

II. If it is absolutely necessary to attack at more than one point at once, the separation of the parties should be put off as long as possible.

This is for the sake of simplicity, and also to enable the officer in command of the whole expedition to supervise the different columns, for subordinates are apt to be wanting in perseverance if unforeseen difficulties are encountered.

Thus, at Washington's celebrated raid on the Hessians at Trenton in 1776, one of his columns finding the river difficult to pass gave up the attempt; its commander, Colonel Cadwallader, writing to his chief, "I imagine the badness of the night must have prevented you from passing over as you intended." The march of General Hill on Arroyo Molinos in 1811 is a good example to follow.

III. The numbers employed should be as small as is consistent with the requirements of each particular case.

This is to insure simplicity and secrecy, and to avoid "putting too many eggs into one basket."

It is the power for mischief given small bodies by darkness that has been one of the principal recommendations of nocturnal enterprises, and especial weight has been accorded to it by Washington and Marshal Marmont, whose opinions are re-echoed by later writers.

IV. Feints and false attacks are nearly always useful, but must be made with sufficient energy and force to attract serious attention.

An example of a very successful false attack is to be found in the capture of the outworks at Stralsund in 1715 before alluded to. Here

[74] It is not intended here, or elsewhere, in these lectures to lay down hard and fast rules for the conduct of nocturnal tactics, as to do so would be absurd. These so-called rules are only considerations that should be duly weighed in preparing the plans, and must be modified to suit the circumstances of each particular case.

the besiegers distracted the attention of Charles XII. from the real assault on the side of the sea by making an energetic advance with a column of two thousand men along a causeway leading to the works from another direction.

On the other hand, the attack of the French dromedary corps on the English left at Alexandria was so feeble that its true nature was quickly discovered.

Ruses and tricks, though resembling feints and false attacks in many ways, are apt to introduce a certain amount of complexity into the plans, and are accordingly objectionable. They have not often succeeded, or been of much use.

At the passage of the Vkra in 1807, Napoleon had damp straw burnt at a point some distance above the real crossing-place to lead the Russians to fear an attack on their right flank, a few light infantry and six guns being placed behind the screen of smoke to heighten the effect by their firing. At Kandahar in 1842 the gate was set on fire by brushwood placed against it by an Afghan pretending to be a simple seller of firewood, who was unwittingly allowed to approach close up to the walls while demanding admittance. The Marquess de Feuquières, pretending to be a friend, once engaged the enemy's officer of the guard in conversation, while one of his men made arrangements to blow in the gate under his very nose.

V. Every party should have a fixed destination, or limit to its advance.

If it has not, and the enemy is not found in the position expected, the result must be confusion, which may enable the defense to successfully assume the offensive. Also, if the lines of advance converge, the columns may cross each other if not stopped in time.

Under favorable circumstances, however, the main attacks may be directed to push beyond their original destinations, and false attacks to become real ones with one important proviso, viz., that this extended action shall only be in the first instance attempted by small detachments unless the leaders are perfectly sure of their ground, and the danger of confusion and mistakes very small.

VI. Supports are always necessary to restore impetus to the advance, if it is checked, and to form a nucleus for the re-establishment of order after the assault.

Captain Roodzinsky strongly insists on the necessity of a general reserve, which is only an extension of this rule, which certainly applies to all cases but that of an attack made on a strong place from many sides at once, when the use of a single reserve is not very apparent.

VII. If successive positions have to be carried, arrangements must previously be made for securing those first captured.

This will generally be effected with special reserves, as was done at the surprise of Schweidnitz in 1761, where the Austrians had four

columns, each composed of four battalions, two of which were not to move until the first line of defenses had been carried by the other two; then they were to occupy them, and the leading battalions were to resume their advance and attack the inner wall.

VIII. The routes selected should be easy to recognize, and as short and direct as circumstances allow.

This is not only necessary to facilitate the arrival at the appointed destination at the proper time, but also to simplify the rallying of the troops in case of failure, for as a rule the line of flight or retreat will be in the same direction as the last part of the advance, and beaten troops will not have time or coolness sufficient to follow a circuitous path.

The plans being settled, orders have to be framed to direct their execution. Simplicity must again be the chief aim, both to avoid mistakes and to enable the directions to be easily carried in the memory.

Without a doubt the best guarantee that a staff-officer shall not omit important points is, as in all other branches of the art of war, his possession of a thorough knowledge of good models, and there are many existing of orders issued for night attacks. All examples are useful, whether good or bad, if only properly studied, but among the former the following are especially worthy of notice:

Washington's letters and instructions for the descent on the post of Stony Point, in 1779.[75]

Lord Cornwallis's orders for the assault on the lines before Seringapatam, 1792.[76]

Wellington's orders for the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, in 1812.[77]

Laudohn's dispositions for the surprise of Schweidnitz, in 1761.[78]

Napoleon's orders for the passage of the Vkra, in 1806.[79]

The orders of the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaïwitch for the storming of Kars, in 1877.[80]

The orders can be divided under various heads, and these again can be grouped into two classes, viz., orders concerning the preparation; and orders concerning the execution.

In the first class may be placed—

1. The general idea.

2. The distribution of the force and its equipment.

3. The route, destination, duty, and the amount of independence of each column.

4. The hour of departure, and that for commencing certain actions.

5. Countersigns, watch-words, distinctive badges, and signals of all kinds.

The second class contains—

[75] Upham. [76] Dirom. [77] Jones.
[78] Jomini (?) [79] Foucart. [80] Greene.

6. Any details of execution that the absence of practice in nocturnal warfare or the peculiar circumstances require, and those the importance of which renders their continual repetition desirable.

7. Measures to be taken after success.

8. Measures to be taken in case of failure.

The first class will alone be considered for the present, the second being left until the study of the execution of the enterprise is reached, as in this latter case an examination of the conditions under which the orders have to be carried out will afford the best explanation of what each head should include, and the reason for its presence.

It may be as well to remark before considering any of the orders in detail, that, although one or more will generally have to be given under each of the above headings, yet the necessity for secrecy and conciseness requires that they should be so arranged that individuals need only receive those which concern themselves. Care, however, must be taken that sufficient officers with each detachment are fully acquainted with the plans, so that if the original leaders are disabled they can be immediately replaced.

At Cremona, 1702, and at Bergen-op-Zoom, 1814, the fall of officers commanding columns upset the plans, in the first case, thus: "The officer commanding the second column was to fire rockets when he had seized the Po gate, as a signal for the attack of the Modena column on the bridge-head. He alone was intrusted with the secret, and he was killed outright at the first discharge. The officer commanding the Modena column alone knew the destination of it, and, while waiting for the signal to advance, lost his leg by a cannon-shot from the bridge-head, and was unable to give any instructions afterwards."

1. The general idea must be explained as concisely as the necessity for clearness will admit; and in the first instance need only be communicated to the principal officers destined to lead the attack; but every one in the force should have some notion of it before the movement actually commences.

2. The distribution of the force, of course, must depend on circumstances, as also does its equipment. By equipment is meant the provision of means for overcoming obstacles, such as hay-bags for filling ditches, scaling-ladders, fascines, gabions, and tools for intrenching the captured position, etc.

The delay that may be caused to columns advancing in the dark by unexpected obstructions is so great, and the advantages to the defense gained so manifold, that such are very likely to be met with, and in consequence a detachment of engineers should form part of every column. In the case of storming works armed with cannon, a small party of artillery should also be joined to each column of the real attack in order to spike them; or, if it is probable that they will be capable of being used against the defense, a larger party for that purpose.

Cavalry and guns had better not be mixed up with infantry, and the same may be said of ammunition mules and those attached for medical purposes.

3. The route, destination, and duty of each column should be perfectly well known to more than one officer in each; and should be explained to the other officers and men at the last moment, for the work of direction must be considerably lightened if the individuals have a correct idea of the end sought.

The amount of independence allowed to columns cannot be generally defined, but the impossibility of seeing the progress of other columns, and the importance of punctuality in moving, will always render it less than in the daytime; in fact, the nature of night attacks is such that the plan for them must be very precise, and, as a rule, the action of separate parties will have to be very strictly laid down.

An exception, of course, must be made for false attacks, and also for those made by small bodies to harass the enemy, for in these much may be attained through the enterprise of the leaders. As an example of the first may be quoted the success of Maurice de Saxe's column at Prague in 1741, though it must be confessed that it appears that he himself always intended it to be a very real attack.

The orders of the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaïwitch for the assault of Kars seem a very good model in this respect. They were as follows:

(1.) "The troops investing Kars are to gain possession of Forts Souvari, Kanly, and Hafiz Pasha.

(2.) "The attack must be made unexpectedly, and efforts must be made to take prisoner, or else destroy, the garrisons of these forts, and to get possession of the guns in them.

(3.) "At the same time as the attack of these forts, demonstrations will be made against other points of the enemy's lines of defense, in order to divert his attention and his troops from the real point of attack.

(4.) "These demonstrations may be converted into real attacks, taking advantage of the enemy's confusion, or other favorable circumstances, but only by small bodies, in an experimental manner, in order to avoid great losses.

(5.) "Such attempts may be made also by the troops charged with the principal attack, after the latter has been executed; Fort Tchim, and the wall of the town, are specially indicated as the objects of these attempts. Under entirely exceptional circumstances, such, for example, as a case of complete panic on the part of the enemy, such an operation is authorized with reference to Karadagh, but the difficulties of its execution must not be lost sight of."

4. The hour of departure varies in particular cases and for particular columns, and must be regulated by the distance to be passed over to the starting-points of the columns in the actual attack and the time at which it is desired to commence certain actions.

The latter must be decided on the following considerations:

(1.) The distance from the previous positions of the attack only affects the question when the cover of dusk or darkness is required to conceal the preparatory concentrations; the earliest hour then possible being that which allows time to reach the desired points.

(2.) If surprise is desired, an unusual hour should be chosen.

Washington wrote, "The usual time for exploits of this kind is a little before day, for which reason a vigilant officer is then more on the watch. I, therefore, recommend a midnight hour."

(3.) If the force is small compared to that of the defense, concealment is essential, and, therefore, the hours of darkness are the best in such cases, and the same holds good in the case where the avoidance of loss is the object, for the greater the darkness the greater the inaccuracy of musketry fire. In all such cases the hour should be such that the whole combat may take place before dawn.

(4.) On the other hand, if the forces of the attack are large, they will require a certain amount of light to enable them to avoid the risks of confusion, and so moonlight hours should be chosen for their movement.

(5.) Again, if the position has to be intrenched after the capture, or failure will entail a very exposed retreat, an early hour of the night must be fixed on. This especially applies to assaults and sorties in sieges.

(6.) But, if very large forces are used which are about the same or of superior strength to those of the defense, and the object is surprise or the seizing of some point important for a line of battle, a very short time before dawn is the best hour for the commencement of the action, as recommended by Frederick the Great, Marshal Marmont, and Clausewitz.

5. Countersigns and watch-words have been of use, both in enabling different parties of the attack to recognize each other, and to denote success.

For the latter purpose one was used by the Americans at Stony Point. At the sortie from Gibraltar in 1781 the flank companies of the Thirty-ninth Regiment fired on and wounded several of Hardenberg's regiment, who had got out of their proper position; but the mischief was stopped by using the countersign "Steady."

Distinctive badges are very useful, if not absolutely necessary, in night operations.

At Stony Point Washington gave directions for each man to wear one, and at the attack by the Ever-Victorious Army on Soochow[81] Colonel Gordon served out white turbans to his troops.

General Brialmont[82] advocates the use of wind instruments for purposes of signaling the positions of various detachments, and commenting

[81] E.V.A. [82] Brialmont.

on the attempt on Bergen-op-Zoom, Sir John Jones says, "This is another strong instance of the good effects which might arise, where separate columns of attack are employed on the same enterprise at night, from furnishing each with its peculiar signal, either blue lights, rockets, parachutes, as a means to communicate its success or failure to the other columns." The examples of history, however, afford many instances of signals miscarrying or being misinterpreted, and mistakes have often occurred when noises and sounds have been indicated as signs for the commencement of movements, and it seems best to fix a precise time for every action, and to use a watch-word to denote success to other parties in the immediate neighborhood.

Various colored lanterns and methods of signaling with lights have been recently tried during peace manœuvres in Russia,[83] but all such systems are complicated, which at once condemns their use in night fighting, and in addition they are very liable to alarm the defense.

Frederick the Great was very careful to call his officers' attention to the necessity of having some means of recognizing friends from foes. In the XIIIth Article of his "Instructions" he wrote, "In night expeditions it is also necessary to make use of some mark or signal to know each other, such as the turning of the pelisses, wearing the cloaks inside out, or putting a piece of white linen on one arm, or green bough in the cap, or choosing some particular word which must be given to the people beforehand, that they may know each other in the dark; for want of this caution very serious inconvenience often happens."

Lately an entirely new means of creating distinctive badges, signals for a short distance, etc., and of assisting many operations in the dark has been invented, which may, when properly studied and experimented with, prove capable of removing many of the risks attendant on nocturnal enterprises; viz., luminous paint. It promises so well that it deserves an exhaustive trial, and such is necessary, for it is a curious substance, whose properties are as yet little understood. One thing about it must be borne in mind, and that is, that it cannot be used on the spur of the moment, but requires considerable time for its application.

[83] Wilna.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF AN OFFICER IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

[In the following paper we lay before our readers a very valuable historical narrative never before printed, which, while to a large extent covering familiar ground, is relieved from the dryness of a twice-told tale by the personal flavor it derives from being mainly the record of the writer's own experience. It has been faithfully transcribed from the original by the granddaughter of its author, Miss Emily Butler, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and is printed here just as it was written. A certain quaintness of style, which naturally inheres in it, will not detract from the pleasure of its perusal. Miss Butler, in transmitting the manuscript, gives us the following account of her Revolutionary ancestor:

"Deacon Samuel Richards, as he was always called, was for more than thirty years the postmaster at Farmington, Connecticut. His ancestor, Thomas Richards, was one of the Pilgrim Fathers who first landed at Plymouth, and in 1636 came through the wilderness with Rev. Mr. Hooker and made the earliest settlement at Hartford. As a young man he had entered the Revolutionary army, and had served through the whole of that eventful period 'which tried men's souls.' As a matter of course he was a member of the Cincinnati Society, and fondly cherished the remembrance of the honor of his companions in arms. His great delight was to talk of Washington, whom he seemed to almost worship, so great was his love and admiration for him. Active and useful, pure in morals, sound in principle, his manners combined the grace and neatness of the gentleman with the dignity and method of the soldier. Highly intelligent, with a remarkably retentive memory, pleasingly communicative, grandfather was a welcome guest to old and young. Age sat lightly upon him. Cheerful, full of anecdote, especially in respect to the events of the Revolution, his presence was everywhere hailed with delight. He was mild and amiable in character, but when talking of his military experiences his blue eye would kindle, and he would draw up his small, spare form to its full height, as he described with enthusiasm Washington's appearance and language to his soldiers. From the time of his entering the army until his death, at the age of eighty-eight, he was in the habit of keeping a private journal, and now, after these many years, falling heir to his desk of old papers, and reading over his military notes, or 'Original Entries of Revolutionary Incidents,' as he has written on the cover, I am tempted to give them to the public, assuring my readers that every word is undoubtedly true. Reading these 'incidents' so many years after their occurrence from yellow, time-stained paper, and reflecting that the hand that penned them has been stilled in death for forty years, they seem not only intensely interesting, but full of sadness and pathos."]

To my Son:

Recollecting how much I was entertained in my youth in hearing my father narrate incidents which occurred at the siege of Louisburgh, on the island of Cape Breton, in the year 1745, where he

acted a part, I conclude it would not be less interesting to you to learn from me some of the many incidents with which I became personally acquainted during the revolutionary war, through which I served from the commencement to the end, and coming from an eye-witness in whom *you* can confide; leaving it to you to consult the many able historians for *general facts* and results as they arose in this eventful period, and which will be long remembered and passed down to posterity, and will loose none of their interest for many generations, but will rather expand with the advance of empire in this extensive republic.

In narrating incidents it will naturally be supposed that in many instances circumstances which led to them, as well as the results which followed, will necessarily be involved, in which it is my design to be as laconic as the nature of the case will admit; the field and the incidents are sufficiently ample without much digression or studied remarks. In the year 1774 I had arrived to the age of 21, and, of course, able in some measure to understand the accounts of passing events and to witness their effects on the public mind. The shutting up of the port of Boston after the destruction of the tea on board the ships, the arrival of an additional number of regular troops with the accompanying circumstances, as narrated by the historians of the day, sufficiently opened the drama to the view of common observers of a settled design of the British government to persevere in subjecting the colonies to a system of taxation, and an equall fixed design of resistance on the part of the colonies.

This system of taxing the colonies commenced in 1765, only two years after the peace of Paris in 1763. Reasons held up in the discussions in Parliament on the subject were principally that it was right that the colonies should help to reimburse the expenses of the war which was carried on principally for their defence and protection. The colonists objected, pleading their charter rights and the common rights of citisens and subjects that none are to be taxed without their own consent, and the colonests not being represented in Parliament could have no voice in the case. The stamp act of 1765, repealed in 1768, the suceeding duty on paper, paints, &c., and the strong effort by the duty on tea in 1773, were tests to try the right and the power of the mother-country to tax the colonies, and the resistance of the colonies was in principle to oppose that right, as not existing. After the destruction of the tea at Boston, the British Parliament came to the strong resolution that they had a right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever.

This was the climax at which the subject had arisen,—the British government persevering in these measures, and the *colonies* uniformly resisting. These things are fully treated in History, and are only inserted to keep in mind the foundation of the war of Independence and the separation of the colonies from the mother-country. The firing of the British soldiery on the unarmed citisens of Boston, the burning of

the "Gaspée" schooner, a government vessel, in the harbor of Newport, the constant custom of the British of impressing our seamen wherever found on the high seas, all served to keep up and increase the acrimony between the mother-country and the colonies. One of our whale-vessels arriving in the harbor of Newport while the "Gaspée" schooner was lying there, one of her officers came on board and declared his design of impressing one of the crew. The captain made a mark in some salt, and declared to the officer if he passed that he would harpoon him. The officer, regardless of the threat, advanced, on which the captain thrust the harpoon at him, which caused his death.

The colonies received regular information of the plans maturing in Parliament during the winter of '74 and '75 for bringing the colonists to submission, of the reinforcement of the army in Boston, the appointment of Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne as lieutenant-generals to command, of hiring 12,000 Hessian auxiliary, to be employed jointly with the British against us. In the autumn of 1774 and during the succeeding winter companies of *minute-men* were formed in most of the towns and villages of New England, which were drilled and exercised with great attention. The news of the action at Lexington, which was on the 19th of April, 1775, operated like electricity on the public mind, already prepared for the bursting of the volcano. (The British march out from Boston to Lexington to destroy some stores of the Americans; they fired on a militia company; the fire is returned; the British made a precipitate retreat toward Boston, being fired on by the militia of the country; Boston is shut up; the men from the adjoining towns assemble in army and invest it; bodies of men hastily raised and formed around Boston to keep the British in.)

By the 5th of May, 1775, a company of 100 men, including officers, was enlisted in the town of Farmington, in Connecticut, to serve seven months, and in ten days were on their march towards Boston, which was then completely shut up. This company was composed principally of the sons of yeomen or farmers, who furnished their own arms and clothing, and was commanded by Capt., afterwards Colonel, Noadiah Hooker. It was not necessary to urge any one to enlist; it was only to receive the most promising of those who offered themselves to complete the number. I hold this up as a sample of what was transacting in almost every town in Connecticut, and probably through New England, to show the spirit which pervaded the mass of the people; and I presume that female influence in society was never more evident than at this time. They appeared to vie with their brethren in sustaining the idea of a fixed and determined resistance to the tyrannic measures carried on against us. (This spirit was continued by them in a good degree through the war.)

The few days previous to their marching were occupied in preparing clothing and necessaries for the service. A few of the men had

served in the last French war, and therefore could instruct their comrads how to conduct and manage in their new vocation. Previous to their marching a day was set apart for religious worship; the minister prepared and delivered an appropriate discourse to the company at the church. This, like all other public addresses of the day, was calculated to add a stimulus to those engaged for the service before them, to admonish and urge them, while persevering with firmness and fortitude, to put their trust in God for sucsess in so righteous a cause. The last week in May the company began their march, and I accompanied them as a volunteer, with the same enthusiastic feelings of almost every one, a small proportion of tories excepted, and amidst the benedictions of friends and connexions.

The parting scene, the mutual adieues of connexions, was very interesting and impressive. The men had a fixed expectation and a strong desire of meeting the British in real combat; those feelings absorbed the more serious ones. Two waggons were furnished to convey the baggage and the provision, which was abundantly furnished by families gratuitously. The first day carried them to East Hartford, fifteen miles, where they were received and lodged in the most friendly manner in the houses of the families, all striving how to best accommodate them. They marched about thirty miles a day, through Boston, North Coventry, Pomfret, Ashford, Thomson, Douglass, and Deadham, colors flying and music playing as they passed through a town, much, apparently, to the gratification of the assembled spectators, this being the first regular company passing to the scene of action on that road.

Arriving at Jamaica plains, a parish in Roxbury, they fell under the command of Gen'l Ward, of Mass., who was stationed there to command and review the troops as they should arrive. This company formed part of the regiment commanded by Col. Wyllys, of Hartford, Conn., and, with the other companies on their arrival, were quartered in the houses and outbuildings of the inhabitants, who treated them with the greatest kindness and attention. The orders were for the troops to parade at daybreak and march to their alarm-post, the summit of the hill in the center of Roxbury looking towards Boston neck, there remain till about sun an hour high, awaiting the movement of the enemy; should he make any, then return to quarters for breakfast. This continued untill the morning of the 17th of June, when the repairing to our alarm-post was hastened by information that the enemy was advancing across the neck towards us; on reaching our posts we saw them retreating back on the neck. They then opened a severe fire upon us from their batteries on the neck, which killing but one of our men, we moved back beyond the range of their shot. We being now informed of the real object and designs of the enemy, and placed on an elevated situation, could plainly see all their movements in crossing

the ferry over to Charlestown, advancing through the town to Breed's hill, *since* called Bunker's hill.

Our troops having the previous night commenced a slight breastwork there, the enemy's object was to dislodge them, which occasioned the severe battle which ensued. This battle, being an important point or link in the great change of events which accompanied our arduous struggle for independence, deserves particular notice. It appeared that some time was occupied in crossing the ferry (an arm of the sea which separates Boston from Charlestown) and forming into order for battle. I saw their advance up the hill by the cloud of dust which was raised. In this interim, if it may be so called, the enemy kept up a constant cannonade upon our troops from a battery on Copp's hill, at the north end of the town of Boston and Charlestown (which is situated on a peninsula), on one side of which lay a British ship of the line—the "Somerset," of 64 guns—and a tender, and on the other, or Mystic side, was placed several Gundaloes; from both of those a constant cannonade was kept up across the neck to prevent our troops from reinforcing the party on the hill.

You may judge in some measure of the intensity of our feelings while viewing the passing scene in all its complicated points, concentrating in the great conflict then commenced, tho' I am sure none but a soldier can fully realise those feelings to view our brethren in arms, momentarily awaiting the attack,—which I can assure you from experience is a moment interesting in the extreme,—to see and hear the roar of the musketry, which commenced about ten o'clock, to see the enemy fall back *twice* before the deadly fire of our musketry, and then the dispersing of our troops, and the shout of the victors; the beautiful town of Charlestown in flames (I refer you to Gen'l Burgoyne's letter, that I subjoin, as giving a lively picture); and a counterpart of the scene on the British side will add to the impression, if not already arrived to a climax.

Extract of a private letter written by Gen'l Burgoyne:

"Boston is a peninsula joined to the main land only by a narrow neck, which in the first of the troubles Gen'l Gage fortified; arms of the sea and harbor surround the rest. On the other side of one of these arms, to the north, is Charlestown, or rather *was*, for it is now rubbish, and over it a large hill, which is also, like Boston, a peninsula. To the south of the town is a still larger scope of ground, containing three hills, joining also to the main by a tongue of land, and called Dorchester neck. The heights above described, both to North and South, in the soldier's phrase, command the town,—*i.e.*, give an opportunity of erecting batteries above any you can make against them, and consequently they are much more advantageous. It was absolutely necessary we should make ourselves masters of these heights, and we proposed to begin with Dorchester, because from particular situations of batteries

and shipping—too long to describe, and unintelligible to you if I did—it could evidently be effected without any considerable loss. Everything was accordingly disposed. My two colleagues and myself, who, by the bye, have never differed in an iota of military sentiment, had in concert with Gen'l Gage formed the plan. Howe was to land from transports on one point, Clinton on the center, and I was to cannonade from the causway on the neck, each to take advantage from circumstances. The operation must have been very easy. This was to have been executed on the 18th of June. On the 17th, at dawn of day, we found the enemy had pushed entrenchments with great diligence during the night, on the heights of Charlestown, were there in force, and we evidently saw that every hour gave them new strength. It therefore became necessary to alter our plan and attack on that side. Howe, as second in command, was detached with about 2000 men, and landed on the outer side of the peninsula, covered by shipping, without any opposition; was to advance from thence up the hill which was over Charlestown, where the strength of the enemy lay. He had under him Brigadier-General Pigot. Clinton and myself took our stand—for we had not a fixed post—in a large battery directly opposite to Charlestown, and commanding it, and also reaching to the heights above it, and thereby facilitating Howe's attack.

"Howe's disposition was extremely soldierlike; in my opinion it was perfect. As his first line advanced up the hill they met with a thousand impediments from stone fences, and were much exposed. They were also exceedingly hurt by musketry from the town of Charlestown, though Clinton and I did not perceive it till Howe sent us word by a boat, and desired us to set fire to the town. No sooner said than done; we threw in a parcel of shells, and the whole was in flames. Our battery afterwards kept up an incessant fire upon the height. It was seconded by a number of frigates and floating batteries and one ship of the line. And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be concieved. If we looked to the right, Howe's Corps, ascending the hill in the face of intrenchments, and in very disadvantageous grounds, warmly engaged; to the left, the enemy pouring in fresh troops by thousands over the land, and in the arm of the sea our ships and floating batteries cannonading them. Straight before us, a large and noble town is one great blaze; the church-steeples, being all of timber, were great pyramids of fire above the rest. Behind us, the church-steeples, and heights, and our own camp covered with spectators of the rest of our army which was disengaged. The hills all around the country crowded with spectators of the enemy, all in anxious suspense. The roar of cannon, mortars, and muskets, the churches crashing down, ships on the stocks, and whole streets falling together in ruin to fill the ear.

"The storm of the redout, with the objects above described to fill the eye, and the reflection that perhaps a defeat was a final loss of the

British empire in America to fill the mind, made the whole a picture and complication of horror and importance beyond any it came to my lot to witness. I much lament Tom's absense; it was a sight for a young soldier that the longest service may never furnish again; and had he been with me he would likewise have been out of danger, for except two cannon-balls, that went a hundred yards over our heads, we were not in any part of the direction of the enemy's fire. A moment of the day was critical. Howe's left was staggered; two battalions had been sent to reinforce them on the beach, running in embarrassment which way to march. Clinton, then all for business, took the part, without waiting for orders, to throw himself into a boat to head them. This reinforcement moved to our left, and poured their fire down through our entrenchments, which was the point on which the battle turned. Clinton arrived in time to be of service; the day ended with glory, and the success was most important considering the ascendancy it gives the regular troops; but the loss was uncommon in officers for the number engaged. Howe was untouched, but his aide-de-camp, Captain Sherwin, was killed. Jordan, a friend of Howe's, who came to see the campaign, a shipmate of ours on board the 'Cerberus,' and who acted as aid-de-camp, badly wounded. Pigot was unhurt, but behaved like a hero.

"You will see the list of the lost. Poor Col. Abecrombie, who commanded the grenadiers, died yesterday of his wounds. Captain Addison, our poor old friend, who arrived but the day before, and was to have dined with me on the day of the action, was also killed; his son was on the field at the time. Major Mitchell is slightly wounded. Young Chetwynde's wound is also slight. Lord Percy's regiment has suffered the most, and behaved the best; his Lordship was not in the action. Lord Rawdon behaved to a charm; his name is established for life."

The above is copied from a London newspaper, and will be read with deep interest. It is well known that a soldier has nothing to do but to obey his orders. My position was a most painful one, being on the hill in Roxbury, from whence I could see all the general movements without the opportunity of sharing in the most active parts. Every *real soldier* knows the extreme solicitude felt on such an occasion. Col. Grosvenor, who performed a very active part on that day, being in the heat of the battle, narrated to me many striking incidents which occurred during the battle. Major Pitcairn, of the British marines, mounting the top of the ditch, our works having arrived to no greater point than that, exclaimed, "Disperse, ye rebels!" when one of our men instantly shot him through, and he fell in the ditch. A soldier, just by the side of Gen'l Putnam, had levelled his gun at Major Small, aid-de-camp to Gen'l Howe, on which Putnam struck it aside with his sword, exclaiming, "Don't kill that man. I love him as I do

my brother." Col. Trumbull told me that Gen'l Small repeated this to him in London, with tears in his eyes, on enquiring if Putnam was still living.

I little thought on that day of the important results which the battle of Bunker's hill was to produce in this our beloved country, thro' Europe, and the whole civilised world, both in a political and a religious view. The British official returns stated their loss at 1052 killed and wounded; our loss, as published, was between 300 & 400. During the whole day and the ensuing night the enemy kept up a constant discharge on us with cannon and mortars. The next day we heard a continued tolling of bells in the town from morning till night, while they were burying their dead who had fallen in the battle. Three days after this we received our tents, and pitched them on Heath's hill, a part of Gen'l Heath's estate, in the western part of the town of Roxbury, in full view of the town of Boston and the vicinity. Usual camp duty now became constant.

Gen'l Washington arrived a few weeks after the battle, and established his headquarters at Cambridge, where the greatest body of our troops lay. I occasionally saw Gen'l Lee, accompanied by his two hounds. On becoming known to Gen'l Spencer, he asked, and I accepted, his invitation to reside in his family as a private secretary. I here found Dr. Cogswell as one of the family and regimental surgeon. Here I first became acquainted with Captain, since Gen'l Henry Champion, and Dr. John Watrous, and my intimacy with them has continued through life. Many gentlemen from the interior of Mass. and Conn. visited our encampment. I found Dr. Gorden, the officiating minister of Roxbury, a well-informed and talented man. He wrote a concise history of the pending war. Almost every night the enemy would open a cannonade from their batteries on the neck. The balls were 24-pounders, and almost every house in the center of the town was pierced by them or shattered by the bursting of their bombs.

Our advanced guards occupied some buildings near the gorge of the neck; the enemy, knowing this, directed their shot towards them. One night their fire was uncommonly severe towards one of the guard-houses, and, being informed that three or four of the guards were killed, I went in the morning to view the place. The bodies were removed, and where one man was dashed to pieces by a cannon-ball I saw pieces of his entrails, and the blood sticking against the adjoining wall where he was standing. We had a small, poor work raised of earth for the defense of our sentinels. When the enemy was firing briskly a soldier peeped over the parapet to look out, when a ball just pierced the edge of the parapet, and entered his body at the upper part of the breast-bone; its force being nearly spent, it remained in his body. I had just arrived, when two men took hold of his feet and raised him up, and the ball dropped out at the place where it entered. It appeared to be a twelve-pounder.

The almost constant fire of the enemy produced one effect probably not contemplated by them,—it hard'ned our soldiers rapidly to stand and bear fire. When their balls had fallen and became still, the men would strive to be the first to pick them up to carry to a sutler to exchange for spirits. At one time they came near paying dear for their temerity. A bomb had fallen into a barn, and in the daytime it could not be distinguished from a cannon-ball in its passage; a number were rushing in to seize it when it burst and shattered the barn very much, but without injuring any one. The barn was used as a barrack. Our guards now performed duty with the utmost vigilance, the patrolls were alert, watching if the enemy was making any movement. The capture by Captain Manly and Captain Mugford of two of the enemies vessells in Boston Bay by our seamen, loaded with warlike stores of almost every kind, proved a very seasonable supply to us, as we were very deficient in those articles. Captain Mugford was lost overboard & drowned.

In July the arrival of Captain, afterwards Gen'l, Morgan with his company of Virginia riflemen in their hunting-shirts was rather a novel sight to us. About the middle of August we had erected somewhat of a regular fort on the summit of the hill in Roxbury, in which was placed three 24-pound cannon, which being all discharged at once carried their balls quite into the works of the enemy on the neck, and one at least must have taken effect, as I saw the next March where a ball had entered their guard-house, breaking and carrying away a beam, and I saw the marks of blood around the place. This was the first instance of our showing the enemy that we had heavy cannon, and it gratified our men to see it.

The season passed on from this time without anything more than the ordinary occurrenciss of a siege. One day the enemy sent out two floating batteries upon the Bay, and advancing in full view towards our encampment, opened their fire; but their balls all fell short of us, much to our amusement. As the autumn advanced a large number of our men fell sick of dysentary, that scourge of camps, and some of fevers, but there was not a very great number of deaths, tho' some fine youths fell victims to those diseases.

In November and December, as the term our soldiers had enlisted for was about expiring, Gen'l Washington strongly persuaded them to remain in service a month or two longer until the militia, which were ordered in, should arrive. To this they reluctently submitted. I will now, therefore, take a stride to the closing of the campaign, as it might be called. The beginning of December the troops abandoned their tents and occupied the various buildings which the inhabitants had left vacant as temporary barracks until February, when a line of slight barracks was completed as near the gorge of the neck as prudence dictated, just in the front of which stretched a narrow marsh, and the

barracks placed on the rising bank just East of it, and partially covered by the bank.

The enemy, knowing our position, would almost every night open their fire from their batteries on the neck with shot and shells, which, generally passing over us, fell in the marsh, where the bombs bursting gave us much amusement, which, however, was sometimes interrupted by a ball passing through a barrack. One night a ball passed thro' my apartment in the barrack, a few feet over me as I lay in my berth. Such things having become so common, we thought little of them. I was now serving under my first commission as a subaltern with all the ardor which I suppose is usually felt by ardent youth in similar circumstances. Our advanced guards were posted quite on to the Neck. No buildings were then standing there, and no fires could be kept up, as it would draw the enemies fire towards them. The winter being severe, it was rather uncomfortable to pass a whole winter night there. But, without being accused of boasting, I think I may say that patriotism had its share in stimulating us. Our only way to avoid freezing was to be constantly walking, running, or jumping. Our immediate duty was to watch the movements of the enemy at the Neck, supposing they might make a Sortie from there. We knew that any general movement would be by attacking at some point where we were not so well prepared to receive and oppose them. The planning, we knew, must be by our commanding officer of the army.

The eventful year of '76 now opened, and information being transmitted to us by our friends in England that very active measures were taking there for our subjugation, that the army and navy employed against us was to be greatly reinforced, that 12,000 German troops were hired to be employed against us, that in parliament, among other strong measures, a resolution was passed "That parliament had a right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever." Such information, instead of disheartening us, served to nerve us for the struggle to maintain our charter rights or "die in the last ditch." In February things became more active with us: a large number of militia arrived from the country; parties were sent into the swamps to prepare materials and make up Facines. On the night of the 2d of March our batteries, both on the Roxbury and Cambridge side, commenced and continued discharge of shot on the town; some of the balls fell in the town, for after we had entered it, a gentleman, in whose house Gen'l Pigot had lodged, showed me the hole where one of our cannon-balls had passed a little way over his bed where he was sleeping. During our fire, on the night of the 4th of March, a detachment from our army moved on to the hights of Dorchester point. This is also a peninsula joined to the main by a narrow neck. On this was placed, on the side looking towards the enemy, a line of bundles of pressed hay to defend our troops from the enemies fire while passing it.

(March 3rd a 14-inch mortar, which among other stores was captured in the ordnance-brig by Captain Manly, was burst in firing from our lines on the enemy in Boston. We had set a high value on it; called it the "Congress;" it wounded one or two in bursting, but killed none.) This detachment proceeded to the top of the hill, and immediately commenced making a redoubt, entrenching tools and Facines being carried there and ready. The next morning at eight o'clock a relief was sent on, of which I was one. In passing the neck, the tide having overflowed it, I found my boots filled with mud and water, but we had no dry clothes with us, nor any time or opportunity for changing. Of this event I think some remarks more than a mere passing notice are proper. In perusing the various Histories of the Revolutionary war I have ever thought that the possesing of, and fortifying the heights of Dorchester by the American army in March, '76, was passed over in too summary and slight a manner. Readers of History generally seem to be looking for descriptions of bloody battles and counting the number of killed and wounded, but the real philanthrophist must experience a higher gratification in contemplating a series of firm, prudent, and judicious arrangements tending to effect a great object without one of those sanguinary conflicts which so strongly interest the feelings of most readers. The facts and results now under consideration affords a striking exhibition of that foresight and arrangement alluded to.

Having carried you to the top of the hill on Dorchester Point. I was one of the 2d detatchment, and which releived the first in occupying and fortifying the hill. The safety of the troops in passing the narrow neck on the hill was secured by two lines of bundles of pressed hay, as if the Gen'l remembered the exposure of the troops in crossing Charlestown to Bunker hill the year before. On the summit of the hill I found a redoubt was begun well calculated for defence in case of attack. Outside the parapet were casks filled with sand and placed in the ditch without the parapet, so that a slight touch would set them rolling down the hill, which was very steep on every side, and thus break the rank of the enemy on their advance. On the afternoon of the 6th we very plainly saw the enemy in motion in the town. Dense columns of troops moving down the main street to the wharf and embarking on board the ships, which moved down the harbor and formed in a kind of crescent at some distance from the hill. Most of the next day was spent by those ships in beating up nearer to our port, the wind being a head. We continuing our work incessantly in completing the redoubt, being urged to exertion by a full expectation of being attacked by the enemy's troops we had seen embark on board the ships. We had no time to spare for reflecting on and counting the cost of the issue of the expected battle. We did not work litterally with our arms in our hands, but they were lying by our sides, and it is presumed that every one ardently wished for the opportunity of showing the enemy

what freemen would do when contending for their just rights. No one needed stimulating to the performance of his duty, as every one possessed the inclination.

As night approached an uncommonly severe South East rain-storm came on, with very high wind and in all its force, but the severity of the storm did not stop our work, which we pushed forward with the utmost alacrity. The next morning presented to the view of the enemy a regular fort far advanced to completion, and to *our* view three ships below apparently in a very disorderly condition. The day passed without anything worthy of particular notice. You may form some faint idea of our situation,—thoroughly drenched by the copious rain, exhausted by severe exertion and want of refreshment, and, of course, without cover. At evening we broke ground on Nook or Nuke Point, a small hill very near the water, opposite South Boston. The enemy could plainly hear the sound of our entrenching tools, on which they opened and continued an incessant cannonade, with a general direction towards this point. I counted the number of discharges up to about 1500 during half an hour, and then left off counting. This firing was continued through the night, and the morning shewed a novel sight. The ground all around where the work had been carried on appeared as if it had been plowed irregularly, and a very great number of cannon-balls were picked up; but, strange as it may seem, there were but three killed during the night,—a surgeon's mate and two privates.

By the enemy's inactivity for several succeeding days we concluded they had abandoned the idea of attacking our fort. This comparative inactivity continued until the 17th of the month, when the whole of our troops were paraded and commenced our march into Boston, it being announced that the enemy were evacuating the town and proceeding directly to Hallifax. I had the gratification of being selected to carry the American flag at the head of the column, which entered from the Roxbury side. When arrived in the town numerous incidents crowded upon our view. I can particularize but few of them. The burst of joy shown in the countenances of our friends so long shut up and domineered over by an insulting enemy; the meeting and mutual salutations of parents and children and other members of families, having been separated and continued separated by the sudden shutting up of the town after the battle of Lexington; the general delapidation of the houses, several churches emptied of all the inside work and turned into riding-schools for their cavalry; all the places which had been previously used for public resort torn to peices, and at the stores around the wharves groceries, particularly salt, were in a state of destruction. As I was the bearer of the flag I attracted some attention, and was constantly pressed with invitations to "call in and take a glass of wine with me." I saw the last boat of the enemy put off and proceed to the shipping. It was generally understood that an

informal, not an official, agreement was made between the British commander and the selectmen of the town that in case the troops were not in any way interrupted at their departure the town should not be burnt.

The next day I went to view Bunker hill, and the works appeared as if they had been dictated by *Vauban*, at least the plan. A variety of associations of ideas crowded on my mind on recalling the scenes of the 17th of June of the last year, too numerous and impressive to dwell upon as not coming within my present plan. The *next* day I went and viewed the works on Castle island. The enemy had endeavored to blow up every useful part of the works; in many instances they had succeeded, in others but partially. They had broken off the trunnions of all the heavy cannon, and, in addition, had spiked them. Everything was mutilated and rendered useless. I was invited to take lodgings at the house of a respectable widow lady, Mrs. C., and was treated with the utmost hospitality during the few days of my stay in the town.

On the 25th of the month the troops began their march by regiments towards New York, the inhabitants of which were in great fear, and were fortifying their streets under the direction of Gen'l Lee, and by the 4th of April twenty-one regiments had moved on, ours being one of the number, five regiments being left to garrison the town. We passed through Dedham and proceeded on the direct rout through Attleboro', Seaconkplain, a sterile region, and arriving at Providence, enjoyed a pleasing view of that flourishing town at the head of navigation of that river. We proceeded on thro' a barren part of Rhode Island to the border of Conn., where the lands, buildings, and general improvements appeared much better. Arriving at New London, we found we had to wait for vessells to be provided to transport us to New York. Here we waited five days, still enjoying the hospitality of the citizens, but the men drawing their own rations and cooking for themselves. I was hospitably entertained during our stay at the house of a *namesake*. While at New London went on board Commander Hopkins' ship, he having returned from his expedition to the Island of New Providence, where he siezed a considerable quantity of military stores belonging to the British. The powder taken was peculiarly needed. Everything about the ship appeared in a forlorn condition, having had no repairs since a running fight she sustained with a British ship on her way home, she having succeeded in capturing the ship's tender.

The fifth day I went on board a sloop with about 100 of the regiment, at the beginning of a North East rain-storm, and were driven rapidly on through the sound. In passing through Hurlgate, or, as it is popularly called, Hellgate, our vessell *ran on the middle rock*, an unpleasant and dangerous circumstance indeed. As the vessell ran on at

high tide, when it ebbed she slid off without our sustaining any injury. On our arrival at New York we were at first cantened in the empty houses of the citizens, many of them having left the city to be away from the ensuing scenes. We were soon furnished with tents, and encampted on an open plot of ground called the Jews' burying-ground, given up for cows to graze upon. For two or three weeks we were actively employed in constructing fortifications around the city, on Governor's and Long Island, besides furnishing guards at the various points. Incidents were not wanting to occupy our attention. Being on guard one day, and walking in the front of a large sugar-house filled with British prisoners, recruits captured in a transport ship, seeing the serjeant relieve the sentry, I heard a female voice making a pitiful moan. I stepped to the door and asked the cause of her moaning. She replied that it was for the loss of all their farming tools on board the ship when it was captured. I asked what they were going to do with those articles had they kept them. She said that after they had subdued the *rebels*, and taken possession of their lands, they were going to work with them.

About the first of April, Gen'l Thomas arrived near Quebec, and found our army but a handful, and those, destitute of almost every convenience for subsistance, scattered tweenty or thirty miles around on different guards. The reinforcements from different parts which he expected to find there had not arrived. The few who were really on the ground he set about collecting together, so as to form them into something regular; but while he was giving such necessary orders, and making proper distributions, he died of the smallpox after a very few days' illness. At this junction two or three of the enemy's frigates came in sight of the town from Halifax to reconnoitre, and find in what situation the garrison was, the town, and likewise to see if the river was clear of ice, so as to be navigable by larger ships. On their coming in sight, our people, supposing they had brought a reinforcement for the Garrison, and thinking also that there were more on their passage, agreed to retreat while they could with safety; accordingly, they collected together, conveyed what artillery and stores they had, and marched as far as the three rivers, and there made a fortification with a view to making a stand.

The fatigues our army underwent in this department through the winter was very great. The detachment under Col. Arnold had to perform a march of six hundred miles, over a wild, inhospitable country, in October and November. When they arrived they found themselves destitute of almost every necessary of life, as well as warlike stores for attacking or blockading a city like Quebeck, in a country where the cold is intense, the inhabitants unable and unwilling to supply them with provisions; nor has their been a post in America of that importance so neglected as that; for after the defeat our people were

very dilatory in sending any kind of succour and relief, either in men, money, or provisions. Quebec was assaulted by Gen'l Montgomery, who had marched from New York, Dec. 31st, 1775; Montgomery killed, Col. Arnold wounded. After the death of Gen'l Thomas the command devolved on Gen'l Arnold, who had moved with fifteen hundred men from near Boston, who held it but a short time. But to return to affairs nearer home. Five of our regiments were ordered to march and join the northern army under the command of Brig.-Gen'l Thomson, of Virginia, and in April six regiments more, under the command of Brig.-Gen'l Sullivan, of New Hampshire, marched to join the army in that department. On their arriving near there our people who were left at the three rivers met them near a place called the Cedars, informing them that the enemy had been reinforced at Quebeck by Gen'l Burgoyne and about four thousand under him, and that immediately on their arriving at Quebeck they purssued our troops to the three rivers, and obliged them to retreat; large numbers of them were sick with the smallpox and in a dispiritted situation. The number of troops now collected in this department amounted to about nine or ten thousand, and in a month's time near half of them were sick with the smallpox and the fatigue of their march. The enemy still pushed on, and arrived at the Cedars, while our troops retreated before them.

While the enemy were at the Cedars, Gen'l Thomson agreed to attack them; he accordingly went himself, at the head of about fifteen hundred men, to execute his plan, but his guides, missing the road, led them round about in swamps and morasses till they were discovered by the enemy, who were ready to receive them. A small action ensued, but our troops not being able to come on properly to the charge, by reason of the badness of the ground, Gen'l Thomson was surrounded by a superior number of the enemy and made a prisoner of, together with four field-officers and about twenty or thirty men. At this time a party of about three hundred, under command of Maj'r Butterfield, was attacked by about sixty regular troops and four hundred Indians and Canadians, at a small breastwork they had erected, and surrendered without any opposition. Of this party a number were murdered by the savages under the connivance of the British Officers. Gen'l Arnold found means to have those prisoners returned by promising to give as many more in exchange, and left four Captains as hostages to bind him to the performance of his promise.

In the month of June Gen'l Gates was appointed Major-Gen'l, and Commander-in-chief in that department, and set off immediately. On his arriving there he found affairs in an unsettled, confused way. The army were sick and dispiritted; fast retreating before the enemy, they made but a short stay at Montreal, Chamblé, St. John's, Isle Au Noix, &c., till they arrived at Ticonderogue. News arrived from Great

Britain during the Spring, by the way of the West Indies, of the designs of Parliament. During the past Winter their whole attention seemed to be taken up about America; people of all ranks were inveterate against us, and viewed us as Rebels, while the most vigorous plan was adopted for our subjection, and the most experienced Commanders by land and sea appointed to command. Twelve thousand Hessian troops and fifteen hundred other Germans were taken into British pay, and sent against America. Levies were made in England and Ireland, and the land Army by that means augmented to thirty-odd thousand. Lord Howe was appointed to command the fleet, and his brother, Gen'l Howe, the land army. The plan of operation agreed upon was to send a part of their army to Quebeck, a part to the Southward, and the main body to New York; in consequence of which Gen'l Burgoyne had been sent to Quebeck with about four or five thousand, to be joined by a large number of savages and Canadians, and retake the fortifications on the Lakes, and penetrate through the country to the river Hudson, and go to New York and join the main army there under the command of Gen'l Howe, and by that means cut off the communication between the Southern and the New England Governments, and distress our back settlements.

Gen'l Howe, with the fleet remaining at Hallifax, arrived at New York the 30th of June, with a large fleet of about twelve thousand troops. They came into the Bay, and anchored under Staten Island shore, where they formed a camp and landed a part of their men. Finding themselves too weak to attack us, they agreed to lye there, and wait for reinforcement of the foreign mercenaries, which they expected soon. I witnessed with pain the execution of one Thomas Hickey, a soldier who had been retained in the family of Gen'l Washington. He was convicted of being concerned in a plot either to take the life of the Gen'l, or to assist in taking him personally to deliver up to the enemy.

July 12th, being on guard on the grand battery, I saw two of the enemy's ships, the "Phœnix," of 44 guns, and the "Rose," of 28 guns, commanded by Wallace, with three tenders, get under weigh, and passing our batteries, proceed up the Hudson, not appearing to receive any injury from the shot from our batteries. They went up past Kingsbridge, as far as Tapan Bay, where they came to anchor. Their design was to reconnoitre and learn the position and strength of our works, and perhaps find the most convenient place to land their troops. During our firing on them we had a thirty-two-pounder burst, killing three men. The troops had been coming in and joining our army this fortnight, which now amounted to about thirty thousand; but as the enemy did not attack us immediately as was expected, our Militia, &c., drew off, and left the army to consist of about twenty-two thousand.

The British commissioners having arrived, with Admiral Lord Howe at their head, to propose terms of accommodation with the colonies.

Being on guard at the battery, I saw a barge approach from the Admiral's ship, and meeting our barge, deliver a package and return. This being the first step taken by the commissioners, it attracted much notice. They were a submission on our part; on their part offers of pardon for the past, and a pacific arrangement to take place between the British government and the colonies. This being published in history, I need not go into detail. Independancy was now declared by the Congress on the 4th of July. I used frequently to go on board the fire-ships, small vessels preparing with a design to blow up or destroy some of the enemy's ships.

On the night of the 3rd of August five of our row-gallies proceeded up the river, under the command of Col. Tupper, and commenced an attack on one of the enemy's ships, but without much effect. The 15th, the Adjutant-Gen'l of the British army asked and obtained a conference with Gen'l Washington on the subject of exchanging prisoners. The Congress now came to a resolve that if the enemy should commit any more inhuman murders on our soldiery whom they should take prisoners, that retaliation should be made on them. On the night of the 16th our fire-craft succeeded in burning one of the enemy's armed vessels in the North river, in which Sergeant Smith, of Conn't, after applying his match to the train, jumped overboard to one of our boats, but was so severely burnt that he died of his wounds. The efforts of our fire-crafts here ended, and operations on a greater scale commenced. The enemy on Staten Island now set vigorously to fortifying, and laid out very large works. The General Officers of our army held a council of war to consult whether to attack them or not; but it was still concluded best to act on the defensive. A proclamation from Lord Howe was published offering pardon and protection to all who should lay down their arms and implicitly submit.

Of the landing of the enemy on Long Island, on the 22d of the month of August, and the general succeeding transactions consequent on it at this important crisis, the historian has been copious and undoubtedly correct, so far as he goes; yet a sufficient number of incidents remain to occupy the attention. Probably no period of our revolutionary struggle was more critical than this. It is well known that at no place had the *enemy* concentrated a more numerous or better-appointed army than now, their foreign mercenary as well as their own regular troops having all arrived and landed and begun their operations. Gen'l Howe was at the head of the British army. Gen'l Washington was himself there, with the flower of our army.

The day after the landing of the British, the 22d of August, our regiment, among others, was ordered on. The part falling to me to act was one of the detachment of 2400 posted at the woody heights of Flatbush, about 5 miles from Brooklyn ferry, and overlooking the plain where the enemy lay; we were sent to intercept them. This detach-

ment was posted in three bodies, and occupied the three passes thro' the hills on the North of the village of Flat Bush, where the enemy would most probably attempt to force their way. They occupied the plain Southward, and their advanced guards were posted so near us that the shot reached us from their German rifles. They also annoyed us with grape-shot from their field-pieces. The soldier well knows that when the smoke from the muzzle and the vent of the gun is seen in the same line with himself the piece points directly towards him. I recollect that, seeing the flash of the discharge of a gun, the smoke from the muzzle and vent being in a line with me, I stepped behind a tree while the grape passed, one of which I noticed struck the tree. Those being the only passes through which the enemy could approach directly, and our force so posted was viewed sufficient to defend them, both bodies remained in that position until the night of the 26th. I well remember that all the fore part of the night their front guards appeared very active, frequently passing and repassing in front of their fires, probably to attract our attention, and to serve as a cover for their main object; for at dusk they pushed a large body from their right, and by a forced march all night by the Bedford road they came in the rear of our troops just at daybreak, and the first we knew of it was by their firing on our posts, which had completely drawn our attention in front, which we soon repulsed; and almost at the same time we were attacked in our rear, on which a retreat was ordered, and a scene most disastrous to us ensued. Those from the three posts, retreating separately, were met by the enemy in solid body and driven back alternately on either body of the enemy.

During the night another strong body of the enemy landed on the Western side, which moved and joined the first assailants, by which our troops were hemmed in and their retreat cut off, excepting about seven or eight hundred, who made their way through the enemy's fire to our main body entrenched at Brooklyn, of which number I was one. The remainder joined General Lord Stirling on the right, he acting as Brigadier-General of the day. He collected Huntington's and Smallwood's Conn't regiments, which, with the straglers who joined, made a body of about one thousand, being part of the twenty-four thousand of the main body, the rest having effected their retreat, which took place on an advantageous ground, and received the enemy's attack with the utmost firmness, repulsing them and making a number of prisoners. The enemy's main body coming up to the combat, our troops seeing it in vain to make further resistance, surrendered. We being called rebels, the most barbarous treatment was inflicted by the enemy. Captain Jewett, of Huntington's regiment, an officer much respected and beloved, of elegant and commanding appearance and unquestionable bravery, was murdered in cold blood. Having surrendered his sword when demanded, the officer, on receiving it, instantly plunged it through

his body. Our wounded were mostly put to death by the bayonet. We were indeed hardly pressed by the enemy. One of our soldiers near me fired on one of those murderers and brought him down. Leaving his own black gun, he seized the new bright one of his fallen foe, the bayonet of which was bloody more than half its length.

Our loss on that day you will see stated in history. As I at setting out informed you my narration should be of *incidents* not mentioned by the general historian, and although he has been somewhat particular in describing the several points of attack by the enemy and the general results, yet the scenes of this memorable day was so complicated that enough remains to be told to occupy an inquisitive mind. No mention being made of the wounded, it is presumed they were dispatched by the bayonet. No one unused to such scenes can form any just idea of the confused and mixed scenes of that day. In the flight, numbers plunged themselves into a mill-pond rather than to fall into the hands of the enemy, and were either drowned or shot down. The loss on our side amounted to about one thousand, which included those captured and the slain. Those of the advanced body who escaped joined their regiments, and the main body formed on a swell of ground at Brooklyn, facing the enemy, and behind a slight body of earth hastily cast up, and rails placed on end, as at Bunker Hill.

Between nine and ten in the morning the enemy approached in force. The front colum advanced within about twenty or thirty yards of the center of our line, their flanks firing on our right, and a general attack was momently expected. At this interesting crisis Gen'l Washington having arrived, rode slowly past our rear, animating and encouraging our troops. While passing the place where I was posted he said, in an annimating tone, which I distinctly recollect, "Remember what you are contending for." The bulk of his speech at this time I did not hear, he being too far on my right to be heard. The enemy, instead of commencing the attack, moved to their right, and were soon obscured from our sight by a small hill. I never could conceive of any good reason for General Howe's retrograde movement, as it appeared by his official letters that he commanded in person through the day, except his recollection of the Bunker Hill battle, our troops being similarly situated to receive him, and his known tenderness of the lives of his men added to a confidence of his ultimate success.

Let me go back a little. News had arrived from Gen'l Lee, at Charleston, S. C., that the enemy had been repulsed in attempting to land. The particulars are that on the 2d of July two fifty-gun ships and six frigates came over the bar, and came close up to the fort on Sullivan's Island, and there commenced a most furious fire on the fort; our people returned it with equal spirit, and had the satisfaction to see the fleet almost entirely destroyed thereby; as they were within half musquet shot from the fort almost every shot did execution. During

the cannonade the enemy attempted three several times to land at the end of the Island, and was as often repulsed. During the action the enemy had one hundred and twenty-two killed and wounded. On our side were ten killed and twenty wounded. A plan was in the Spring adopted to fix a number of fire-ships, and attemp thereby to destroy some of the enemy's fleet. A number of vessels and Chiveaux-De-frizes were made and sunk in the channell of the river to stop the ships from passing they are now vigorously preparing. August 3d Five of our Row-Galleys went up the river and attacked the two ships of the enemy's. After a brisk cannonnade of about three-quarters of an hour our Galleys made off, by order of Col. Tupper, who commanded, with the loss of nine killed and wounded. Seven shot had gone through the "Providence" Galley, as she lay nearest the "Phœnix," which was within musquet-shot; the whole was conducted with regularity and coolness and the enemy much damaged.

On the night of August 16th we had the good fortune to burn one of the enemy's Tenders in the North River. On the 18th, very early in the morning, the shiping came down the river through a brisk fire from our batterys. The whole of the enemy's reinforcement now arriving except five thousand Germans, the Southern army after their defeat joined the Grand Army. The enemy opened the campaine in this department by landing a large body of troops on Long Island, and marched up to Flat Bush, about five miles from N. Y. ferry; this was on the 22d of August. A detachment of our army were accordingly sent to intercept them, consisting of twenty-four thousand, who were posted at three different places, where the passage was very narrow between the hills; they were the only places where they could approach directly from their encampment towards our lines; sufficient to defend those passes had the enemy approached that way. Both armys appeared silent almost untill Monday, the 26th, when the enemy, just at evening, decamped and filed off from their right, and by a forced march all night they came round the left wing of our Guards, and just at daybreak of the 27th they appeared in the Bedford road between our outguards and the lines. Just at the time of their coming in sight a considerable body of them attacked us in front at each post, for a diversion to us to prevent our discovering those in our rear, at the same time another body landed from the fleet between our outpost and our lines, and met those who came round our left; as soon as we perceived their design orders were given for us to retreat to the lines, but in attempting it we found our retreat nearly cut off; about seven or eight hundred cut their way through, the remainder joined Gen'l Lord Stirling, who commanded on the right, in consequence of his being Brigadier of the day; the remainder of Huntington's & Smallwood's regiment reinforced him, so that his little army consisted of about a thousand, when, after possessing the most advantagous ground, he received the enemy's attack

with the intrepidity that becomes Heroes, and repulsed them; the enemy being strongly reinforced renewed the attack, and most of those brave men were killed and wounded or imprisend, only about one hundred and fifty or two hundred got to our army, some by the way of Hull Gate going round the enemy, and some by going through their guards. It was then expected the enemy would attemp forcing our lines, which were well man'd, and marched a column within musket-shot of them, but retreated without attempting them.

The state of our army through the day and until the night of the 29th, when our retreat took place, is justly detailed by the historian. Things lay apparently still for the two succeeding days. On the 29th of August, just at dusk, we commenced our memorable retreat across from our position at Brooklyn to New York, and an interesting and busy scene it was as we brought off most of the stores; but from the regularity and order which was preserved, no untoward accident occurred. Governor's Island was evacuated the same night. A dense fog arose early in the evening and continued all night and till late in the morning, and it appeared afterwards that the enemy knew nothing of our movement until it was completed. Removing the stores and artillery from New York was the next step to be taken, as the enemy then possessed our front and both flanks; the army was therefore posted so as to favor a good retreat from the city and evacuating it. While we were thus preparing to evacuate the city, the enemy were preparing to land above us and cut off our retreat; the movements and manœuvers of both armys were therefore calculated to favour their designs. The enemy moved up and encamped opposite Hornshook, erected a battery there, and played briskly on our batterys, which was returned as briskly.

The British having landed on Long Island, General Washington wanting to find out their real position, after due inquiry Captain Nathan Hale of the Conn. line was selected to be employed as a spy, and having proceeded on to the Island, pursued his discoveries, taking plans, &c., was returning, and fell into the hands of the enemy near Brooklyn. The next day was examined by some board of the enemy and convicted as a spy, condemned, and ordered to be executed in two hours; was denied his request for an opportunity and time to write to friends, and the sentance was carried into effect. He was of Glastenbury, Conn., aged twenty-four or five, educated, and of high promise. On the evening of the 14th of September the greatest part of our troops marched out and encamped opposite the enemy, along the bank of the East River, just below Kipp's Bay, about three miles from the City, and made lines at the most defensible places. We were posted behind a slight intrenchment recently thrown up, opposite and near which lay five ships. The General designed to leave the City, beginning at seven o'clock in the evening, and at three the guards were to march off, but

by the solicitations of his other general officers he ordered that at three in the morning of the 15th we should repair to our lines and to begin our march at day light. The enemy percieving by our movements that the critical time was come when they were like to loose the opportunity of heming us in on the Island, drew up two fifty-gun ships and two thirty-six-gun frigates close under the shore and opened a most furious cannonade on us, which almost levell'd our lines, as they were only proff against musquetry. Favoured by this cannonade they landed about three thousand of their best troops about a mile below Turtle bay or Kipp's Bay. The boats, when they had come within about half a mile of shore, they turned their course and rowed around a point of land which projected out, and carried them about a mile above where we expected them to land, and met with no opposition. As we did not in the least expect them here, our lines were not as well mannded, for our force was mostly opposite the shipping, and the fire was so surprisingly hot that we could not shift our post. The firing from the ships being continued, our slight embankment was fast tumbling away. Orders were then given for us to secure a retreat, which was done with as much regularity as the situation would admit of, but not without the loss of some men and baggage. The loss was inconsiderable, however. We then marched and took possession of the heights of Harlem, and immediately flung up lines for our defence.

The enemy next morning marched on after us, and encamped at the extremity of the plain, about three miles distant from us, our regiment, with some others, being ordered on the Bloomingdale road, to march towards Kingsbridge. The weather being unusually hot for the season, the men suffered severely from thirst, not finding any water until we arrived at a spring near Kingsbridge. On passing by the body of the enemy on the hill road they opened a sharp fire on us with their field-pieces, but they being on higher ground than we, their shot, as usual in such cases, passed over us. Arriving at the spring, I found a great number around it contending for the water. I was shown a man lying dead, who, I was told, had died from drinking the water. He proved to be Captain Crosby, of the militia, from Conn. Seeing by the side of the fence a man who they said was dying or was dead from drinking the water, I had him raised up and thoroughly rubbed, his mouth pried open,—his jaws being set,—and some brandy poured down his throat. I left him recovering, my heart glowing with the reflection that I had been the instrument of saving a fellow man from immediate death. We were employed the succeeding night in throwing up a slight entrenchment on the brow of the hill at Harlem Heights, in full expectation of being attacked by the enemy in the morning. When the sun arose I saw the enemy in the plain below us, at the distance of about a mile, forming in a line. By accounts afterwards their number was said to exceed twenty thousand, and they indeed

made a brilliant display by the reflection of the sun's rays on their arms.

The sharp action which took place that day under the command of Col. Knowlton is so well detailed by the historian I need not repeat it. The enemy sent a detachment of about five thousand along the bank of the North River, which our people attacked with spirit and about an equal number, and drove them back to their main body. The loss on our side was about thirty killed and sixty or seventy wounded. The loss to the enemy must have been more than that, as we repulsed them after a warm fire of three-quarters of an hour. Here I first saw Lut. James Munro; he had volunteered to go to the attack on our right under the comman of Col. Knowlton. The next day I had a mournful duty assigned to me,—the command of a covering party over the fatigue men who burried the dead which had fallen in the action the previous day. I placed myself and party on a small eminence, so as to see the men at their work, and to discover the enemy should they approach to interrupt them. There were thirty-three bodies found on the field; they were drawn to a large hole which was prepared for the purpose and burried together. One body of a fine-limbed young man had been brought into the camp with a bullet-hole in the breast near the heart. I was struck with reflection on the force of habit to see those fatigue men performing this duty with as little apparent concern as they would have performed any common duty.

The two armys went now to strengthening their lines; we made our line so good across at the Height that the enemy dare not attempt to force them by storm. The British having a small guard of about one hundred on Monterures Island, it was proposed to take them off. Accordingly, a detachment of first Lut. Cott, one Major, four Captains, eight subordinates, and two hundred rank and file were sent to attack them going in boats down Harlem Creek. At daybreak they had orders to land, when only one boat out of the six landed, with forty-six men, who, after a most obstinate struggle, were driven off; the other boat's crews were so cowardly they dare not land; so those who landed fell a sacrifice to the enemy, all except eight. Among those who fell was Major Henly, and Major Hatfield taken prisoner. This happened on the 3d of September.

Two of the enemy's ships, a 44- and a 28-guns, were lying in the strait, just south Hurlgate; a detachment of artillery, with two pieces of cannon, was ordered to go in the night and post themselves abreast of them, they lying within the range of cannon-shot from our shore. The artillery opened their fire on them as soon as light, which was briskly returned by the ships. I had the command of a covering party of thirty-five men, taking our station on a knowl a little above the artillery, so as to watch the motion of the enemy in case of landing. The enemy's fire being brisk, we lay flat on the ground, their cannon-

balls passing over us. As we lay at the foot of a large rock, one of their balls struck the rock above our heads, and fell down just by me, and within my reach. When it became still I felt of it, and found it very hot; it was a twenty-four-pounder. The two ships fell down with the tide and hauled around behind Blackwell's Island, out of the reach of our shot. We did not know the damage we did to them. As they lowered down a boat and filled it with men, one of our shot capsized the boat and the men were thrown into the water. We could plainly discover that our shot told against the sides of the ships, but we did not learn the effect. Captain, afterwards Col., Crane received a slight wound in his heel from one of their shot, which was all the injury we sustained. In the hasty retreat from New York our tents were left behind, and for some time we lay without cover. I was ordered with a small detachment to take charge of sixteen Hessian soldiers, who had been captured a few days before, and crossing the North River into Jersey, proceeded down to Fort Lee, delivering the prisoners to the care of Gen'l Green. Those were well-built young men, very athletic. They were the first Hessians we had taken. As we passed along the road they attracted much attention, and procured for me many civilities and some substantial refreshment.

On my return I found the battle of White Plains had taken place, and much to my regret I could act no part in it. On the 12th of October the enemy landed a body of their troops on Frog's point, in East Chester, and another body landed on Rodman's point. In marching up from the point they were oppossed by three Regiments which were posted behind a stone wall near East Chester Church, who repulsed them three several times, but they having a strong reinforcement, our people left them the ground, with the loss of only three men. The whole of the enemy reinforcement, which consisted of about five thousand Germans, now arriving, they took the field with a strong army of nearly twenty thousand effectives, and our army retreated back to the White Plains and possessed themselves of the most advantagous heights. The enemy took the heights opposite them, and there lay in sight of each other. A detachment of our army, consisting of about four hundred, left Kingsbridge to secure that pass, but as the enemy were posted between them and our army across the North river, and that party being judged too small to defend the post, they were ordered to retreat to Fort Washington, which they did, after burning the barracks and removing the artillery and stores, leaving the enemy masters of East and West Chester, and all New York Island except Fort Washington, which had a good store of provisions, a good artillery, and strong garrison.

Skirmises happened now almost every day between the two armys, but they were mostly very small, and the successes various. A party

of Rogers' Rangers attacked a party of ours, but were repulsed with a number killed and thirty-six taken prisoners. On the 28th of October the enemy began their manouevers early in the morning, and showed us that their design was to attack us. Accordingly, they posted a large number of field-pieces opposite our right wing, where was posted Gen'l McDougle's Brigade, and opened a brisk fire on them, while their Infantry advanced in two columns to the attack. Our troops were formed on an eminence, and while one column of the enemy advanced and attacked in front, the other marched around to gain our right flank. As the enemy were superiour in number, and during the action, which lasted with musquetry about half an hour, they were twice relieved with fresh troops, we having suffered considerably by the artillery, and no reinforcement or relief coming up, our troops left the ground to the enemy, after losing in killed and wounded about one hundred and fifty. The loss of the enemy was not known, but as our troops behaved with coolness and spirit, the enemy's loss could not be less than ours.

At the time of our retreating General Putnam was coming up with a reinforcement of five thousand, but I suppose his orders were to keep the enemy from advancing any farther, and so to cover the retreat of General McDougle's men, and not to join them in the attack, which, if he had, must have drawn on a general action, as both armys were in spirits and confident of their strength and good disposition. But our General, in consequence of the directions of Congress, was obliged to shun a general action if it could possibly be avoided with honor. Nothing more of any consequence happened between the two armys in this field. They marched, countermarched, and manouvered, the enemy looking for an opportunity to attack us at a time when we were unguarded. As they had no opportunity for that, they decamped the beginning of November and moved towards Kingsbridge, burning and destroying everything in their way. Our regiment was left to cover the country and repel any small foraging parties of the enemy, the main body of our troops moving southwards toward Philadelphia.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"IMPROVISATION" (not of words but of works) and "Torpedoes" are the twin shibboleths of the optimist school of statesmen which arrays itself against anything like adequate provision for making our coasts secure from foreign attack. According to the theories of these gentlemen, forts, guns, and material of all sorts necessary to national defense can be improvised for the occasion, and if here and there any hitch should occur in the exact co-ordination of the improvising process with the necessity of the moment, "torpedoes" typify to these gentlemen the ready stop-gap which shall keep things right until "improvisation" can have its perfect work. They point us to the war of the Revolution, to the war of 1812, and to our civil war, as all affording examples of the genius of our people for sizing up to the demands of any exigency that may befall us. Reason, history, and the consent of mankind in certain axiomatic truths bearing upon the subject, all go for nothing. We are a peculiar people; we are the especial favorites of Providence; for us all the rules and conditions that affect other nations are abrogated or suspended, nothing can ever hurt us or make us afraid; we are the universal Yankee nation, and therefore invincible. This is a fair representation of the style of argument that was employed the other day in the House of Representatives to defeat, and which was successful in defeating, the bill reported by the majority of the Committee on Appropriations for the construction and maintenance of our coast defenses, and substituting in lieu thereof the bill reported by the minority of the committee appropriating a sum ridiculously inadequate to any efficient improvement in our fortifications. For the present, at least, the time for argument has passed, and we shall not, therefore, attempt to combat the reasons assigned for the beggarly appropriation vouchsafed our engineers for work upon our sea-coast defenses, but will content ourselves with expressing the hope that the confidence of our legislators in our ability to do without such aids to the national defense may not be rudely shattered by the march of events.

IT is by no means certain that the occupation of Khartoom by El Mahdi, if the news to that effect shall be confirmed, may not prove

the best thing that could have happened for the success of General Gordon's mission to the Soodan. Aside from the alleged religious feature of El Mahdi's enterprise, there is abundant common ground between him and General Gordon to render practicable a pacific solution of the existing imbroglio. General Gordon himself never had much faith in the religious character of El Mahdi's movement. In his interview with the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which largely led to his appointment to the Soodan mission, he used these words: "I am convinced that it is an entire mistake to regard the Mahdi as in any sense a religious leader; he personifies popular discontent." And again, "The movement is not religious, but an outbreak of despair." Assuming this to be the correct view of the Mahdi's movement, there ought to be no great difficulty in his coming to an amicable understanding with General Gordon, whose object in going to the Soodan was first to succor the Egyptian garrisons and Christian inhabitants of that region, and then to relegate the government of the provinces to their native sultans. His advent in Khartoom was signalized, it will be remembered, by acts of liberality and relief, which so moved the oppressed people that they hailed him with the most extravagant demonstrations of delight and marks of affection. True, Gordon is now El Mahdi's prisoner, always, of course, assuming the truth of the reported capture of Khartoom, but to a man of his character and genius that fact will matter very little. King John, of Abyssinia, once had him as a prisoner also, but nevertheless Gordon completely checkmated his captor and escaped his toils. Notwithstanding, therefore, the seemingly unpropitious tenor of the latest advices from Khartoom, we shall be much surprised if General Gordon does not turn to good account the fortune that has at last brought him face to face with El Mahdi.

THE medical officers of the navy have just had completed a very handsome memorial brass to the memory of James Markham Ambler, passed assistant surgeon, who died during the memorable retreat of the ship's company of the "Jeannette," upon the river Lena.

The records of the expedition as well as the survivors bear full testimony to the ability of Dr. Ambler, as well as to his uniform, unflagging cheerfulness and good example.

Being one of the strongest of the party, he might possibly have been saved had he pressed on, but, as the tablet records, his sense of duty was stronger than his love of life, and he perished with the rest of De Long's immediate companions, on that dreary table-land where their bodies were afterwards found.

The tablet is to be erected in Leeds Church, Fauquier County, Virginia, in the immediate neighborhood of Dr. Ambler's home.

Should the subscriptions warrant it, it is intended to erect another memorial to Dr. Ambler, probably in the grounds of the Naval Hospital at Norfolk.

The reason for selecting that place is, that in all this wild and ill-considered talk in the House of Representatives in regard to selling hospital and other government property, it has never been proposed to alienate the land upon which that institution stands.

WITH great deference to the distinguished source from which it emanates, we take leave to say that the veto message in the matter of the Fitz-John Porter bill impresses us as rather ingenious than sound, and carries on its face the impress of the subtle mind of the President's chief legal adviser, who pre-eminently justifies in his own person the renown for professional acuteness traditionally ascribed to the members of the particular bar of which he has long been a conspicuous ornament. It has been the crowning misfortune of General Porter that his case was from the outset so mixed with political considerations as to put its dispassionate treatment almost beyond the pale of possibility. Political necessities made his conviction at the time of his original trial a foregone conclusion, and the like considerations have ever since then worked most potently against his obtaining the redress that was his due. The only purely dispassionate examination that his case has ever received was at the hands of the Schofield board, and the conclusion reached by that board will, to the general conscience of mankind, stand for all time as his deserved, full, and conclusive vindication.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

A VERY valuable contribution to military literature has recently been made by the Office of Naval Intelligence in the issue of Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich's report on the British naval and military operations in Egypt in 1882. It is in two parts, the first containing the text, and the second plates. The report is based upon personal observation of the author, upon trustworthy documents, official reports, and the accounts of officers engaged in the actions described.

Another interesting and valuable issue from the same office is the report on the exhibits at the Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition of 1882, by Ensign Frank J. Sprague, U.S.N., a perusal of which will form a very instructive preparation for visiting with appreciation the forthcoming electrical exhibition to be held in Philadelphia in October next. We take the more pleasure in noticing these publications because it affords us opportunity for saying that the Office of Naval Intelligence, under the very competent direction of Lieutenant T. Bailey Meyers, U.S.N., is doing excellent work, and has fully justified the wisdom of its creation.

UNDER the pseudonym of "Major Seth Eyland," the author of "The Evolution of a Life," whose identity will be recognized by nearly every one acquainted with literary, artistic, and military circles in New York, has given the public a most entertaining collection of anecdotes and reminiscences. A life unusually varied in its occupations and ambitions has furnished a wonderful store of incidents from which to draw, and these are related in an easy and pleasant style, interesting equally in narration and description. As an art-student in New York and in Europe, as a private soldier, officer in the New York Mounted Rifles, provost-marshal and judge in the civil war, as artist for *Harper's Weekly*, as journalist, and finally as lawyer, "Major Eyland" has had exceptional opportunities of meeting men distinguished in art, in literature, in science, and in military matters. Anecdotes, never before related, of Lincoln, Grant, McClellan, Scott, Butler, Joe Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, President Arthur, Horatio Seymour; of Edgar A. Poe, Bayard Taylor; of the younger days of eminent American artists; of Wiertz, the eccentric Belgian painter; of Verbruggen, the famous wood-carver, and many other distinguished or notorious men are scattered through the pages of the volume, mingled with shrewd observations on their character and personal eccentricities, bits of art criticism, curious phases of the law, and thrilling details of battle.

Perhaps half of the volume is devoted to a graphic and vivid story of the events of the war as seen by the author. Camp-life before Washington, Patterson's abortive campaign in the Shenandoah, the Peninsula campaign, the events of the siege of Richmond, the battles of Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, are described from what may be called a personal point of view, with little attempt at elaborate historical or military detail. Here, as indeed throughout, the book is chatty, gossipy, and brightly written. The author has an interesting story to tell, and it may truly be said that few of this summer's books of fiction hold the reader's attention and interest so closely as "The Evolution of a Life." (S. W. Green's Son, New York. $1.50.)

LIEUTENANT DWIGHT H. KELTON, U.S.A., has just issued a revised and amplified edition of his "Annals of Fort Mackinac," in which the history, biography, poetry, and tradition pertaining to that interesting region are blended in a way at once charming and instructive. The price by mail of this little book being but thirty cents, it will well repay purchase and perusal by every one who feels any interest in its subject-matter.

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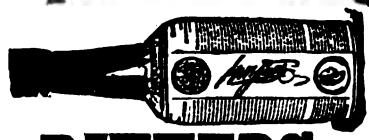

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15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS.

ALL THE LEADING DRUGGISTS SELL PEARS' SOAP

THE

UNITED SERVICE.

SEPTEMBER 1884.

GROG.

A MIXTURE OF PROSE AND VERSE.

". . . All of them swigged it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.
For grog is our larboard and starboard,
Our mainmast, our mizzen, our log;
At sea, or on shore, or when harbored,
The mariner's compass is grog."

An Old Sailor Song.

"Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains! . . . Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil."—*Othello.*

"Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Weighs anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog."

DIBDIN.

GROG, which properly so called is a mixture of rum and water, was never served out in the United States navy, as it was the custom to give the men their *whisky*, or, as it was erroneously called, "tot of grog,"—unadulterated,—that is, in the language of the dram-drinker, "neat" or "straight." I hope I make my meaning plain to the average reader with all these colloquial terms.

Grog is defined as above in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, but has not been deemed worthy of explanation in the leading encyclopædias (Chambers' excepted), and, strange to say, has no place in Falconer's Marine Dictionary, published in 1759. We may therefore be excused for jotting down these notes concerning its origin, rise, and decline.

It has been usual to ascribe the invention of grog to Admiral Vernon, and he certainly did introduce it into the royal navy in 1740, or

thereabouts, though its invention, or the invention of mixed drinks, as will be shown, has claim to a much higher antiquity, and has been attributed to the jolly god Bacchus himself. Admiral Vernon, while in command of the West India station, and when extremely popular, on account of his reduction of Porto Bello, November 22, 1739, with only six vessels of war, caused to be served out to the men a new beverage of rum and water, or "half-and-half," which proved most palatable to them, and grew into favor; and as he was styled "Old Grog," from his wearing a rough "grogram" coat or cloak, in which he walked the deck in bad weather, the men gave it the name of "Grog." Walpole calls Admiral Vernon "a silly, noisy admiral, whose courage was much greater than his sense, and his reputation much greater than his courage, and so popular that he was chosen to Parliament for several places, and had his head painted on every sign, and his birthday kept *twice* in one year."

The times in which Admiral Vernon lived were high-party times, and he fell a sacrifice to the writing of two foolish pamphlets, squibs against his employers; "but they were smothered in their own smoke, and went off without fire and without notice, scorching nobody but himself." He was nevertheless summoned to attend the Board of Admiralty, the pamphlets were shown to him, and he was desired by the Duke of Bedford to give a categorical answer, ay or no, whether he was the author or publisher of them. He said he fully admitted the authority of the Lord High Admiral, and, as a naval officer, owed all obedience to his orders, but that he looked upon the question now asked as one of a private nature, which he apprehended their lordships had no right to ask him, and that he was not bound to answer it. The duke said, if that was the only reply he meant to give he might withdraw. The next day he received a letter from the secretary to say the Duke of Bedford having laid the pamphlet before the King, his master, his majesty had been pleased to direct their lordships to strike his name from the list of flag-officers.

Per contra, Charnock says, "To say he was a gallant man would be a needless repetition of what no person has ever presumed to deny him. His judgment, his abilities as a statesman are unquestioned, and his character as a man of strict integrity and honor perfectly unsullied." [1]

On leaving Parliament he was chosen one of the directors of the New Herring Fisheries, on which occasion the following epigram appeared:

"Long in the Senate had brave Vernon railed,
And all mankind with bitter tongue assailed.
Sick of his noise, we wearied Heaven with prayer
In his own element to place the tar:
The gods at length have yielded to our wish
And bade him rule o'er *Billingsgate* and fish."

[1] Barrow's "Life of Lord Howe."

The following song, giving the "Origin of Grog," was written on board the "Berwick" a few days before Admiral Parker's engagement with the Dutch fleet, August 5, 1781, by Dr. Trotter. The "Burford" mentioned in the song was Admiral Vernon's flag-ship in 1739–42:

"'Tis sung on proud Olympus hill,
The muses bear record,
Ere half the gods had drunk their fill
The sacred nectar soured.

"At Neptune's toast the bumper stood,
Britannia crowned the cup.
A thousand Nereids from the flood
Attend to serve it up.

"'This nauseous juice,' the monarch cries,
'Thou darling child of Fame,
Though it each earthly clime denies,
Shall never bathe thy name.

"'Ye azure tribes that rule the sea
And rise at my command,
Bid VERNON mix a draught for me
To toast his native land.'

"Swift o'er the waves the Nerieds flew,
Where Vernon's flag appeared;
Around the shores they sung true blue
And Britain's hero cheered.

"A mighty bowl on deck he drew
And filled it to the brink:
Such drank the 'Burford's' gallant crew,
And such the gods shall drink.

"The sacred robe which Vernon wore
Was drenched within the same,
And hence his virtues guard our shore
And GROG DERIVES ITS NAME."

There is said to be a still earlier ballad on the subject, but I have never seen it.

The "Instructions for the Royal Navy," printed in 1758, some eighteen years after the baptism of "grog" on board the "Burford," say: "Whereas it is of very pernicious consequence to suffer seamen to drink in drams the allowance made to them of any kind of spirituous liquor in lieu of beer, and it having been found by experience that the serving it mixed with water is very conducive to the preservation of their health, every commander is therefore strictly charged never to suffer any kind of spirituous liquor to be issued by itself to the company of the ship or vessel under his command; but to cause the allowance for all the officers and company to be every day mixed with a due proportion of water upon deck, in the presence of the lieutenant and two

other officers of the watch, who are to be strictly charged to take care that the men be not defrauded in their allowance."

After a while, as a punishment for small offenses in the royal navy, it was customary to serve out six-watered grog to the offender, and in the United States navy to stop the culprit's grog altogether for a longer or shorter period; a practice encouraged by the pursers, as it helped them to account for stealings, leakage, and evaporation, just as, after a battle, army quartermasters are able to charge off to it all losses and wastage of their stores.

In the Greenwich Hospital, which was established as a home for superannuated British sailors, both of the royal navy and merchant marine, in 1705, and which at times had over sixteen hundred inmates, a ration of liquor was allowed each and every pensioner until 1865, when its doors were closed as a hospital, and a system of out-pensions established, by which a veteran entitled to its benefits can remain in his own home, or in the care of his relatives, and receive instead a modest pension, which is derived from the income of the Greenwich Hospital fund, which now amounts to over one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling.

Old sailors often talk of "thumb-grog," or "thumb-brewed grog," which they explain thus: of a cold, wet night, at the striking the bell, when the watch came down wet and everything was very dark, some of them used to mix or brew their grog by dipping their thumb into the glass, and ascertain by feeling (as they could not see well) when they had put enough rum into it before adding water. The joke used to be, that the night was so cold they had no sensation in the tips of their thumbs, and, consequently, the rum came up to the middle and half filled the glass before they felt it, and thus "thumb-brewed" was unusually strong. The old salt's receipt for a "nor'wester" is, "Fill half the glass with rum, and the other half with strong rum and water."[2]

Evidently these old salts would say with Falstaff,—

"If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations."

But "grog," or a somewhat similar mixture, was used in the royal navy long before the days of Admiral Vernon. In the British Museum there is a MS. of "The Rate of a Dyett for Souldgers and Maryners, for 56 Dayes for the Scotch borders; temp Hen. viii.," in which the diet for "Fleshe days," in which two meals per day were allowed, and "Ffishe days, and fasting dayes with *one* meale the daye," etc., was allowed, and each man was allowed a "pottell of beverage, made with 2 *partes water* and *one of sack*."

In the third volume of State papers there is a letter from the Lord

[2] "Notes and Queries," 2d series, vol. iv.

Deputy and Council of Ireland to Henry VIII., dated "Dubline, the 19th November, 1545," on the "presting and victualling of shipping," and among the drinks mentioned and allowed, besides "Beare," are "Wyne, Sake, 6 tonnes, maketh beverage 18 tonnes," "Wyne, Gascoyne, 11 tonnes, maketh beverage 16 tonnes." So it seems the "Wyne" sack was reduced into what we would call "two-water grog"; that is, the beverage consisted of one-third sack and two-thirds water; and that the wine of Gascoyne not being as strong suffered less dilution.

Henry Yeonge, chaplain on board his majesty's ship "Assistance," in 1675, says in his diary (which was first published in 1825), on joining his ship he received a hearty welcome from the officers on shore with "bottells of claret," and on going on board "dranke parte of three boules of punche (a liquor very strange to me), and so to bed," from which it may be inferred the very strange liquor gave him a headache, and he had "so to bed." When they dropped down river a few days later, he says there was much drinking of punches and brandy, and singing of "Loath to depart." The chaplain never fails to mention the keeping of Saturday night, when they drank "Sweethearts and Wives" with "boules" of punch. Proof that the custom has the sanction of over two hundred years.

In 1110–12, Sigurd Magnusson, the only Scandinavian sea-king who went to the Crusades, sailed with fifty ships. Landing at Ascalon, and finding no one there to quarrel with, he proceeded to Jerusalem to pray. At Constantinople his men were taken ill,—the wine of the country, it was thought, disagreed with them. So the king, as their medical adviser, taught them to drink water with it. He threw a swine's liver into a keg of brandy, and observed that it was consumed by the alcohol. He tried the same experiment on the biliary organs of a malefactor, with the same result. He concluded, therefore, that spirits were bad for the health unless adulterated with water. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun. The temperance advocate of today little knows that he is retailing an experiment seven hundred years old. But the discovery that undiluted spirits is unwholesome is even older. Dr. Milligan, in his "Curiosities of Medical Experience," says, "The ancients were in the habit of diluting their wine with water. The Lacedæmonians accused those who drank it pure of acting like Scythians, an expression introduced ever since Cleomenes, the Spartan, had learned to drink freely among them. The Thracians were also accused of this practice, which clearly proves it was not general. Pilochorus reports that Amphictyon, king of Athens, learned to *mix wine and water from Bacchus* himself, on which account he dedicated an altar to the god. According to Athenæus, the Greeks of old mixed their liquor, sometimes with two parts of water to one of wine, and *put some snow in it*, sometimes one to five. The Romans used vinegar to mix with water for their soldiers. Vinegar-water, or *posca*, was the common drink of the soldiers in the

field, and *posca* is defined as "sour wine mingled with water." According to Plato, wine was always drunk diluted, and to drink it neat was looked on as a barbarism. According to Ælian, Zaleucus imposed a law upon the Locrians, according to which any person doing so, even if sick, unless by the prescription of a physician, was punishable by death. The usage continued long in force, and any departure from it was not only considered a sign of great intemperance, but as highly injurious, both mentally and corporeally.

From Herodotus we learn that the Spartans fancied Cleomenes had gone mad by drinking neat wine, a habit he had learned from the Scythians. There was always more water than wine in the beverages of the ancients, and half-and-half was repudiated as highly intoxicating. We learn from Athenæus, Plutarch, and Eustathius, that the usual proportions were six parts of water to two, three, or four of wine. Occasionally the water and wine were mixed in separate goblets, but the usual custom was to mix all the wine at once and then serve it.

Plutarch, in his "Life of Cato the Censor," states that "he drank nothing but water, except that when almost burnt up with thirst he would ask for a little vinegar, or when he found his strength and spirits exhausted, he would take a little wine."

Xenophon, in his "Expedition of Cyrus," says, "For drink there was beer, which was very strong when not mingled with water, but was agreeable to those who were used to it. They *drank this with a reed out of the vessel that held the beer*, upon which they saw the barley swim."

Here we have the origin of the manner of drinking those American mixed drinks, sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps, a custom which was antedated possibly by the American of a past generation, and is probably followed by the country boys of to-day, stealthily sucking cider through straws from a barrel, as did once upon a time the boy Washington Irving.

Hesiod advises that three parts of water should be added to the Biblian wine.

In a recent newspaper, it is stated that a Zulu church in South Africa has the following regulation: "No member of this church shall be permitted to drink the white man's grog, or native beer, nor touch it with his lips."

Apropos of mint-juleps, which Virginians are generally credited with having originated, we will give what Milton has to say about them in his "Comus," calling them by the very same name:

> "And first behold this cordial JULEP here,
> That flames and dances in its crystal bounds,
> With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed;
> That's not Nepenthes, which the wife of THOME
> In Egypt gave to Jove-born HELENA,
> Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
> To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst."

Charles Fenno Hoffman also wrote a poem on the "Origin of Mint-Juleps," in which Bacchus, Ceres, Pomona, Venus, and Flora are united

> "In composing a draught, which 'till drinking were o'er,
> Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade,"

but which was not made perfect until

> "*Jove* himself added a handful of hail."

Charles Dibdin, *par excellence* the sailor's poet, and who said he had written "thirteen hundred songs, about ninety of them sea songs," according to Christopher North, "was no sailor, and had never been to sea, but by living on the water's edge he picked up sea terms, and though his songs are full of mistakes and inconsistencies, the sailors never found it out, being quite satisfied with hawsers, bowlines, and a few sea phrases here and there." This, we think, was the criticism of a landsman and not of a sailor. Dibdin in his autobiography says, "My songs have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, in battles, and have been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline. In everything I have written I have warmly inculcated morality, and I have prominently brought forward those men whose valor has insured and will perpetuate the glories of their country."

We fail, however, in these ultra-temperance times to see the morality inculcated in some of his bacchanalian songs. The British admiralty, however, were so much impressed with the value of his songs in cheering and inspiring the seamen of the royal navy that, in 1841, they caused an edition of his sea songs, illustrated by Cruikshank, to be published under their patronage and distributed among the seamen of the fleet.

Charles Dibdin, Sr.,—for his son, Charles, was also a writer of sea songs,—was born at Southampton, England, March 15, 1745, or, according to another account, in "Dibdin's" village, near Southampton, which was founded by and named for his grandfather. He was the eighteenth child, his mother being fifty at his birth! He wrote his beautiful and pathetic ballad of "Poor Tom Bowling," which everybody recollects,—

> "Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
> The darling of his crew;
> No more he'll hear the tempest howl,
> For death has broached Tom to!" etc.,—

on the death of his brother Tom, who was captain of an East Indiaman and twenty-nine years older than himself. As the new beverage, "grog," was introduced into the navy only three years before his birth, it became naturally the burden and subject of many of his sea songs. Here's a specimen of one:

"A plague of those musty old lubbers
Who teach us to fast and to think,
And, patient, fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink!
A can of good stuff, had they twigged it,
Would have set them for pleasure agog;
And spite of the rules
Of the schools, the old fools
Would have all of them swigged it,
And swore there was nothing like grog."

Here's a verse from another:

"All men try for soundings wherever they steer,—
Your nabobs for soundings strive hard in Cape Clear;
And there is not a soul, from the devil to the Pope,
That could live but for sounding the Cape of Good Hope;
No fear then, nor danger, our hearts shall control,
Though at sea we're in soundings while sounding the bowl."

Still another:

"Smiling grog is the sailor's best hope, his sheet-anchor,
His compass, his cable, his log,
That gives him a heart which life's care cannot canker;
Though dangers around him
Unite to confound him,
He braves them and tips off his grog.
'Tis grog, only grog,
Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log,—
The sailor's sheet-anchor is grog."

Again he says,—

". . . But honest tar,
Though fire and winds and water jar,
Consults his heart and shakes off care;
And when the battle's heat is o'er,
In grog aboard drinks girl ashore."

In another song he says,—

"To ask would you come for to go
How a true-hearted tar you'd discern;
He's as honest a fellow I'd have you to know
As e'er stepped between stem and stern.

* * * * * *

"But his joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

* * * * * *

"Then over life's ocean I'll jog,
Let the storm or the Spaniards come on;
So but sea-room I get and a skinful of grog
I'll fear neither devil nor Don."

Here is a verse or two from one of his Saturday night songs:

"'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea;
No duty called the jovial tars,
The helm was lashed alee.
The ample can adorned the board,—
Prepared to see it out,
Each gave the girl that he adored
And pushed the grog about.

* * * * *

"Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan
Each his best manner tried,
Till, summoned by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied.
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For in soft visions gentle sleep
Still pushed the grog about."

Here is a verse from another song, entitled "The Sailor's Journal":

"And now arrived the jovial night
When every true-bred tar carouses,
When o'er the grog all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.
Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a sigh, and toasted *Nancy!*"

It should be remembered that Nancy was the poet's wife, and one of the most delightful tributes ever paid by an affectionate husband may be found in his song, "The Nancy," "For my ship's called the Nancy, and Nancy's my wife."

"While the neighbors, to see her forget all their cares,
And are pleased that she's mine, though they wish she was theirs;
Marvel not, then, to think of this joy of my life,
I my ship calls the Nancy, for Nancy's my wife.

"As for Nancy, my vessel, but see her in trim,
She seems through the ocean to fly, and not swim;
* * * * * * *
She has saved me from many hard squeaks for my life,
So I call her the Nancy, *'cause Nancy's my wife.*"

In another song he says,—

"You ask how it comes that I sing about Nancy
Forever, yet find something new;
As well may you ask why delight fills the fancy
When land first appears to the crew.
* * * * * * *

"Could a ship round the world, wind and weather permitting,
A thousand times go and come back,
The ocean's so spacious, 'twould never be hitting,
For leagues upon leagues, the same track.

"So her charms are so numerous, so various, so clever,
They produce in my mind such a string
That, my tongue once let loose, I could sing on forever,
And vary the oftener I sing."

In still another song he says,—

"My love's a vessel trim and gay,
Rigged out with truth and stored by honor;
As through life's sea she cuts her way,
All eyes with rapture gazed upon her:

"Built every wondering heart to please,—
The lucky shipwright's Lord and Fancy;
From stem to stern she moves with ease,
And at her launch they called her 'Nancy.'
* * * * * *
"Thus is she precious to my heart,
By whate'er name comes o'er my fancy,
Graceful or gay, grand, neat, or smart,
Or Anna, Anne, Nan, Nance, Nancy."

We might go on quoting from the songs of Charles Dibdin to Grog and Saturday Night far beyond the limits of this magazine article, but will refrain, and close them with some extracts from his son Thomas's lines on the monument to Charles Dibdin, at Greenwich. The son seems to have inherited his father's genius for writing sea songs:

"Stop! shipmate, stop! He can't be dead:
His lay yet lives to memory dear;
His spirit, merely shot ahead,
Will yet command Jack's smile and tear!
* * * * * *
"The capstan, compass, and the log
Will oft his muse to memory bring,
And when all hands wheel round the grog,
They'll drink and blubber as they sing.
For grog was often Charley's theme,
A double spirit then it bore;
It sometimes seems to me a dream
That such a spirit is no more."

"Blow high, blow low," one of the first of his sea songs, was written in 1776, in a gale of wind, on a thirteen hours' passage from Calais, and was inspired by thoughts of the "Nancy" who soon after became his wife, and who subsequently inspired so many of his songs. In 1806 he addressed her as follows:

"My Sweet Love:

"It has been customary with me to make you some present on Twelfth day, out of gratitude for the sweet satisfaction your affection, your constancy, and all

your virtues have blest me with so many years. I have given you something to wear on your fingers, your wrists, in your ears, and on your dear bosom; but as every year has afforded me increasing happiness, so in the end there will be nothing sufficiently valuable for the purpose that I could give you to wear upon your person. I will therefore, this time, entreat your acceptance of something to wear on your heart and treasure in your mind.

"I remain, my invaluable NAN,

"Your truly faithful and affectionate husband,

"C. DIBDIN.[3]

"CRANFORD, MIDDLESEX,
"January 6th, 1806."

Inclosed was a prayer and some lines which were entitled "The Veteran in Retirement." The following is a verse of this love song:

"Though I'm laid up in port I am not outward bound,
In my upper works there's nothing ailing;
My rudder and compass are still safe and sound,
And if called on I'm yet fit for sailing.
I am decently stored with the comforts of life;
Have of friends just what number I fancy;
And, what's more, I've a berth in the heart of my wife,
My good, my incomparable Nancy.

* * * * * * * *

"All folly I pity, at slander I mock,
And I envy no one in existence;
And when I am boarded by grim Captain Death,
No sorrow shall trouble my fancy;
I'll strike like a man, and yield up my last breath,
In a prayer for the health of my Nancy."

Dibdin lived eight years in his "retirement" after writing these lines, and died at Camden Town, July 25, 1814, aged sixty-nine, his faithful Nancy surviving him, to place a stone over his remains in St. Martin's burying-ground to his memory, on which was inscribed, "as a dutiful token to the most affectionate and best of husbands."

"'His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.'"

It was the custom, from the very beginning of the Continental navy, and the custom was continued on the organization of the United States navy,—until 1863,—to furnish a daily allowance of "spirits" to the men.

In the "First Rules for the Regulation of the Navy of the United Colonies," which were drawn up by John Adams and adopted by Congress November 28, 1775, the spirit allowance is "Half a pint of rum per man every day, and discretionary allowance on extra duty and in

[3] "Memoir of his Life and Writings," by William Kitchner, M.D., attached to the quarto edition of his sea songs. London, 1828.

time of engagement." "Splicing the main brace," as it was called, or serving out an extra allowance of grog, after any extra hard work or unusual service, was a common and frequent practice.

Paul Jones, when sailing from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 1st of November, 1777, laments that they have "only thirty gallons of rum" to drink on the passage. In 1794 it was enacted that the spirit ration should consist of one half-pint daily, or in lieu thereof one quart of beer, which allowance was continued by the acts of 1797 and 1801.

In the first printed "Naval Regulations, issued by Command of the President of the United States of America," January 25, 1802, it is enjoined upon the captain or commander of a vessel of war, "not to suffer any person to suttle or sell any sorts of liquors to the ship's company, nor any debts for the same to be inserted in the slop-book, on any pretence whatsoever." Also, "that no fruit or strong liquors be sold on board ship, except, in the judgment of the commander of the squadron, a limited quantity of fruit be necessary for the health of the crew, in which case he will issue an order."

As the officers received a number of rations, varying from six for a captain to two for a chaplain, carpenter, or boatswain, they had, of course, according to their rank, the opportunity of "swigging" more grog than the men, though they generally drew the value of their extra rations in money, which they were allowed to do. By the Commissioners' Rules and Regulations of 1818, the money value of the daily spirit ration was established at five cents.

The earliest legislation with respect to temperance in the United States navy which I have found was by the House of Representatives, at the second session of the Twentieth Congress, when, under date of February 25, 1829, it was "*Resolved*, That the Secretary of the Navy be instructed to require three of the medical officers of the navy, whom he shall designate, to report their opinions separately, whether it is necessary or expedient that 'distilled spirits' should constitute a part of the rations allowed to midshipmen, and also their effect upon the morals and health of the individuals, and upon the discipline and character of the navy, should each midshipman draw the quantity (one half-pint) which now by law constitutes a part of the daily ration, and that the Secretary transmit such reports to this House at the next session of Congress, together with his own opinion of the expediency of substituting some other article in the rations supplied by government."

Surgeon William P. C. Barton, U.S.N., one of the officers called upon under this resolve, reported: "There are no facts within my knowledge, or that of other medical men, imperatively directing the use of distilled spirit by young men performing duty as midshipmen under ordinary circumstances, on shipboard or shore, and I can conceive of none justifying it in the diet of boys and striplings, who for

the most part perform this duty. My opinion is, therefore, that it is not necessary or expedient that distilled spirit should constitute a part of the ration allowed to midshipmen." As to the effect upon the morals of the individual should each midshipman daily use his lawful allowance of spirits he replies at some length, and sums the whole up saying, these causes are sufficiently numerous "to justify the appellation of demoralizing habit to the daily use of such quantity of ardent spirit as now by law constitutes part of the rations for midshipmen, whenever they draw them in kind."[4]

In transmitting this report to the Speaker of the House, January 14, 1830, and the coinciding opinions of the other two medical officers, the Secretary of the Navy, in his accompanying letter, said,—

"In submitting these opinions the Secretary deems it unnecessary to add any remarks of his own in illustration and enforcement of the views therein expressed, further than that they are earnestly concurred in. It may, however, be proper for him to recommend a liberal commutation in money in lieu of the spirit part of the ration now allowed by law, leaving those entitled at liberty to purchase additional quantities of small stores, as more suitable and conducive to their health, comfort, and morals."

I cannot find that any law was enacted restricting or reducing the spirit ration in consequence of these reports; but June 15, 1831, by an order from the Navy Department, all persons in the naval service who voluntarily relinquished the spirit portion of their rations were to be paid therefor at the rate of six cents per ration, and by a subsequent order (September, 1831) "such relinquishment must continue for a period not less than one month to entitle the individual to this commutation."[5] By the act of March 3, 1835, regulating the pay of the navy, only one ration per day was allowed to officers when attached to vessels for sea service.

In August, 1842, ten years later, a new act was passed to establish and regulate the navy ration, which reduced the daily spirit ration to one gill, and authorized the issue of half a pint of wine for a gill of spirits. It also directed "That no commissioned officer or midshipman, or any person under twenty-one years of age, shall be allowed to draw the spirit part of the daily ration, and all other persons shall be permitted to relinquish that part of their ration under such restrictions as the President of the United States may authorize; and to every person who is prohibited from drawing or who may relinquish the spirit part of his ration there shall be paid, in lieu thereof, the value of the same in money, according to the prices which are or may be es-

[4] "Hints for Naval Officers Cruising in the West Indies." By William P. C. Barton, M.D. Philadelphia, 1830.

[5] Rules of the Navy Department regulating the Civil Administration of the Navy of the United States. Chapter lxxvi. 1, 1832.

tablished for the same." By a subsequent act (March 3, 1847) it was ordered that instead of the sum previously allowed, three cents per day should be paid in lieu of the spirit ration in the navy, "to be paid monthly to such persons as may elect to receive the same who shall actually draw their rations in kind," which commutation was increased by the act of August 3, 1848, to four cents. March 3, 1851, it was further enacted "that no commutation of rations shall be allowed except to officers and their attendants, and for the spirit part of the ration." But the following year, August 31, 1852, this provision was repealed.

It may be well here to state that the commutation price of the whole navy ration was originally twenty-eight cents, then twenty cents. In 1814 it was made twenty-five cents; in 1835 it was reduced to twenty cents; in 1856 it was again fixed at twenty-five cents. These prices in each case being arbitrarily established by a regulation of the Department, there being no statute on the subject. It is now fixed by law at thirty cents.

July, 1861, another act to alter and regulate the navy ration was passed, but the spirit ration, the commutation for it, and the restrictions of the act of 1848 were not changed, except that the commanding officer was authorized to suspend or stop the allowance of grog whenever, in his opinion, it was expedient for cause of drunkenness.

In 1862 there came a radical change. In the appropriation bill of that year, approved July 14, it was enacted, "That from and after the first day of September, 1862, the spirit ration in the navy of the United States shall forever cease, and thereafter no distilled spirituous liquors shall be admitted on board of vessels of war except as medical stores, and upon the order and under the control of the medical officers of such vessels, and to be used only for medical purposes. From and after the first day of September next there shall be allowed and paid to each person in the navy now entitled to the spirit ration five cents per day in commutation and lieu thereof, which shall be in addition to their present pay."

Having given the song on the "Origin of Grog" in the British navy, it seems appropriate to here give the "Farewell to Grog," which was circulated in our navy, and which it is well understood was written by Pay-Director Caspar Schenck, now in charge of the pay-office at San Francisco, California, but then the paymaster of the United States sloop-of-war "Portsmouth," on the Mississippi River:

"FAREWELL TO GROG.

"Wardroom of the U. S. S. 'Portsmouth.' Time—August 31, 1862.

"*Officer sings:*

"Oh! messmates, pass the bottle round,
Our time is short, remember;
For our grog must stop, our spirits drop,
On the first day of September.

"Farewell, old rye! 'tis a sad, sad word,
But alas it must be spoken;
The ruby cup must be given up,
And the demijohn be broken!

"Yet memory oft will backward turn,
And dwell with fondness partial
On the days when gin was not a sin,
Nor cocktails brought courts-martial.

"Jack's happy days will soon be past,
To return again, no, never,
For they've raised his pay five cents a day
And stopped his grog forever.

(*The boatswain's mate pipes*, "ALL HANDS SPLICE THE MAIN BRACE!")

"All hands to splice the main brace call,
But splice it now in sorrow,
For the spirit-room key will be laid away
FOREVER, on the morrow."

The law of 1862, that "Distilled spirits shall be admitted on board of vessels of war only upon the order and under the control of the medical officers of such vessels, and to be used only for medical purposes," was reaffirmed in the Revised Statutes of 1873, and the navy regulations of 1865 instructed accounting officers that "the five cents per day allowed by law in lieu of the spirit ration is in addition to pay, and at the end of each quarter the pay-officer will pay the amount due to such of the crew and marines as may elect to receive it, and credit the allowance on his pay-roll as 'undrawn spirits,' and if he declined to receive it, it was to remain to his credit on the books, and be accounted for the same as other pay. The commutation price of the ration to continue to be twenty-five cents, without reference to the five cents thus allowed."

The same order was continued in the navy regulations of 1870. By the act of May 23, 1872, *thirty* cents was in all cases to be the commutation price of the navy ration, which was reaffirmed in the Revised Statutes, and there is no mention of the "spirit ration" in the United States navy regulations of 1876, or in the compilation of the laws relating to the navy of 1883.

It was said at the time, that the law of 1862 forbidding the introduction of distilled spirits, except in the medical department, was passed because of the influx of officers and men from the merchant service, and the number who had to be dismissed or otherwise severely punished for drunkenness. That may have been one of the reasons for the enacting of the law, but it was probably passed in accord with the sentiments of the time. The beneficial results of the law have since been made apparent, although, under the name of "navy sherry," American whisky is sometimes smuggled on board ship. It has been said, with what truth I know not, that some time after the passage of

the law forbidding the introduction of distilled spirits on board ship, an officer of high rank entertained the President of the United States and other distinguished citizens on his vessel on the James River with "navy sherry." If so, like Nelson at Copenhagen, they read the signal as they would have it read, and did not retire from the conflict.

In the royal navy the allowance of spirits is still continued,—one-eighth of a pint daily,—but it may be commuted for coffee, tea, or chocolate, as preferred.

Considerable care and ceremony were necessarily incident to the stowage of spirits on board our vessels of war, and their serving out to the men. The whisky was kept in a part of the after-hold called the "spirit-room," under lock and key, and this compartment was only, excepting in cases of necessity, to be opened, or spirits drawn off, in the daytime, and always in the presence of an officer, and no lights were ever to be taken into it. The "master" was to superintend the stowage and have charge of the keys of the spirit-room, and only deliver them to a commissioned or warrant officer. "The master's mate of the hold and spirit-room," as he was called, was usually a passed midshipman, or one of the older midshipmen. At seven bells the quartermaster of the watch would call upon him for the keys, which he obtained from the master's state-room, and the spirit-room was then opened under the watchful eyes of the master's mate, and the needed allowance pumped from one of the casks into a wooden vessel having an open head with a cover, called the grog-tub, which was then locked, and taken on deck and placed under the charge of a sentry, usually the orderly at the cabin door. At eight bells, after the boatswain had piped to breakfast or dinner, the sound of "Grog, oh!" repeated by his mates, resounded throughout the ship, when a line was drawn across the starboard side of the half-deck in a frigate, or the port gangway or waist of a single-decked vessel forward, pressing against which, with beaming faces, immediately gathered a group of anxious and expectant Jack tars. The grog-tub was then brought forward by the quartermaster, and the grog served out under the eyes of the master's mate, while the purser's steward called the names of all entitled to draw it, beginning to call the roll from the top of the list at one serving, and from the bottom, or a reverse of the roll, at the next serving. As the names were called each man came forward of the line, tossed off his "tot of grog," and retired, to be succeeded by the next and the next, until all were served, when the quartermaster was usually allowed to take an extra tot for his serving, and the tub was locked up and returned as before to the spirit-room, enough being reserved from it to serve to the crews of boats that were absent on duty, and to the lookouts aloft, etc. As soon as the meal-pendant at the mast-head was seen flying, boats returning from the shore would strike out for the ship as if for a race, in order to be in time for grog. I remember once in my midship-

man days, when I was the master's mate at the tub, an old shellback exclaiming, after he had tossed off his allowance, at the same time rubbing his chest with his right hand, that "he wished his neck was a mile long, and that it would taste just as good all the way down." As the sick and those under punishment were not allowed to draw their grog except by the consent of the surgeon, and those names were often inadvertently called, attempts were often made to "double the tub" by those who had already drawn their allowance, and it needed all the watchful eyes of the purser's steward and master's mate to prevent their doing so. Of course the old quartermaster could not be relied on,—"a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Flogging and rum did not go out of the United States navy together, as they ought to have, for both were relics of barbarism. Both, however, I believe, still survive to a limited extent in the royal navy. Flogging was abolished September 28, 1850, by act of Congress. The spirit ration, however, which should have been stopped at the same time, since three-quarters of the minor, and all of the major punishments of the men, and a large proportion of the courts-martial of the officers, either originated in drunkenness, or could be traced to drink, was not stopped until 1862, twelve years later.

Old sailors shook their heads, and regretted the abolition of flogging more than did the officers, to whom it was always a repulsive sight. They often said in my hearing now the good men would have to do the work, and the skulkers go scot-free. "New times demand new measures and new men." I am clearly of opinion that the navy has been largely benefited in its *personnel* by the abolishment of flogging and by the prohibition of distilled spirits on board ship, though at the time the officers looked upon both measures with regret and dismay, just as was the feeling of our Southern brethren with regard to the abolition of slavery; now none would wish either of the three restored.

It used to be said in the old flogging days that a ship's company was disciplined on the backs of half a dozen shellbacks. The sailor, when on shore, still toasts his lass and drinks his glass, but his abstinence, owing to the strict prohibition on board ship, is conducive to his temperance, and the coffee and tea which have been added to his ration in lieu of spirits, and which were luxuries aforetimes furnished at his own expense, have been found more conducive to his health, equally reviving in time of peril and over-exertion, and better suited to the changes of climate he is called upon to endure.

The following song to "The Critter," which might furnish the text for a temperance lecture, and is, in fact, a whole sermon in itself, was written, I am informed, by the late gallant Commodore Augustus H. Kitty, U.S.N., who lost his left arm in the attack on Fort St. Charles, while in command of the "Mound City," on an expedition to White River, June 17, 1862. Previously he was the most accomplished per-

former on the guitar the navy has ever had. It was often sung on Saturday and other nights to the soft music of the guitar in the ward-rooms of our ships thirty or forty years ago. It has, I think, never been published, at least I have never seen it in print, and I give the verses from a MS. copy. It may be thought rather libelous on the preacher, the deacon, and the maiden, but *quien sabe?* it may serve as a warning even to them. As the "critter knoweth every shape, and taketh every name," it will not be considered inappropriate to repeat those lines in this paper on "Grog." Appropriately illustrated by a Cruikshank, it would be very effective as a moral sermon:

"'The critter' knoweth every shape,
And taketh every name;
But in every form and every shape
'The critter's' still the same.

"The morning's drop, the evening's dram,
And the noontide glass he fills,
And you see his face unceasingly,
Like a dun in the time of ills.

"He slides into the soldier's lips
From the mouth of a snug canteen,
And the drum may beat, and the gun may flash,
But 'the critter' slips between.

"He smooths the couch of the weary man,
And diddles the sleeper's brain,
And with the ray of the breaking day
'The critter's' there again.

"He clears the fog from the preacher's throat,
And he helps the clerk to sing,
And he whets the scythe of the mowing man
In the shape of a mighty sling.

"He lends a tongue to the speechless one,
And a flash to the coward's eye;
He burns in the kiss of a lady's lip,
And breathes in a lover's sigh.

"The farmer fills his tumbler up,
And clasps his fingers round;
He says not a word, but he drains the cup,
For 'the critter' there is found.

"The deacon walks to the tavern bar
And calls for a potion thin;
But he slyly winks to the bar-maid there,
And she slips 'the critter' in.

"The maiden sits in her silken seat
And sips the cordial fair;
And the blush grows deep on her cheek,
For 'the critter's' lurking there.

"In the morning's mist, and the scorching sun,
And the chill of the evening air,
In the crystal glass, and the earthen mug,
'The critter's' the same and there."

Rather more sentimental and less rollicking were the Saturday-night songs in the United States navy than those that were current in the British navy, the celebrations or rather the remembrance of the occasion being confined to the officers' messes. Here is one of the songs which I remember having frequently heard caroled in the steerage in my midshipman days. It was written, I believe, by a Yankee schoolmaster named Carter, at one time the principal of the Portland (Maine) Academy, who gained considerable repute as the author of a volume of "Letters from Europe," more than half a century ago.

"Come, send round the can,[5] though the last of our lives
Be this night, we will drink to our sweethearts and wives,
And pledge them the warmer and dream of them more
The farther we sail from our dear native shore.

"Good angels protect them wherever we are,
And peace be their portion while we are afar.
May their spirits pursue as the billows we stem,
And be thinking of us while we are drinking to them.
Then send round the can, etc.

"As trembles the needle and points to the pole,
So let each still be true to the girl of his soul;
And whatever attraction has led us to roam,
May the magnet of feeling be ever at home.
Then send round the can, etc.

"From the full, flowing goblet as each of us sips,
We will think how much sweeter is the nectar of lips.
Then send round the can, though the last of our lives
Be this night, we will drink to our sweethearts and wives.
Then send round the can, though the last of our lives
Be this night, we will drink to our sweethearts and wives."

Another favorite Saturday-night song in the wardrooms of our ships was the "Brandywine Song," composed by the wardroom officers of the frigate "Brandywine," in the South Pacific, just fifty years ago, a verse being composed by each wardroom officer. It begins:

"Come wreathe the goblet with the vine,
Ye gallants of the Brandywine!" etc.

The refrain being,—

"Brandywine, Brandywine,
Oh! the gallant Brandywine!"

As, however, the song was printed in the December (1883) num-

[5] A *can of grog* is rather a mythical thing on a United States ship of war, however it may have been in the British navy. I am quite sure such a thing was never seen on board one of our ships of war.

ber of THE UNITED SERVICE, in "Reminiscences of the Navy Fifty Years Ago," it is unnecessary for me to repeat it here. Dr. Adee, in his journal, under date June 13, 1834, gives the occasion on which it was first sung. He says, "It is usual on board of men-of-war in the English and American navies to celebrate Saturday evening with song and sentiment, and circulate the inspiring cup about the social board; and, indeed, Jack is deserving of a bumper. Last evening I prepared a little repast on the mess-table, and invited Captain Deacon, with his guests, Captain Aulick and Commander Renshaw, to join us in this weekly festivity. On such occasions *home* is invariably the topic, and 'sweethearts and wives' a standing toast. The wee ones of course come after, and then such songs and toasts as the degree of excitement may inspire. Our commander wished that 'our true loves might prove kind, and our wives thrifty;' and our first lieutenant hoped that 'we might never begin to be miserable until we ceased to be happy.' A chorus at ten o'clock concluded the ceremony, and all retired."

It will be seen that the orgie, if such it can be called, was not a midnight one, and that the party broke up when the usual time for reporting the wardroom lights out at ten o'clock had arrived. Two at least of those wardroom officers, the commodore's secretary and the chaplain, still survive, though they have long retired from the service. One of them informs me that each officer of the mess wrote one or more verses, and as they were written they were dropped into a hat on the table and drawn thence and sung. Many more verses were written than those that have been preserved by Dr. Adee, but probably cannot now be recovered.

The Brandywine song is now a current Saturday night song in the royal navy.

Another favorite wardroom Saturday-night song was "Tom Breeze." The subject was a purser in the navy,—the father of the late Captain Randolph Kidder Breeze,—and the song, as he informed me, was composed by the author, Joseph R. Drake, under the following circumstances. Drake, Breeze, and three other friends were assembled for a social game of whist, and Drake being cut out of the game, while the rubber was progressing, wrote the song. It was a fortunate cut out, as you will say when you read it, and still more when you hear it sung by a manly voice, with a full, flowing chorus. These are the words:

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Breeze,
  Tom Breeze of the mountain billow:
May grief fall lightly from thy heart
  As feathers 'neath thy pillow.
Let the tides of fate roll on,
  Revealing joy or sadness;
I will pledge to thee, Tom Breeze,
  A cup brimful of gladness.
    Here's a health, etc.

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Breeze:
Oh, may'st thou ne'er of sorrow
One bitter draught whate'er quaff off
Upon the coming morrow.
I drain the wine-cup cheerfully,
And when thou'rt o'er the seas,
I will fill again to thee and thine,
Here's a health to thee, Tom Breeze.
Here's a health, etc.

"Life's sweetest joys are fleeting,
Spring's brightest flowers fade,
But friendship's words will sweetly last
Beyond the hour when made;
And though no more I greet thee,
As now in joy and ease,
May peace be with thee ever;
So fill up to my friend, Tom Breeze.
Here's a health, etc.

"Thou goest soon to bid adieu
To ocean's bubbling foam;
To hail once more thy fireside,
Thy children, friends, and home.
Soon shall a wife embrace thy arms,
Sweet little ones thy knees;
Blow, then, fair winds, to waft him on,
And give to love Tom Breeze.
Here's a health to thee, Tom Breeze,
Tom Breeze of the mountain billow:
May grief fall light upon the heart
As feathers 'neath thy pillow."

The following song, by an American author, of which we give a few stanzas, has been adopted in an English book, and the refrain altered to England, Commerce, and Freedom:

"How blest a life the sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging;
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing!
When tempests howl along the main
Some object will remind us,
And cheer with hope to meet again
Those friends we've left behind us.
Then under strong sail we laugh at the gale,
And though landsmen look pale, never heed 'em;
But toss off a glass to a favorite lass,
To America, Commerce, and Freedom!

* * * * * * * *

"With eager haste the shore we reach,
Our friends, delighted, greet us;
And, tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty lasses meet us.

When the full-flowing bowl has enlivened the soul,
  To foot it we merrily lead 'em;
And each bonny lass will drink off a glass
  To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

* * * * * * * *

Then drink round, my boys! 'tis the first of our joys
  To relieve the distressed, clothe and feed 'em;
'Tis a task which we share with the brave and the fair
  In this land of Commerce and Freedom!"

Among favorite Saturday-night songs a quarter of a century ago was the "A Health to the Outward Bound," written by Mrs. Norton, the granddaughter of Richard Brinsby Sheridan, beginning,—

"Fill high the sparkling brimmer—how fast the moments fly!
  The stars' weary light grows dimmer, and the moon fades away from the sky;
  Fill, for the signal-flag is up, and the wind is veering 'round,
  In haste let us drink a parting cup, and a health to the outward bound."

The song is so well known it is unnecessary to repeat it here.

Another favorite was Charles Fenno Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright," in which you fairly seem to hear the tinkling of the glasses, and see the

"Bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
  And break on the lips while meeting."

Poor Hoffman's brilliant intellect was early quenched, and after existing for over thirty years an inmate of an asylum for the insane, his death has only recently been announced.

Many of our older officers will remember the late Commodore Spicer's song of "Ben Bolt,"—

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
  Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,"

with his beautiful and original guitar accompaniment. Others will recall the late Commodore R. W. Meade's effective and pathetic recitative of "The Sailor's Farewell to the Family Fleet." It has gone the rounds of the newspapers, but was first published in the *San Diego* (California) *Herald*, and has been, with what truth I know not, attributed to him. Whoever the author, I will give it, for better preservation in your magazine:

"Wait, ye winds, while I repeat
  A parting signal to the fleet,
    Whose station is at home;
  Then waft the sea boy's simple prayer,
  And let it oft be whispered there
    Whilst other climes I roam.

"Farewell to father, reverend hulk,
Who, spite of metal, spite of bulk,
Must soon his cable slip;
But ere he's broken up I'll try
The flag of gratitude to fly
In duty to the ship.

"Farewell to mother, first-rate she,
Who launched me on life's stormy sea
And rigged me fore and aft;
May Providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair
To tow the smaller craft.

"Farewell to sister, lovely yacht,
And whether she'll be manned or not
I cannot now foresee;
But may some craft a tender prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love,
To take her under lee.

"Farewell to Jack, the jolly-boat,
And all the little craft afloat
In home's delightful bay:
When they arrive at sailing age
May wisdom give to them the gauge,
And guide them on their way.

"Farewell to all on life's rude main,
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again
Through stress of stormy weather.
When summoned by the board above,
We'll harbor in the port of love,
And all be moored together."

This mixture of "grog" which I have served out in such liberal bumpers to the readers of THE UNITED SERVICE will, I hope, be acceptable to them, and prove "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate." I will close with the caution and advice of honest George Herbert, in "The Temple":

"Drink not the *third glass*, which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee; but before
May'st rule it as thou list; and pour the shame
Which it would pour on thee upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw you there, if you keep the round."

GEO. HENRY PREBLE,
Rear-Admiral U.S.N.

NIGHT ATTACKS.

(Concluded from page 199.)

PART II.—*Their Tactics. Infantry in the Approach, Attack, Defense. Action of Cavalry and Artillery. Conclusion.*

THE APPROACH.

Tactics before the Assault.—The general idea and dispositions having been explained to a sufficient number of officers, the rest of the troops need know nothing of the enterprise until the last moment, but then every one should be given a clear idea of his own duties, and be reminded of certain important rules.

For this purpose the forces destined for the enterprise should be massed at one or more places for the orders to be read, and, as far as necessary, explained.

At the place, or places, of assembly the various detachments will be told off, but for the sake of supervision, etc., the larger divisions of the force should be maintained intact to the latest possible moment.

The column of route formation is the easiest for the men to march in, and more manageable than any other, and in most countries will be the only possible one.

The order of march of each column depends on its composition and the circumstances, but the main bodies should always be preceded and flanked by small parties to guard against ambushes and unexpected encounters with the patrols of the defense. These detached parties should march in the formation best calculated for concealment and for giving confidence to the men, and to lessen the chances of discovery should be as near to the main body as is consistent with their object.

The different units of each column should be in some compact formation, as men easily become scattered in the dark, and are more likely to be confident and cool in close order than in the looser formations. Moreover, the smaller the space occupied the easier is concealment, and also the work of supervision of the officers.

The intervals between units must be greater than those usually allowed in the daytime, as the columns have a greater tendency to open out, and if the intervals disappear, confusion is almost certain to follow, and the spread of it is always very rapid and wide.

The connection between the different columns and between their fractions should be carefully maintained, for if any party is ignorant of the position of its neighbors, it is extremely probable that they will take each other for the enemy, as happened at the battle of Niagara Falls[1] in 1814, where "the detachments of the Royal Scots and Eighth, forming part of the reinforcements, unfortunately mistook for the enemy the Glengarry Regiment, stationed in the woods to the right, and kept up on it a severe and destructive fire." An amusing example occurred during the attempt on Erzeroum[2] in 1877. No. 2 column, Colonel Kruzenstern's, which had to move on Fort Akkali by the high-road from the Khan, a distance of about three miles, managed to get off the road and wandered about the country, not knowing where it was. To improve matters, the rear battalion of the column, mistaking a herd of donkeys for Turks, began to cry out Allah! to deceive the supposed enemy; whereupon the leading battalion promptly faced about and let fly a volley at it, which luckily passed over the men's heads, but made a noise and increased the confusion.

Each column should have competent guides told off to it, who must carry out their duties in the manner dictated by circumstances, using lights and sounds to direct their parties when quite certain that there is no danger of alarming the enemy, and resorting to silent and invisible means when in close proximity. Captain Roodzinsky[3] points out that every precaution should be taken which favors concealment, and that the routes chosen by the guides should in consequence keep to low ground and shade.

In attacks on small outposts, quarters, or camps, a party should always be sent round to cut off the retreat of the defenders.

The attack by Blücher on the French post at Morsheim[4] in 1794 is an excellent example. Many enterprises conducted on this principle were successful against the French posts on the Upper Nahe[4] in 1793. Colonel Gawler[4] on his experience of Caffre warfare lays it down as a rule always to be observed in attacking a camp surrounded by woods.

The above ideas as to tactics have been expressed as rules for the sake of conciseness, but nearly all the points are open to discussion, and will be so, until these nocturnal manœuvres are practiced, and some definite rules are arrived at by experience.

The want of practice will necessitate several of these tactical rules being repeated in orders whenever a night attack is undertaken, and they will have to be remembered by the men at a time when they are particularly liable to become flustered and confused. In consequence the officers and leaders will be continually giving orders and directions during the movement, which will most likely produce noise and talking.

If the above rules are uncertain, and need only be especially brought to the notice of the troops when they have not practiced them, or the

[1] James. [2] Ziekoff. [3] Roodzinsky. [4] Pierron.

circumstances lend them an extraordinary importance, the same cannot be said of those which follow, for the examples of history amply prove their correctness, while their frequent neglect and overwhelming importance make their reiteration in all orders for night attacks indispensable.

No striking of lights or smoking is to be allowed.

Signals made by trained men with proper appliances are, as already stated, objectionable, but they can be used so as to avoid the notice of the defenders; lights struck to read a watch or order by, or the glow of a pipe, cannot be concealed. The enforcement of this rule has always been difficult, and can only be effected by the closest supervision on the part of the officers and non-commissioned officers, and by training the men never to smoke when under arms between sunset and sunrise, so as to make the observance a habit.

The silence should be as complete as possible, and be maintained until the last moment.

This rule has no exception during the approach. If any posts of the enemy lie in the line of advance, or any of his patrols are met, they must be dealt with silently.

On the 16th October, 1760, the French, thirty battalions and thirty-eight squadrons strong, lay at Kloster Kampen.[5] The Hereditary Prince, who was besieging Wesel, marched at 10 P.M. To reach the enemy's camp it was necessary to dislodge Fischer's corps of irregulars, who had occupied the convent at Kampen in their front. This action produced some firing, which alarmed the whole French army. The allies failed in their enterprise.

If the patrols do not perceive the assailants the latter had better let them pass unmolested, but if the advance is observed, every effort must be made to reach the point attacked before the alarm can spread.

A constant rider to the order concerning the maintenance of silence is one that *the rifles are not to be loaded.* The reason for this will be given directly.

As before stated, the route formation should be kept as long as possible, but when the attack has reached the proximity of the defense, it must be ready to fight at any moment, and the tactics enter another phase.

THE COMBAT.

Tactics during the Assault.—To be ready to fight, the troops must assume a fighting formation. The exact formation which is best has yet to be determined, but its main features are decided by the weapon that is to be used, and that is—the bayonet, and nothing but the bayonet.

As long as the assailants are on the move not a shot should be fired

[5] A.R., 1760.

by them except under certain conditions, which are clearly defined. This is the keystone of offensive tactics by night. The shooting can have no accuracy in the dark, while it is a well-known fact that firing has a tendency to cause halting, which may lead to recoil of the line, and it is always extremely difficult to stop when once begun.

Again, firing, while it causes the attack to slacken, gives the defense an idea of the position of the point attacked and of the strength of the assailants, and causes reinforcements to be brought up.

The strongest argument, however, against the use of firing by the attack is to be found in the numberless examples of injuries inflicted with it on each other by different columns of assailants and the consequent confusion in their ranks.

Instances of its use by the attack being of use to the defense are afforded by Kloster Kampen in 1760, already described, by an attempt to retake the town of Batavia[6] in 1811; by an affair at Orizaba,[7] Mexico, in 1862; and by an action between Russians and Turks at a place called Berdek[8] in 1877. At Gibraltar[9] in 1781, Stony Creek,[10] 1813, and Niagara Falls[11] in 1814, our army has received severe warnings of the dangers arising from it, while Marshal Marmont states that at Karausebes, in 1789, columns of the Austrian army under Joseph II., taking each other in the night for the enemy, fired, and disabled more than six thousand men.

All military writers have expressly stated that the attack must not fire a shot before daylight, and, as a rule, an injunction to that effect has formed part of the orders for all night enterprises.

It is no doubt very difficult to prevent men returning fire, especially if it is effective or takes them in flank, and therefore it seems that the order shall be not only against firing, but also that the rifles shall not be loaded. Captain Bourelly says that the soldier should be taught the disadvantage of firing, and it should be made a point of honor with him only to use his bayonet; but granting that this will do much, still accidents will happen with loaded arms, and treachery is facilitated. It is an open question whether the troops in the first line should even have their cartridges.

This point has been insisted on at some length, but its importance justifies the quoting of a few examples to support the last statements.

The following is the description of the final charge of the highly-disciplined Prussians at the capture of the passage of the Iser, at Podol, in 1866, given in the translation of the Prussian official account: "Soon after eleven o'clock the two Fusilier Battalions of the Thirty-first and Seventy-first Regiments arrived at the northern entrance of Podol. The first was pushed forward to storm the bridges. General Bose and Colonel Drygalski placed themselves at its head;

[6] Thorn. [7] Bourelly. Pierron. [8] Roodzinsky.
[9] Drinkwater. [10] Brackenbridge. James. [11] James.

firing was forbidden. When the column had approached within sixty paces of the bridge it was received by a salvo and a flanking fire from the railway embankment; it hesitated and began to return the fire. The endeavors of the officers, however, succeeded in setting the battalion in motion. General Bose himself seized a musket and marched forward with it. A regular hand-to-hand fight ensued, in which the enemy were driven back."

At the attempt on Trichinopoly[12] in 1753, six hundred of the French battalion attacked Dalton's battery. "At three in the morning on the 28th of November they passed the ditch at a place nearly dry, planted their ladders, and all entered the battery without arousing the guard of fifty Sepoys and two European gunners, who were at once dispatched; but some of the enemy stumbling into a pit, their muskets went off and gave the alarm." The attempt failed, and the assailants' retreat was cut off, for having turned the guns they had captured on the town, "the (British) artillery officer, guided by the frequent flashes of fire, pointed his guns so effectually as to shatter the ladders and kill a number of men."

It has been said that there are exceptions to the above hard and fast rule. They occur when the attack is a false one, forming part of a combined operation, and when the attack is made simply to harass the enemy and to deprive his troops of rest. In both these enterprises noise, and therefore firing, are the chief means for attaining the end, but in the latter care must be taken to get as close to the hostile positions as possible before commencing, so as to gain the full effects of surprise. In the greater number of cases of both kinds, however, blank cartridge would produce just as much confusion on the side of the defense and be much less harmful to the attack; and if it were not so objectionable to increase the patterns of ammunition as to make it impossible, the experience of the battle of Niagara Falls, in 1814, seems to point to the advantages of buckshot cartridges in nocturnal combats.

In connection with this battle the following remarks are given in James's "Military Occurrences": "The great use made by the Americans of buckshot, while it swelled out the returns, occasioned most of the wounds to be very slight. That musket cartridges, in the American service, are invariably made up with buckshot is acknowledged by General Wilkinson, who, referring to the use of rifles in the dark, says, 'The musket and bayonet, with buckshot, is preferable, because in nocturnal affairs nothing decisive can take place but at close quarters.'"

A modification of the rule can also be made, in the attack of well-known works, for parties covering the storming columns.

Wellington's orders for the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo,[13] after detailing the various columns, run thus: "All these columns will have detached parties especially appointed to keep up a fire on the defenses

[12] C. of V. Orme. [13] Jones.

during the above. The men with ladders and axes and bags must not have their arms; those who are to storm must not fire."

As the bayonet is to be the only weapon used, columns of some sort are necessary. What shall be their dimensions, what the action and position of the supports, what pace the advance shall be made at, and whether it shall be continuous or intermittent, are all questions as yet unsettled, and whose solution must, to a certain extent, depend on circumstances of time, place, and distance, and largely on the characteristics of the troops engaged.

With regard to these points the following considerations appear worthy of notice:

The columns for the storming of breaches in fortifications require weight, and therefore must be large and deep, but, as a rule, in all other undertakings small columns will be handier, more easily kept together and concealed, and less difficult to restore to order after the assault.

The orders for experimental manœuvres in the Wilna Military District in 1881[14] lay down that the supports must be near the fighting line, as they will be of little use if not used promptly at the right moment.

The position and use of the reserve must depend entirely on the circumstances.

At the same time that darkness allows the use of columns and the proximity of supports, it also does away with the necessity of advancing by rushes, which has been adopted in order to lessen the effects of the fire of the defense, and to secure some of the advantages of modern firearms for the attack.

Silence and secrecy must be maintained to the very last moment.

At Rugen, in 1715, the Swedes were discovered by their speaking to each other on encountering the unexpected obstacles surrounding the allies' camp. At Seringapatam, in 1792, the reinforcements of the defense, consisting of a corps of Europeans, might have surprised the British right division, while still in confusion, after the capture of the Mosque redoubt, if they had not advanced with drums beating and considerable noise. The French, in their attempt on Fort Bard,[15] in 1800, advanced from the village with drums beating the charge, and received a severe check, in which their commander paid the penalty of his stupidity with his life.

In fact, all the precautions that have to be taken during the approach increase in importance until the assailants are actually in the enemy's position or are perceived; not a shot should be fired, not a sound made. But once concealment is no longer possible and the issue, for the time at least, depends on hard knocks, every means should be employed to

[14] Wilna. [15] Marmont.

encourage the attackers, and every effort made to crush the resistance with sharp, decisive blows.

After the hand-to-hand struggle or the unopposed occupation of the defensive position the tactics again enter a fresh phase.

Tactics after the Assault.—The most pressing duty is to reform the troops broken by the struggle, while fresh bodies are brought up to cover the retreat or secure the position.

When order has to a certain extent been restored, if the result has been favorable, attempts may be made to increase its effects by pushing onward, but the enterprise must be undertaken tentatively at first with small bodies.

The best method of reforming the broken troops is not yet settled, but it would appear a matter eminently suited for experiments in peace-time, and one that a little practice would render much less difficult of execution.

Very often the assailants have immediately to act on the defensive, and all the rules for the defense come into play, and the same holds good when, during the actual combat, it becomes necessary to repulse a counter-attack. This will be dealt with more fully under the head of "Defense."

If the position captured is to be retained, it should immediately be placed in a state of defense.

The failure of the Turks to retain Mount St. Nicholas in the Schipka Pass and their success at Kizil-Tepe (both in 1877) are notable examples of the neglect and observance of this precaution.

An attempt to recover what they have lost is nearly sure to be made by the defenders as soon as they have got over their first confusion, and so if it is not intended to retain the position, or the force proves too weak to do so, a timely retreat is advisable.

Prince Eugene, at Cremona, may be said to have lingered too long, for although he carried off Marshal Villeroi as prisoner, he lost nearly all his infantry who had entered the town. Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey's withdrawal from the scene of the action at Stony Creek in 1813, and that of the Danish raiders from Assendrup[16] in 1864, are examples of proper prudence.

It is almost needless to point out that in a descent on cantonments, etc., every measure should be taken to prevent the spread of the alarm, which might cause other parties of the defense to move to the point attacked; or that, after the storming of fortresses or the seizure of a town, arrangements should be immediately made to prevent plundering.

The history of the assaults of Ciudad Rodrigo and of Badajoz, 1812, give us valuable lessons on this, while the proudest boast in the memoir of Maurice de Saxe concerning the capture of Prague[17] was

[16] Boguslawski. [17] Saxe.

that it furnished "the first instance of a town carried, in the night-time, and sword in hand, by the French without being plundered."

Marshal Marmont lays down the following rules for the conduct of the surprise of strong places:

"The fundamental principle for making a surprise successful, whether it is assisted in the place itself or not, is to promptly gain possession of an issue, which communicates with the open country. The number of troops which get in by stealth or escalade will always be very limited; it can never increase as rapidly as that of the troops which join to defend themselves, or sufficiently quickly to be formidable to a garrison formed up for the defense. The principal aim, therefore, must be to bring up powerful reinforcements as quickly as possible. When this condition is not fulfilled, if the garrison and its commandant do not lose their heads, these bold enterprises ought always to fail."

In case of failure the beaten troops are nearly sure to fall back in the direction of the last part of the advance, and consequently it would appear best to indicate rallying-points on the lines of advance, even if they are somewhat roundabout. The reserve will have to cover the retreat, and had better be placed clear of the line of flight, drawn up in compact formation ready to charge the pursuers, who are pretty sure to be broken.

The words of the German writer, Lieutenant-Colonel v. Boguslawski, will form a fit end for the consideration of the tactics of the attack, summing up the subject as they do in simple language:

"Before all, it is important to impress without a possibility of doubt on regimental officers and men that the tactics to be used at night, especially by an assailant, are quite different to those used by day. In the latter a loose order is imperative, in the former a close order. This difference once grasped and applied, the instruction of the troops is complete. The preparation for this special duty of the leaders ought to go much farther, and I make bold to say that our infantry at the present time pays too little attention to it."

THE DEFENSE.

Circumstances and the known character of the enemy's commander will show the defense what probability exists of a night attack, and also its probable direction and nature. It should always be remembered that the nearer the forces are together, the more likely is such an enterprise to be undertaken.

Perhaps the most effective means of preventing the other side undertaking this form of action is to make a vigorous show of intending to do so oneself, but where this is impossible every precaution must be taken to guard against the danger.

The most obvious precautions are those that remove the circumstances favorable to the attack, such as defects in the outpost system, carelessness in the lookout service, imperfections in the works of defense, and the concealment afforded by vegetation, etc. The taking of these depends mostly on the energy and intelligence of the subordinate leaders.

To assist the officer commanding and his staff in recognizing the point attacked, a "set" map (*i.e.*, one properly adjusted to the meridian), on which lines have been drawn from the spot it is fixed at to various important places in the position, will be of very great use.

Again, knowledge of the ground and of the disposition of the defenders being a necessity for the assailants, steps must be taken to prevent their making reconnoissances, or receiving information. If such are successful, the chances of the attack losing its way and falling into confusion are greatly increased, and also those of being able to make an opportune counter-attack, as the plans of the enemy will not have any firm foundation.

As many landmarks should be removed as possible, for doing so will greatly increase the difficulties of approach.

Obstructions of all kinds are allies of the defense, as they must cause delay to the advance, and may oblige the columns to swerve from their appointed routes and wander into space. Their position is of much greater importance than their elaborateness, for darkness will increase the difficulties of removing or circumventing them.

The first requisite of the defense, when an attack actually takes place, is sufficient time to occupy its appointed position, and to get an idea of the assailant's aim and numbers.

It, therefore, follows that the ground in all directions should be thoroughly patroled for a considerable distance at all hours of the night, and that the outpost system should be extended farther from the position than is usually necessary, and should include a strong inner reserve ready to oppose a hostile advance. No mere line of sentries, with pickets a little way to its rear, can ever be a sufficient protection against surprise if the attack is properly prepared and directed with energy.

All sentries and pickets should maintain their posts as long as possible, and may be sure, if their stand is firm, that the assailant will greatly exaggerate their importance, and delay will be caused while parties are arranged to attack them.

The next object, after gaining time for the defense to form up, is to produce confusion in the ranks of the attacking columns. The pickets can do a good deal this way by retiring to a flank, as it is very likely the assailants will follow them. Later on, the inner reserve can act advantageously on the offensive by sending forward small bodies to get between the enemy's columns, or on their flanks. The columns will

generally turn towards the direction from which they are assailed, and by skillful manœuvring on the part of the leaders of these small bodies, they may be caused to injure each other, or at any rate desist from the direct advance.

In the assault of Kars, three battalions of No. 1 column advanced on Fort Tchim, by the Erzeroum road in the Kars River ravine, leaving Fort Tekmass on their left, on the top of the heights. The Turkish outposts gave the alarm, and a sortie from Tekmass took the column in flank. Turning to the left, it carried the heights, and moved on Tekmass, under a flank fire from Tchim at a range of eighteen hundred yards. It was heavily repulsed, and driven back to the ravine, useless for further effort.

This sending forward of small parties must take place early in the combat, or their presence in front of the line will hamper the action of the main body, unless the whole defense is to be an active offensive, as in the cases of the repulse of the French sortie from Pondicherry in 1760, and that of the Prussian attempt on the lines of Düppel on the 28th of March, 1864.

If the defenders are already drawn up awaiting the attack, the advantages of taking the latter by surprise are so great that it will be best for the outposts to retire quietly without showing themselves, so as to lead to the belief that the advance has not been perceived; but if the troops are reposing, and time is an object, then firing is advantageous as a means of giving the alarm quickly, and the farther from the position it is begun the better, for men are very likely to lose their heads if awoke by the noise of a combat going on close to them.

In the Caffre war of 1835 two companies of the Seventy-second Highlanders were bivouacked near to one another. A young soldier, hearing a noise in the bush, jumped up, cried out "Caffres," and fired. The men, startled out of their sleep by the shot, and thinking that they were attacked, commenced to fire on each other. Five men were mortally wounded before the officers could stop the firing.

In the use of fire there is one golden rule to be remembered,—that independent firing always gives an indication of the strength of the firers, and that it is extremely difficult to make any estimate of the numbers firing a volley. Accordingly, even double sentries should fire together, and if one of them pretends to give the word of command, the chances are they will be taken for a picket.

The tactics to be used by the main body of the defense depend on the answer to the question, Is it to fire or not? This answer must be, Yes, it is; unless the dispositions of the attack are thoroughly known, and a purely offensive action is to be pursued.

Captain Bourelly, it is true, considers firing at night so useless and calculated to engender confusion that every effort should be made to prevent it on both sides, but even he recognizes the extreme difficulty

of doing so, while all other authorities who have expressed opinions on the subject agree in counting it one of the means of defense, and those who have not done so give a tacit assent to its use, in that they do not forbid it, as they are all careful to do in the strongest language in the case of the attack.

On appeal to history, instances of its good effect are found in the affairs of Cuddalore, Chillumbrum, Seringapatam, Bitche, and Fort Bard, in the last century; Alexandria, Brienne, Batavia, Soochow, before breech-loaders; Gitchin, Podol, Le Bourget, Villa Evrard, Danjoutin, Green Hills, Plevna, Savanak,[18] Karagach, and Kars, since.

The inaccuracy of fire is doubtless extremely great, but it has two causes, viz., the invisibility of the target, and the invisibility of the sights of the rifles. The former can be lessened by taking a position so that the attack may show out against the sky-line, or by lighting up the ground; the latter is a much more difficult problem, but not one that appears impossible of solution, and it will become less important as trajectories become flatter, though it can never be entirely done away with.

As to lighting the ground, the chief difficulty consists in the necessity that the light must proceed from the direction of the attack, or it will assist it rather than the defense. General Skobeleff, in his orders to the force which eventually captured Géok Tépé, directed large piles of wood to be lighted in the outpost line, and no fires to be burnt in the camp; which was exactly the practice of the Greeks in the fourth century before the Christian era. General Brialmont has also recommended the use of bonfires at known ranges, against which the attacking troops will show out, but in many instances the smoke would be a great disadvantage to the defense, and wood is often scarce. It is believed that as far back as 1864 the Danes made an unsuccessful effort to light the Düppel lines with electricity, and it has been suggested that electric lights could be used with balloons. The plant, however, is at present too cumbersome for any position except permanent works, and accumulators are said to leak very rapidly.

While on the subject of light, it may be well to call attention to the necessity of lighting the bottom of the walls or parapets during the defense of works, or else the immediate parties of the attack will escape notice, and the aim of their artillery will be assisted, as at the *coup de main* on Ghuznee in 1839.

At Brienne, in 1814, and Bitche, 1793, buildings accidentally set on fire in the rear of the assailants enabled their opponents to fire with effect, and this suggests one of the useful employments of artillery if buildings lie in front of the position. An example of this use of artillery on the side of the attack is afforded by the assault on Polotsk by Russians on the 19th of October, 1812.

Granting, then, that the defense is to fire, it follows that its position

[18] Roodzinsky.

and formations should be such as to afford the best facilities for the effective use of the rifle, and all possible measures to lessen its acknowledged bad effects on the troops themselves should be adopted.

As to the position, its first requisite is the same as in the daytime, a clear field of fire, though the extent of this need not be so large. As long as there is a clearing in front, woods offer certain advantages, as the attack will always experience difficulties in finding the way, which must be greater than those of the defense, and if the latter suffers defeat at one point, the bad moral effect will not spread so rapidly right and left as it would in open ground.

Thus, when the Germans pierced the French line at La Tuilerie before Le Mans, in 1871, the defender's troops immediately in rear could not be induced to close up to a hand-to-hand encounter, and showed the worst forms of demoralization, while others on the Ruaudin road, scarcely a mile to the north, stood firm in the woods all night, and others, again, another mile farther north, fought well and fiercely till the middle of next day.

Intrenchments lose much of their value, for in the dark the assailants do not fire or their fire can have no accuracy, and, as before mentioned, the absence of any fixed line that the defense is certain to hold on to is a puzzle to the attack very likely to bring it to grief.

A redoubt and buildings scattered here and there are, however, always of the greatest use, as affording foothold on the ground, facilitating an offensive return when daylight renders combined movements feasible. Such elements of resistance should never be neglected.

In the daytime command over the country in front is a desirable feature in a position, but low ground is better for night combats, as the attack will show on the sky-line. Again, in the daytime it is necessary to deny to the enemy the possession of points commanding the position, though at considerable distances; but unless the real battle is expected to take place after dawn, such are not important during darkness, as the hostile artillery can seldom be usefully employed.

If there is no fixed and prepared position, it will be necessary to be ready for attacks coming from all directions, and some sort of laager appears advisable. Confusion so easily arises in the dark, and surrounding objects are so indistinguishable, that all arrangements for the defense must be settled and communicated to the commanders of even the smaller units while there is yet sufficient daylight for them to learn the ground. The portion of the line allotted to each fraction should be marked in some manner, and also the route to it from the bivouac, and every commander of the larger bodies should receive instructions which will enable him to act without reference to higher authority.

General Skobeleff, in the orders before mentioned, said, "The commander of each unit is to study the ground situated in front of his detachment, to think over the amount of assistance he can give to the

neighboring detachment in case of attack; for, I repeat, mutual support has been and will be at all times the key to victory. The ground in front must be understood, the distances measured."

Frederick the Great laid it down in his instructions to his generals that "on such occasions each general should know how to act *independently*, without being obliged to wait for the instructions of the commander-in-chief."

The formation best suited for firing must be the line, and, as the fire of the attack is not to be feared, the only restriction to the number of men in line is that there shall be sufficient space for each to use his rifle with ease. The supports can, for the same reason, be close up to the firing-line, and their use will probably be to make counter-charges in close order, rather than to feed the front.

One point it is especially necessary to bear in mind, and that is that the various units must face in the direction they are required to fire in, for it will be difficult, if not impossible, to make men fire obliquely to the line they defend, and if they do so, it is very likely the fire will damage other parts of their own force. Hence, where flanking fire is required, great care must be taken in marking the position.

A strong reserve is always even more necessary than it is in defensive actions in the daytime, and its proportion to the whole force should be in inverse ratio to the total strength. In fact, the absence of resistance may, in a few instances, disarrange the plans of the attack to such an extent that, if the defense is very weak, it may be best to make but small efforts to hold the first line, and to concentrate all the force ready to make an offensive return when dawn removes the uncertainty of night. The dispositions made by General Bizanet for the defense of Bergen-op-Zoom, in 1814, are an excellent model.

Sir John Jones's account gives them thus: "The defensive arrangements of General Bizanet, dictated by the peculiar nature of the defenses, seemed as if planned expressly to counteract the project of the assailants, for, having a very insufficient garrison (only two thousand seven hundred effective men under arms), he kept no force in any of the outworks except those covering the several gates, where he posted small guards in the retrenchments of the lunettes to watch the approach to the bridges and gates. In Fort d'Eau he shut up only sixty men, and to the redoubts of the intrenched camp allotted only twenty men to raise an alarm should any hostile body approach the unrevetted front, and by these excellent arrangements kept nearly the total of his force concentrated under his own hand. Within the fortress also he acted on a similar system of concentration, for, having established a few small posts in sheltered bivouacs on the ramparts ready to move in an instant on any point attacked, he directed the remainder of the garrison to assemble, in the event of an alarm, on the weak fronts 11, 12, 13, and in reserve on the place of arms, which, being centrically situ-

ated, with direct communications to the gates and rampart, was convenient to succor any point."

At 1 A.M., when the assailants had no less than four columns actually in the fortress, the French were enabled to take the offensive stoutly against the various parties in succession, and the result was that we suffered a most severe repulse.

The above dispositions may be instructively compared with those of the Prussian commandant of Schweidnitz in 1761. The commandant of the place had received notice of the attack; his force numbered three thousand six hundred and eighty men. He placed twelve hundred in the town, one thousand in the four forts and on the curtains, eighty in the ditch to attempt to upset the ladders, and held fourteen hundred as a reserve between the outer and inner enceintes. The reserve was left without any special instructions, and was composed of various detachments, and it resulted that, when the escalade commenced, part of it re-entered the town, and the rest moved from one place to another, not knowing what to do. The Austrians captured the place after four hours' fighting.

To avoid confusion, the intervals between units must be well defined, and the men should thoroughly understand that they will not be relieved, but must fight to the last.

One great aim of the commander of the defense should be to take the attack by surprise, as the effect is nearly certain to be fatal to it.

This may be effected by stratagem, as in the case of the French attempt on the fort of Cuddalore in 1748, when Major Lawrence, being aware of their intention, ostentatiously withdrew the garrison during the preceding day, but returned secretly after dark, and received the assault with a violent and unexpected fire at close quarters.

The most effective manner of acting with this end in view is to reserve the fire until it is certain to be effective, and then to pour in volley after volley as quickly as possible. General Skobeleff's order is the following: "By day a battle may be brought on by a gradual and intelligent application of the ground and men at disposal, but at night the circumstances may be such as to render it necessary to make a great impression at once. This is the reason why in a battle by night volleys are always to be fired."

There are two other reasons for the invariable rule that all firing shall be by volleys:

1st. Independent firing gives an indication of numbers and of the extent of the position, and volleys do not.

2d. Men become less excited when firing volleys, are more easily held in hand, and in consequence the confusion is lessened.

There is one exception to the rule, however, and that is where an approach consists of a well-defined defile, and the darkness is such that it cannot be clearly seen into. Then a well-sustained steady fire sweep-

ing its surface may be of use, as was proved at the attempt on Trichinopoly[19] in 1753.

Here a party of the attack, conducted by a deserter, entered the passage leading to the gate in order to blow it in with petards. Luckily, Lieutenant Harrison, commanding, had stationed a platoon upon the rampart directly above the gate, with orders to keep up a constant fire upon the passage below, whether they saw anything or not. "Nothing could be more sensible or fortunate than his precaution, for the platoon killed, without seeing them, the man who was to apply the first petard, as well as the deserter who conducted him, and both of them fell within ten yards of the gate."

To assist surprise and to avoid confusion, and the giving notice to the assailants of the extent of the position, or of the approach of reinforcements, silence is as necessary to the defense as it is to the attack.

Just as the attack has at various phases of the combat to act on the defensive and to adopt the rules of defense, so bodies of the defense, making counter-attacks or moving up into position, or to support parts of the line, must observe the rules for the attack; they must march silently in column, and not fire a shot as long as they are on the move. If parties meet others of the enemy while they are still marching, the officers may remember the manœuvres of the Prussian troops at Podol in 1866. "The second battalion of the Seventy-first Regiment advanced from the west against the bridge. Its fifth company was fired on from the nearest houses, and soon an enemy's column advanced to the attack. The battalion halted, the two leading ranks knelt down, so as to receive the enemy, advancing in close formation, with a salvo from four ranks. When the enemy's column, at thirty paces off, could be clearly seen in the bright moonlight, the fire was delivered in full effect, and an immediate attack with the bayonet made."

To sum up, it may be said of night attacks their chief characteristic is chance, their preparation requires forethought, the attack must have silent resolution and audacity, the defense fixed plans and steadiness.

To complete the study of the subject it is necessary to notice the action of cavalry and artillery.

CAVALRY.

As to cavalry, there are examples of it having been of use in the attack of places after an entrance has been effected, in securing the possession of the streets, and in carrying out some part of the police duties, and it has also had a share in the actual attacks, when they have been made in fairly open ground.

It may be of use in harassing the enemy, and on the side of the defense in producing confusion among the columns of the attack. It would seem, however, that the employment of cavalry as component

[19] Orme.

parts of columns with infantry would generally be of very little advantage to the latter, and of great disadvantage to the cavalry itself.

Considerable bodies of Prussian dragoons made charges on Marmont's corps during the evening of the battle of Lutzen,[20] 1813, which produced great confusion for a time, but led to nothing decisive. A large force of cavalry took part in the rout of the same marshal's corps at Athies in the following year.

On the 15th July, 1866, the First Prussian Cuirassiers charged two Austrian companies in square near the village of Biskupitz[21] with no useful result, but also without great loss.

At Vionville,[21] in 1870, Prussian hussars charged at the end of the battle, and, although no great effect was immediately apparent, Prince Frederick Charles has recorded his opinion that this charge put a finishing touch to the German victory.

For small harassing attacks cavalry has often been used with great success, sometimes alone, sometimes with small bodies of infantry acting separately in the fight. Field-Marshal von Muffling has described how many of these enterprises were successfully executed by a small force of one hundred cavalry and sixty infantry in the winter of 1793.[20] The capture of Morsheim in 1794, which has already been alluded to, is a good instance. The American civil war also affords many examples of cavalry raids, among which may be mentioned one made by two thousand Confederate horse, with some guns, on General Pope's headquarters at Catlett Station, N. V.,[20] in 1862, and the capture of five companies of Federal cavalry, near Port Hudson, by Colonel Logan, in 1863.

ARTILLERY.

Artillery, if the ranges are known and the targets fixed, may be of considerable use in covering the approach of the attack or for incendiary purposes, but its destructive effect on the *personnel* will be still less material than it is in the daytime, and the profit derived will consist almost entirely in its moral effect on the spirits of its own side. If the ranges are not known, and the targets are shifting, it can be of no use, except in false attacks and demonstrations, and its addition to the columns of attack will generally be nothing but an encumbrance.

Its usefulness on the side of the defense, however, cannot be denied, and will always be very great at short ranges, and for sweeping approaches and defiles of all sorts. For this purpose machine-guns may be included; and there is no doubt that they, in common with all other guns, have one great advantage over rifles in night-firing, viz., that they can be given a known elevation with regard to the horizontal plane, or, if it has been previously ascertained, to the plane of sight, and in consequence can be fired with a fair amount of certainty at fixed points, though these cannot be seen in the night-time.

[20] Pierron. [21] P.O.A.

CONCLUSION.

One example will show how little the elements of nocturnal fighting have changed. In the year 413 B.C. the Athenians under Demosthenes attacked the Heights of Epipolæ, which were included in the defenses of Syracuse. They surprised the fort guarding the only way of ascent, the Pass of Euryalus, and at first carried all before them. Not meeting, however, with the expected resistance, and pushing on into space, they lost their formations, and some fresh troops of the defenders arriving in small compact bodies, were able to turn the tide of battle. In some places the heavily-armed troops of the assailants, suddenly driven back, became so crowded as to be unable to use their arms, and in others their various parties attacked each other. The confusion was increased by parties on both sides having the same war-cries, and in the end the attack failed with terrible loss.

History shows that night attacks took place in the days of spears and javelins, did not die out after the invention of gunpowder, and promise to become more frequent as science improves the weapons of destruction. If one side does not venture on their risks, the other will. Granted that the risks are very numerous, can it be denied that many, common to both sides, arise from mistakes which have their origin in the want of practice in details? Therefore, even if a nation is too cautious to adopt nocturnal fighting as a characteristic of its tactics, is it not still worth while to accustom its soldiers to manœuvring in the dark for the sake of lessening the dangers of the defense?

It may be fairly urged that, if set rules were laid down for these enterprises, the adversary would know them, and be relieved of much uncertainty; but there is answer to this objection. The circumstances of each action will present sufficient variety in the manner of applying the rules, and the obscurity of night will always create sufficient uncertainty; while in this game of war, as in a game of whist, it is of much greater importance to know the method of your own side than to deceive your adversaries.

Of course, if one of these bold moves fails, a hundred loud-tongued critics will cry, "We told you so!" and easily-led "public opinion" will pour bitter blame on the luckless commander. But when reason regains its sway, as it always will in time, if a fair justification can be proved, the judgment recorded should not be too severe; for "daring enterprise, when judiciously undertaken, adds so much to the force and character of an army by the energy and confidence it inspires in its ranks, as well as by the distractions and distrust it generates among its opponents, and, moreover, is of such rare occurrence, that it becomes almost a national object to uphold any effort which can bear that stamp."

R. F. JOHNSON,
Captain R.A.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF AN OFFICER IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

(Concluded from page 224.)

I SHOULD be glad to narrate to you from personal observation the circumstances attending the capture of the enemy at Trenton and Princeton, but those transactions being so important are detailed in history, and the regiment to which I belonged was, among others, left near New York to watch the movements of the enemy in that quarter. Common prudence dictated to have a strong body of troops kept up in and near the Highlands at all times, to be ready to repel the invasions of the enemy either by land from New York, or by the Hudson river. A very prominent position which our army occupied was Peekskill, a village forty miles above New York, and properly at the commencement of the Highlands, it seemed formed by nature as a defensible place. A chain of hills ran from the South West, or North river side, Northeastward several miles with a mural-like front to the Southward, might be easily defended from an attack in front, and with proper precaution the flanks might be secured from being turned. This post was frequently occupied by our army in its various marches and countermarches after the year 1776, though mentioned but cursorily by the historian, as no important battle was ever fought near it. Keeping this in view as a rallying-point whenever occasion occurred was among the evidences of General Washington's sagacious and solid judgment in carrying on his Fabian system in the prosecution of the war, which from almost the necessity of our case forbid our rashly pushing onward to battle.

As I have elsewhere remarked, a respectable body of our army were necessarily kept in that vicinity notwithstanding their strong desire to act in a more extended and active sphere. A soldier has, of course, to remain at the post where he is ordered, and it was the order of the Commander-in-Chief for the regiment to which I belonged to be much employed in the country between New York and the Highlands, which prevented my being present at the great battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, as well as at the Southward.

On the 15th of November the enemy appeared before the lines near

Fort Washington, on the south side of it, and at the bridge north of it, marching in columns. The garrison, which then amounted to about two thousand three hundred, marched out each way to attack them, leaving a proper guard in the fort. The party at the bridge were repulsed with a very considerable loss; but while the action was at the hottest at the lines, the enemy landed a large body across Harlem Creek, east of the Fort, and moved briskly on and attacked our troops in the rear while they were fighting those in front, in consequence of which they were obliged to surrender, being overpowered with numbers. The party who had fought near the bridge returning, victorious, to the assistance of their brothers at the lines, found them surrendered; they then repaired to the Fort, and so many of them got in that the guns could not play without killing more of them than of the enemy, who immediately sent and demanded a surrender of the Fort. The garrison being in this disagreeable situation, the lines taken which was the key to the Fort, the Fort without either wood or water sufficient to hold out three days, the enemy, consisting of ten thousand, determined to storm it, if it did not surrender. Col. McGace surrendered the Fort, artillery, &c., &c., the garrison prisoners of war, on condition only that the garrison should not be robbed of their baggage.

The enemy now possessed all New York Island, dismantled the Fort, and turned their force against the Jersey Shore. Fort Lee was the first object of their attention; its chief design was to annoy the shipping in passing up and down the river; it mounted thirty heavy cannon on the water-side, but only two or three field-pieces on the land side. Our people knowing it to be untenable had resolved to evacuate it; they therefore moved off the stores, but left the heavy artillery in it, and evacuated it on the night of the 17th of November. The same night the enemy landed about three thousand of their troops five miles above the Fort and about the same number at Hackensack (a river running past there), marched those two bodys across with a design to hem our people in before they had left the Fort. As the enemy had landed above us and were in full force, our army returned across Kingsbridge; a large number of craft of different sizes being collected in Harlem Creek, were set on fire and burnt to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. The sight of this occasioned a very disagreeable sensation in my mind, but the loss of Fort Washington a few days after, with its garrison of two thousand seven hundred men, filled us with deep melancholy for the time, still our fortitude and fixed determination was unabated. As we passed Fort Lee on the west bank of the Hudson River the Fort was evacuated and the garrison joined us, marching into New Jersey. Thus were both Fort Washington and Fort Lee reduced. They were built opposite each other on the bank of the river Hudson, where it was narrow, and a Chivaux-de-frieze, together with the hulks of old vessells sunk across the river to stop the

passage of shipping; but on the Forts being given up the Chivaux-de-friezes were rendered useless, which was the last effort we have tryed to impede the course of the ships, much dependence having been placed on the fire Craft, and large sums expended in preparring them, but they have both disappointed us without answering any end except the burning one tender for the enemy by the fire Craft in river.

Our army posted themselves across from Newark to the River. Through November no particular action took place, the British army pressing forward in New Jersey, and the American army falling back. December 25th and 26th capture of the Hessians at Trenton, and the British at Princeton. I was not present at either. The American army surprised and captured a body of eight or nine hundred Hessians at Trenton, N. J. Two days after we attacked a body of the British at Princeton, and after a short but sharp action took four or five hundred prisoners.

This closed the year in this department. Did not realize that we had entered on a serious war until the Declaration of Independence in July, 1776, but our spirits were highly elated on that occasion, our determination fixed to persevere. In the bay below New York the British fleet made a great display; the number of vessells of all sizes amounted to about three hundred, and as they spread their sails to dry, after a rain, they covered a large extent of water. The Admiral's ship, the "Eagle," of sixty-four guns, appearing in full sight, known by her flag, and Captain Bushnell, of the sappers and miners, having prepared his submarine engine, it was sent one night with a magazine of powder attached to it, under the command of a serjeant and twelve men; the party proceeded to the ship, and the engine was let down under the ship, having a pointed rod at top designed to be stuck into the ship's bottom; but this point not taking effect, the tide, which was strong, wafted the engine away from the ship, and the enterprise failed. The sergent, who had the command, gave me a particular account of the proceeding, and said that he was of the opinion that the projecting point struck the head of a bolt, which prevented its success; but I judged it as probable that the point was prevented from penetrating the ship by the copper sheathing. A similar engine was used in the Delaware river in 1777, which awakened such alarm among the British shipping.

The period of our men's enlistment having arrived, and they returning to their homes in Connecticut, I went at the same time, and while at Hartford lodged in the same house with Captain Peters, of Mass., who had the charge of the British and Hessian officers captured at Trenton and Princeton on their way to the interior of Mass. He showed me General Washington's instructions, in which was this clause: "Treat them as gentlemen while they behave as such." I passed the rest of the winter in re-enlisting men and preparing to go into the field at the opening of the spring. 1777 was filled with important transac-

tions, the British capturing fort Montgomery and we capturing Burgoyne's army, and in November the enemy took Philadelphia. The year commenced with great exertions on our part to raise a permanent army. The British in a high exulting state. The first of our army regularly taking the field at Boundbrook, N. J. The British at New Brunswick; their outposts extending some distance out. The American army was posted on the southern side of the range of hills between the village of Boundbrook and Scotch plains, the front south towards the enemy. General Grey, with about three or four thousand, made a circuitous movement to turn our left flank. General Washington had advanced a strong body of troops in that quarter, with two field-pieces. General Lord Stirling as officer of the day had the command. A brisk action ensued, which lasted a short time, when our troops fell back and occupied the pass in the hills; the rest of the troops moved to join them, but the enemy did not proceed to attack them in that post. Collected my men, which, being joined by others, made a command of about one hundred; marched to join the army in New Jersey. Passing through New Haven, General Parsons informed me that I had orders to take under my command one Robert Thomson, of Newtown, and gave me a warrant for his execution in his own town. He having been regularly tried and convicted of having been into New York and came out with enlisting orders to raise men among the disaffected to join the British army. The order being positive, I could do no other than execute it, however unpleasant and mournful. I forwarded a serjeant with a small party to the place of execution to make the necessary preparation, and on the 9th of June superintended his execution in presence of a large concourse of spectators, among which were his own family. After hanging the hour, the body was taken down, and a request was made from his family that the body might be delivered to them, which of course was readily granted. As I have previously informed you, I shall not make many digressions, but I cannot avoid reflecting on such a scene, which I am happy to say rarely occurred during our war; but this was a crime which, when fully proved, never escaped a similar punishment, and perhaps the peculiar state of our country at the time warranted it.

The irregularity and frequent destitution of supplies you will see adverted to in the history of the war; but the impression made by reading it falls far short of the reality of experience. When I recall to mind those scenes, I am now astonished at the perseverance of our army under such circumstances. Had we received money for our pay, the inhabitants of the country through which we passed would have brought articles of provisions to us for a market, but by this time, 1777, the paper currency had become of little value. The counterfeiting of our bills was carried on extensively in New York and sent out into the country by agents employed for the purpose. I once saw in New

Jersey a large bundle of these bills in the hands of a justice of peace, brought for inspection; he pronounced them counterfeit; another justice of peace had previously judged them genuine. When I look back I find that at the close of the year 1776 and the beginning of '77 was the darkest and most trying time of the war.

The 9th of June I passed on to Danbury, where I took quarters and lodged. The next morning I went round and viewed the marks of the destruction of the town by burning in April previous. Proceeding directly onward, passed North river into Jersey, joining our regiment and brigade, to the village of Boundbrook, where our army was encamped, the British lying in and around New Brunswick. The enemy being superior to us in numbers, and their outposts extending some distance out, duty was very vigilant. Our army was posted on the southern side of the range of hills, between the village of Boundbrook. While encamped here, General S. C., an old acquaintance, called on me. He asked me how I lived. I replied, "Very well." He said they had nothing but indian meal, and that sour, with salted beef in bad order, the teamsters having drawn off the brine to lighten their loads. I replied, "Do you think that we of the same brigade fare any better?" He said, "*He* could not and would not live so." I found he soon after obtained a discharge and returned home. The small action at Scotch plains, or short hills, took place, on which our army made a hasty movement to the summit of the hill in the rear of our encampment, expecting the enemy to attempt to turn our left flank. Finding us formed and prepared to receive them, they made no farther advance, but fell back to Amboy, after burning the village of Springfield and the adjourning villages. When the enemy advanced toward any place, the women, with some of their children, would flee to our rear, generally carrying bundles of clothing and something to eat with them. Essex and Middlesex counties suffered severely by their depredations.

This was a most critical time for our general cause. The enemy gradually withdrew their outposts, and, as it afterwards appeared, in order to move with their main body to Philadelphia; but, as a strong body remained in New York, which, by their shipping, might be removed up the several rivers so as to attack or ravage, a part of our army was left in the vicinity to oppose their predatory excursions. Our regiment was part of the force thus left, and most of the summer passed in our moving from one post to another, as the movements of the enemy indicated. This kind of service was very harrassing, but afforded few incidents of interest. We marched three times across Jersey from the North river towards the Deleware and back. In September duty became more arduous and pressing, General Burgoyne's army being in motion towards compleating the plan of forming a junction with General Clinton, of the British army, at Albany. The enemy's troops in

New York frequently presented the appearance of attacking us at some point, probably with a design of preventing reinforcements being sent from us to General Gates, who commanded that part of the army opposed to General Burgoyne. This occasioned our frequent removal from one post to another.

Being one of a detachment of eighty men under the command of Major Clift, which was ordered to pass below Peekskill around the country, as a kind of scouting-party, we found in the morning a party of the enemy had landed from the North river and was advancing into the country. This was undoubtedly intended by the enemy as a decoy to attract our attention from their main object, their troops being in motion proceeding to the attack of Fort Montgomery, which was situated on the west bank of the river, about the center of the Highlands. It was a place of considerable strength, as calculated to oppose shipping in going up the river, but not to sustain an assault on the land side. We lay on our arms that night. The next day was a very interesting one to us, knowing the enemy to be near us in force. We marched to several points where it was judged the enemy might approach. It appeared that they had landed at Verplanck's point at evening, and the next morning they crossed over the river and landed near Stoney point, five or six miles below Fort Montgomery, the capture of which was the object of their movement, it being necessary for them to possess it, both to prevent the fire from it on their ships in passing as well as to remove a massive chain drawn across the river, which must be removed before the ships could pass. A strong body of the enemy was detached to reduce it. They advanced towards it in two columns, one on each side of Bald or Thunder mountain, their movements being regulated by a large flag held by a man on the top of the mountain. This a man told me afterwards who lived at the foot of the mountain, and observed all their movements after they came in sight of the fort.

The two columns joined about four o'clock P.M. Fort Montgomery is situated on the north side, and Fort Clinton, a small fort, on the south side, of a creek which falls into the river at that place; the one commanded by General George Clinton, and the other by General James Clinton. Fort Clinton, being weak, was soon carried by the enemy; but Fort Montgomery, commanded by George Clinton, and a brave garrison, made a very stout resistance. General Putnam, who commanded the troops in the Highlands, had ordered a detachment of four hundred picked men, under the command of Col. Meiggs, to move across the river and reinforce the garrison. I being one of this body, had an opportunity of seeing the movements, the river being less than half a mile wide at that place. We moved quietly down to the water's edge, where flat-boats were waiting for us. It being now near sunset, the battle raging between the combatants in the Fort and the assail-

ants; and just as we were stepping into the boats ready to receive us the firing ceased, and we heard three cheers, which convinced us that the Fort had surrendered. This was on the 19th of September. It had an instantainious and very strong effect on the brave men of this party, whose feelings were wrought up to a high pitch, in hopes of sharing in the defence of the post. I never knew chagrin and disappointment more strikingly exhibited than on this occasion by the men, both in their words and countenances. We soon rejoined our respective Corps, and lay on our arms through the night.

Two fine ships of ours, lying just above the Fort, were set on fire by our own people on the surrender of the Fort, and the balls from their guns, as the fire reached them, passed over us in the tops of the trees during the night. The second day after we, with the rest of General Putnam's command, amounting to five or six thousand, after being joined by some of the militia, commenced our march up the river to assist in capturing the army under General Burgoyne. After we had proceeded to nearly opposite the armys at Saratoga, we being on the east side of the river, a horseman came galloping along, proclaiming that Burgoyne had surrendered with his army. In the afternoon the troops were formed into a hollow square, and, the official news having been received, was read to us by the Adjutant-General while on horseback. A note was also read, taken from a spy, from General Sir Henry Clinton, who remained in Fort Montgomery after the capture, to General Burgoyne, informing him of his situation.

The circumstances attending the apprehension of this spy were somewhat singular. He was a young subaltern officer, who for a promise of promotion had undertaken to pass through the country with this note. The day he set out he fell in with a small scouting-party of ours, under the command of a sergeant of Webb's regiment, who, with his men, were dressed in British uniform, which had been captured in a transport-ship, their speech and appearance being the same; and our sergeant, managing with the utmost address, proposed to shew themselves to General Clinton, who, our sergeant said, was out from the fort and not far off. On seeing the American General Clinton, he instantly discovered that he was deceived, and swallowed something hastily, which being noticed, the general ordered the regimental surgeon to administer a strong emetic, which in its powerful operation occasioned his throwing up a silver ball of the size of a pistol-bullet, which, on being cleaned and opened, was found to contain the note. He was tried the next day, and, the proof being full and complete, was condemned and executed as a spy.

Our warm and joyful feelings were dampened the next day by a severe North East rain-storm, which continued two or three days, and being without tents, and in an open country where cover could not be obtained, we suffered severely, being previously worn down by severe

duty and exposure. After the ending of the storm, the militia were discharged, and we commenced our march back towards the Highlands. During this time General Vaughn with his detachment was burning and destroying the towns and villages in the vicinity. I saw the old village of Eusopus while burning, and though not very compact, the number of buildings was considerable, and the conflagration brought mournful ideas to mind. For a few days after we saw the enemy's ships falling down the river, conveying their troops from Fort Montgomery and their other posts. The doings of a lawless set of Banditta constantly in action between the lines of the two armys, committing every kind of crime, robbery, house-burning, murder, &c. The isolated acts of this kind would, if collected, serve to fill a small volume, nor can I pretend to give but a mere glance at some of them, they being so numerous all through the war. They began as soon as the enemy became fully possessed of New York and the ports appending to it. A kind of line was formed by their outposts looking towards us, and a similar one formed by us looking towards them. This left a tract of country extending from the Hudson to Long Island often, or fifteen miles in width, with quite a dense population previous to the war. The inhabitants did not at first leave their houses, and became victims pretty generally to those marauders; those who retained any moveable property in cattle or anything else were soon robbed of it.

The British commander appointed Lord Tarlton over a corps of rangers, who were very active in making incursions on our most exposed places, making what prisoners he could, and his men considering themselves as freebooters, made light of lives which fell in their way, or in any manner opposed them. Next to him, one Barmore, a native of Connecticut, had permission to raise a company of desperadoes to plunder and murder at their pleasure. A number of other voluntary companys were formed, and acted in some concert, all following the trade of destruction. If the British commander did not directly authorise those things, he at least only winked at them, probably counting they all came into the general plan of subduing rebels. Beside those who were formed into somewhat regular companys, a considerable number acting without concert were springing up, attacking the persons and property of all who were exposed to them. Among those was one Joshua Houston, a noted desperado, who was a terror to all around him. He, on attempting to enter a house for robbery, was discovered and met by the keeper of the house, who, having provided himself with a bayonet fixed on the end of a stick or staff, plunged it into him and caused his death. These were for a time called cow-boys, having become very bold in driving off cows, as well as plundering other property. The scenes of their depredations varied with the movements and position of the armys, but wherever the armys were posted there was a space between the lines infested by a similar banditta.

New Jersey was grievously scourged by such marauders in course of the war. October and November, the troops who had been the captors of Burgoyne's army were moving southward to join our army near Philadelphia, which surrendered to them after the battle of Brandywine.

Our main army passed the winter at Valley Forge, near Philadelphia. Our regiment, with the 1st Connecticut brigade, General Putnam, remained in the middle department, and built huts in the Highlands. The enemy's force in New York being considerable, and the depth of water in the river being sufficient to admit of ships of seven or eight hundred tons as far up as West Point. We had now an opportunity of seeing the effects of the enemy's ravages and burning at Peekskill and the parts adjacent. As winter set in we were ordered to the edge of a woods, back of Robinson's plantation, to build log huts for our winter cantonment; this was the first of the kind which our army experienced, though resorted to for several winters afterwards. We had but just made ourselves comfortable when our regiment was ordered to remove on and occupy West Point. Government viewing it absolutely necessary to have a strong post established on the river Hudson, to serve as a barrier against the enemy's cutting off communication between the Northern and Southern states. This was in the month of February, 1778. I, being at the time senior officer of the regiment present, of course led on the regiment, crossing the river on the ice; the winter proving severe the ice had formed very firm. To the young gentlemen of the military school it may be interesting to be informed of the time and circumstances of its first occupancy as a military post. On the loss of Fort Montgomery, in October, 1777, West Point was selected to be fortified. Coming on to the small plain surrounded by high mountains, we found it covered with a growth of yellow pines ten or fifteen feet high; no house or improvement on it, the snow waist high. We fell to lopping down the tops of the shrub-pines and treading down the snow, spread our blankets, and lodged in that condition the first and second nights. Had we not been hardened by two years of previous severe service, we should have thought it difficult to endure this. The pines not being large enough for logs for huts, we were under the necessity of making temporary covers of those scanty materials until we could draw logs from the edge of the mountain and procure the luxury of log huts; this we effected but slowly, the winter continuing severe. In two or three weeks we had erected our huts, and a French engineer, by the name of La Radier, arriving, the snow being removed for the site of the present main fort, the works were traced out, and partys sent out every fair day up the river to cut timber and drag it on to the ice, to be ready to float it down to the Point when the river should be clear of ice. This service was rather fatiguing to the men, but as they had a cabin to lodge in at night, and provisions

served out with tolerable regularity, they thought themselves comparatively happy, though their work was incessant.

Our line of huts was built just below the summit of the upper bank, that they might be partially sheltered from the northwest wind. As spring approached we set ourselves to collect the rough stone, which we found on the surface of the ground, to use in erecting the fortification. Two other regiments coming on, and Brigadier-General Parsons arriving, the brigade was formed, and a regular routine of duty was established. The duty of Brigade-Major devolving on me, those of us of the staff had a tolerable-sized log hut erected near the center of the plain of the point. La Radier, the engineer, was very assidious in planing and laying out the Fort, and as soon as the frost was out we broke ground under his direction. He was a young gentleman educated at a military school in France, and, like many other ambitious men of his nation, was attracted by the celebrity our cause had gained by the capture of the army under Burgoyne to come and act a part with us. His delicate frame was not equal to sustaining those hardships which were so familiar to the soldiery of the Revolutionary army. He caught a severe cold, which ended in consumption, of which he died about midsummer following.

On his leaving the point he was succeeded by the well-known Thaddeus Kosciusko, a Pole, as engineer. I quartered a considerable time with him in the same log hut, and soon discovered in him an elevation of mind which gave fair promise of those high achievements to which he attained. His manners were soft and conciliating, and, at the same time, elevated. I used to take much pleasure in accompanying him with his theodolite, measuring the heights of the surrounding mountains. He was very ready in mathematics. Our family now consisted of Brigadier-General Parsons, Doctor, afterwards President, Dwight, Kosciusko, and myself, with the domestics. As spring advanced orders and injunctions were communicated to us almost every day to press forward the works. We soon began to erect Fort Putnam far up the mountain. On beginning the work we found plenty of rattlesnakes, which, of course, we despatched as soon as discovered. We were in daily expectation of a visit from the enemy, but they did not see fit to interrupt us.

When the weather had become mild and pleasant in April, I went one day with Dr. Dwight down to view the ruins of Fort Montgomery, distant about eight or ten miles. There was a pond just north of the Fort, where we found the British had thrown in the bodies of their own and our men who fell in the assault of the Fort. The water had receded, leaving a number of the bodies entirely out of the water, while others lay covered at different depths. I saw many fine sets of teeth, bare and skeleton-like. Mournful and impressive reflections arose in my mind. There lie the youth who stood in the hour of their country's

trial; they fought and fell to purchase the independence of their country, and there they lie without a burial. I thought, too, of the vicissitudes to which a soldier is subject. Had the fort held out a little longer, I very probably might have lain among them.

One day, having been to Fishkill, I found, on my return, my temporary hut, which I had first built, had taken fire, and was burnt down, with a number of my articles which were in it, the roof being thatched with straw. In May General Gates came on and took command. He had been for several weeks at Robinson's plantation, where I had been also before coming to the Point, and I had dined at his table. Here I first saw Major Armstrong, his aid-de-camp, who afterward wrote the famous "Newburgh letters," which came near causing much trouble. Some pieces of fine brass artillery, which had been captured with Burgoyne's army, were brought here, and engraved with the time of their capture. Baron Steuben having arrived in the country to introduce into our army the Prussian discipline, a French officer was sent from him on to the Point, and two hundred men were selected to pass through the exercises as a model, of which I had the command, and two days in the week we used to go through the exercises, with manœuvering and firing. This was a pleasant part of duty, and was like sunshine after a severe storm. The men were employed, under the direction of the engineer, in completing the fortifycation, which had now arrived to a point somewhat respectable. Beside the main work, which took the name of Fort Clinton, we had erected several redoubts, furnished with cannon, to resist and annoy the enemy should they approach.

Thus the time passed on until the 29th of June, the day after the Monmouth battle. The main army of the enemy being advancing toward New York, we were ordered to march, leave the Point, and move on toward White Plains. We were joined by a body of other troops in the Highlands, and advanced in two columns, under the command of General Gates. Arriving at White Plains, a regular encampment was formed, the troops amounting to 5000 or 6000. There I first saw General La Fayette. His person and manners were prepossessing. At parading the guards in the morning and their moving off for their several stations he was generally present, and my official duty causing me also to be present and near him, I had a fair opportunity of noticing his personal appearance. I was glad of the opportunity, as he had become a favorite in the army. The news of the treaty between France and the United States having arrived and been published, much raised our spirits. On our part of the war it was policy to act on the defensive; of course watching the movements of the enemy and going to meet them whenever they pointed their operations or made their approaches was what employed us principally.

The British army, after arriving at New York, did not attempt

anything considerable the rest of the year. Wylly's regiment and the rest of the 1st Conn. brigade were kept in the middle department principally during the rest of the year. In August General La Fayette was detached with a body consisting of one thousand five hundred, of which I was one, to be posted in New Jersey. We had no fixed station, but for three or four weeks we were placed one night on one small hill, lopping down the bushes for a cover, the next night removed to another hill, to prevent a surprise, and watching the movements of the enemy, who, always having superior numbers to us, were able to send out marauding parties, either for foraging or to harass and plunder. One afternoon General La Fayette invited some half a dozen of us to his bush hut to spend a social hour with him, on account of his having heard of the birth of a dauphin, son of the King of France. We enjoyed such an hour of relaxation with a high jest, as the occurrence was so rare. The enemy not appearing to make any movement in that quarter, the party was ordered back to join our several regiments. A few days after a detachment of four hundred was selected for *service*, commanded by General Parsons. We of course did not know our object until we arrived at Norwalk, on Long Island sound, where we found boats, in which we embarked, and passed over across the sound, landing near the village of Setauket, where a considerable body of the British were posted in a meeting-house, stockaded around, and within the stockade a parapet was raised and planted with a few cannon. It seems a surprise was intended; but the water at the landing-place being shallow, and we having two *iron* field-pieces to unlade, took up considerable time; then to drag the cannon up the beach, where the sand and pebbles was over shoes, increased our delay.

The noise our movements made awakened all the dogs in the village; their noise gave the alarm to the garrison, who were ready to receive us, and as soon as we had approached within the range of their shot they began their fire on us. Daybreak having arrived, we indeed returned their fire, but they being sheltered by their works, probably did not receive much injury. We had two men wounded only, except General Parsons receiving a slight grase on his arm. General Parsons, finding his object so far unsuccessfull, ordered a retreat, though there was little doubt but the place might have been carried by assault; but the object to be gained would not have compensated for the loss of half a dozen men, and, as they were picked men, prudence dictated that their lives should be held dear. After the battle of Monmouth and the return of the British army to New York, things lay still for some time. Our position being in the middle department, the enemy's force being concentrated and powerfull, they might approach us by the rivers or along the coast of the sound, and arrive at a point we did not expect. This kept us constantly on the alert, but without producing any particular incidents to attract attention.

You are to keep in mind my suggestion on starting out, that I am narrating incidents which came under my own observation; for other transactions carried on upon a large scale I must refer you to history, cautioning you against some things in *Botta*, which, on reading, I was led to the conclusion that he had not been sufficiently diligent in his collection of facts. Thus the rest of the year passed away, we marching and countermarching, with full confidence in our commander-in-chief that he would point out our steps to the path of duty and honor. Complaints being frequently made to General Washington of depredations carried on by the cow-boys, he remonstrated strongly to the british commander against them, and assured him if they were continued he should be forced to retaliate on the british prisoners. War operations becoming very pressing, he did not have recourse to this measure untill the latter part of the year 1781.

In '78, when our troops were lying in New Jersey, an officer of the Connecticut line, on his return to his regiment, from whence he had been on some business, was shot down by some one concealed in the bushes by the road-side. The assassion was never discovered, but was supposed to belong to one of the companies of banditta. Soon after this I was designated to go to headquarters—then at Morristown—to draw money for the brigade as pay. On my return, approaching near the ground where I left the regiment, I found they had taken up their march for a distant place. As night approached I pursued on to overtake them; I was unexpectidly hailed by a stentorian voice, "*Who comes there?*" I instantly put spurs to my horse; he being very fleet, I shot ahead of two men, also mounted, they constantly hallowing, "Stop, or I will fire on you!" Knowing the country to be infested by marauders and desperadoes, I, without minding their threats, pushed on untill, coming to the foot of a hill, they came up with me. It may well be supposed my situation was an unpleasant one. I had no arms but my sword, they two to one, and armed with muskets. I asked them what they wanted of me. They replied, "Go to the next house and we will inform you." I of course went to a house, when I told them I was an officer of the army, dispatched on important business, and if they did not kill and conceal me, any other violence would be made known, and they would be pursued. They each produced a subaltern's commission of the militia. Thus ended a scene which commenced rather abruptly. I felt, indeed, some solicitude for the money I had in my portmanteau, but my principal concern was for my own personal safety. This night I spent far more pleasantly than the one previous. Being acquainted with Col. Hamilton and Major Colfax, who commanded the General's guard, I was invited to spend the evening in a room with an agreeable circle, the Adjutant-general of Burgoyne's army being one; being on parole, he was spending some time here; he was an Irish gentleman, highly polished, and appeared to enjoy himself

and the society very well. Col. Scammell, whose memory I shall ever hold in high estimation, was one of the party.

The murder of Col. Baylor and Major Clough of the cavalry, with a great part of the regiment, was the result of one of their predatory enterprises. The frequent open and private attacks, waylaying, and murdering by hanging and otherwise having become so numerous, complaints were constantly made to General Washington. We of the Connecticut line in December moved to Redding, in Conn., where we established our log-hut encampment for the winter, and were but once interrupted by the enemy's pushing out a party into the country, which proved only a foraging party. In the month of May, 1779, we left our huts and marched to Peekskill.

The movements of the British up the North river the beginning of June, when they took possession of Stoney point, made it necessary for us to be on the alert. We advanced near to their main body, when, discovering some troops on a hill in our front, we were ordered to form and load our guns; but they proved to be a party of our own, returning from reconnoitering. All this time we lay on our arms in readiness to meet the enemy at whatever point they should attack. When it was discovered that the enemy, under Gen. Tryon, was making their attack on the Connecticut coast, burning and plundering the towns of Norwalk and Fairfield, and plundering New Haven, we were ordered to make a forced march to Fairfield. Part of our regiment only arrived in season to have an opportunity of firing on the enemy, and that in a corn-field. I was not so fortunate as to arrive in season to share in the conflict. As I was advancing, I was met by Captain Eells, who with his advance party had been firing on the enemy's rear as they were retreating. It gave me pleasure to see the enemy's ships depart after having taken their party on board.

Marching back to the Highlands, and arriving near Stoney Point on the 16th of July, we heard a heavy firing during the night in the direction of Stoney Point, and in the morning we were informed of its capture by General Wayne and the light infantry under his command. They made prisoners of 1st Leit. Col., thirty other officers, and five hundred men, with the loss of fourteen killed and fifty wounded. This occasioned the plundering party on our coast to return to New York. Captain, afterwards General, Champion, who led in the second battalion, told me the second day after the capture many particular circumstances of the assault, but I don't recollect as he mentioned that the men had orders to take the flints out of their locks, as is mentioned by some in history. I was present at the auction sale of the articles captured, and saw the coat of a Captain Tew, who fell in the assault, and noticed a bullet-hole in it near the breast. A few days after this was the first interview I had with Captain, since Judge, Marshall, while taking orders at the markey of the adjutant-general. After leaving the

office, as several of us were walking together, he walked ahead by himself, appearing in a contemplative frame. I found his habit and manner to be reserved.

Count D'Estaing's arrival on the American coast about this time with a land force as well as naval occasioned the British to withdraw their troops from their outposts. New York being the central point of their main army, and a communication by water opening to every point therefrom, kept us constantly on the alert during the remainder of the season. One afternoon in September, towards sunset, the regiment being paraded and waiting to hear the chaplain make the evening prayer, as was customary when circumstances would permit, I was standing in a group of the officers of the regiment, the sergeants standing near us in another group, a musket was discharged, loaded with a ball, pointing directly towards us; the ball struck a sergeant Barrows, passed through both legs just above his knees, then through one leg of a corporal; both fell; the sergeant bled profusely; surgical aid was at hand; the leg most torn was amputated, but he died the same night. He was an amiable youth, son of a farmer in Conn., much beloved, and his death much lamented. The corporal died at the hospital of his wounds. The soldier who discharged his piece which inflicted the wounds was a raw recruit, and had not drawn the load from his gun on being relieved from guard that morning; he was squatted down tinkering his gun-lock.

The last of October we crossed the Hudson at Dobb's ferry, and lay several days on its Western bank. From here I was ordered to New Burgh with a small detachment, to draw clothing for the brigade. Having obtained it I put it on board a large Periagua, and as no time was to be lost, proceeded just before night down the river in a severe North East snow-storm. Our boat running on a rock at flood-tide, she lay there until morning, when a higher tide enabled her to slide off. After remaining near Dobb's ferry two or three days that the clothing might be issued to the men, the 5th of November we resumed our march towards Morristown, in New Jersey, the snow being five or six inches deep. This snow remained on the ground through the succeeding memorable cold winter. We proceeded by slow marches to the place of our winter cantonment at Kimble's farm, a village five or six miles from Morristown, Headquarters of the army being established in Morristown.

The winter having commenced, increased in severity, and proved the most intense of any winter the last half-century. We suffered much for want of provisions. Our army, as usual, lay out uncovered untill the enemy had retired to their winter quarters, and about the 20th of December we were marched on to the ground for our winter cantonments. It was on the southern side of a hill, thickly wooded, a brook running in the front; here our men went to felling trees to procure

logs for building their huts, and in about a week a line of huts was formed sufficient to cover the army. For want of proper tools our huts were constructed in a rude and coarse manner even for log huts; before the mud or morter could be applied to fill the vacancies between the logs it was frozen. All those things could have been endured, accustomed as we had become to them, had not our rations of provisions failed; for some time the daily allowance was curtailed, then for three days it was entirely cut off. This situation was indeed gloomy in the extreme. During the previous curtailment our family, consisting of Major Colfax, the surgeon, and myself, had drawn some corn for our horses from the forage-master; we directed the waiters to hull it and prepare it for eating for ourselves. To facilitate the process they used weak ley, and not cleaning it sufficiently it made us sick. During the entire suspension of our allowance of provisions for three days, I having a young dog, though fully grown and fat, we held a consultation on the necessity of killing him to eat, and nothing saved poor Hector's life but the idea of the story reaching the enemy's quarters that the American officers were reduced to such straits as to eat dog's flesh.

On the request of the Paymaster-general I went to his quarters to assist him for a few weeks; he occupied a large, roomy house in Morristown. There being spare rooms, General Howe requested the use of one of them to accomodate the court-martial, of which he was president, on the trial of General Arnold, accused of peculation in Philadelphia.

General Howe used to spend some evenings in our room, and related many details of the battle near Savannah, in which he commanded the pivot on which the defeat turned, which he remarked would never come up to public view, but was like the cleving of the air after the flight of a bird. The decision of this court is well known to have issued in the conviction of Arnold and the consequent sentence of the Court, which is generally supposed to have laid the foundation in his mind for revenge, which he afterwards found an opportunity to put in practice. Seeing Arnold halt in his walk, from the fracture of his leg in battle, made a strong impression on my mind, occasioned by an association of ideas on a military life, which I had witnessed in its most active forms during the last five years. Winter quarters are generally supposed to give some repose to an army; the present gave us but little; part of the time on short allowance or destitute, our clothes worn out, our pay suspended for months beyond the stipulated time, and when received was in depreciated paper; the winter extremely severe; no bright prospect before us of a speedy termination of the war; we spending the prime and vigor of our lives without laying any foundation for old age, and those who had families unable to afford them anything for their present subsistence; those things kept our heads on

a pillow of thorns rather than of roses. Added to all this, our soldiers looked up to us, urging a fullfillment of promises or encouragements held up to them on enlistment; can it be said that anything but patriotism sustained us? On leaving our cantonments in the spring we marched towards the Hudson river; halted and remained some time in Essex and Middlesex counties, in New Jersey.

In May witnessed a very painful spectacle, the execution of three young men of the vicinity, convicted of having gone over to the enemy in New York and returning with enlisting orders to induce their comrads to join the army of the enemy. One of those was named Hutchinson, whose father, with his family, emigrated from Yorkshire, in England, a few years before the war, and brought with him some very fine horses and horned cattle; purchased a fine landed estate in the best part of Morris county, where he lived in a good degree of independence; but, adhering to the royal cause, he left his estate, went over to the enemy, his family broken up and scattered, this son hanged, and a brother remaining in New York. His estate was afterwards confiscated. This item is one of the thousands which occurred during our unhappy struggle, if not issuing in so sanguinary a manner, yet accompanied with circumstances of great distress.

General Lafayette, who had marched the 18th of February from the main army towards Virginia with about 1200 or 1500 men, having arrived, and entering the town of Richmond, on James river, towards which the British were advancing with about 1500 men, they, learning that our troops were there, returned to their former station near the mouth of the river. General Green arrived before Camden the first week in May, but finding the place too strong to attack, moved back about a mile from the town and occupied an eminence, expecting the enemy to sally out and attack him, which they did on the 25th, and obliged General Green to retreat with the loss of 1 Captain and seventeen rank and file killed, and 2 Lt. Col., 2 Capt., and 3 Lieuts. wounded, and about two hundred privates wounded and missing.

In May another season of starvation occurred while remaining in New Jersey; for several days previous to the 25th the rations were curtailed, and then entirely suspended on that day. Two Conn. regiments, Wylly's and Meigs', appeared, paraded under arms without an officer to head them, and directed in their movements by serjeants; their movements had been silent untill then. The officers all sprang out, and enquiring the object of their movement and their designs, they replied through a leading sergeant that their sufferings had become so great they could endure them no longer, and were determined to quit the service and return home, adding, that from the commencement of the year they had received neither pay nor clothing, and now provisions had failed. Col. Meigs, who was a favorite of the soldiers, having his sword drawn, moved near to the serjeant who was the speaker,

and commanded him to fall into the ranks and return with the men to quarters. On this he levelled his gun, with the bayonet fixed, towards Col. Meigs, saying their resolution was formed, and they should not recede from it. The moment was a critical one, and had Marshall witnessed it, as I did, I trust he would not have passed it over so philosophically as he has done in his history, unless he was restrained by motives arising from the honor of the army and of the country. A short season of calm ensued, and the officers assured the men that if they would quietly return to their duty, and their pressing wants were not supplied by a given day, they, the officers, would not attempt to prevent their dispersing. The officers then retired, and by midday all was apparently quiet. A brigade of Pennsylvania troops lay near us, and one of the officers, Mr. Stevenson, came to us and remained with us untill the disorder had subsided. I presumed his object was to watch our motions and report to his line, that they might pursue such measures as the case might require.

The situation of the officers was very painfull, themselves being in the same state of privation with the men, but pressed by motives of duty and honor to preserve discipline, and, knowing that the demands of the men were just, they still had to persevere in the performance of their own duty. The army moved toward Pompton, Orange County, N. J., and encamped, advancing at times toward where the enemy pointed their movements, and waiting for an opportunity to strike some blow to our advantage. The army was thus occupied until the beginning of September without any striking incidents. At this time General Washington went to Hartford, Conn., to meet the French General Rochambeau, who had come there for the meeting from New Port, where the French troops of his command lay. General Green remained as commander during the absence of Washington.

One fine day the army, which then consisted of about eleven thousand men, was paraded and divided into two separate bodies, one occupying a small hill, and the other moved on to attack them. In this sham-fight the various manœuvres common in a real battle were acted over. Baron Steuben ordered and conducted the review. After the assailants had continued the attack for some time, the reserve came up, which turned the battle in their favor. The usual shouting of the victors ensued, while the defeated retreated; the victors then took possession of the hill and pitched their tents on the battle-ground. No accident happening, the day passed brilliantly. A temporary stage was erected, with seats to accomodate spectators, on which was seated General Washington, the other general officers, the French minister, Luserne, the Spanish minister, Don Juan, and a large number of citizens from the adjacent parts.

Not long after we were ordered out to attend the funeral of Don Juan, who died of a fever. The ceremonies attending it were as showy

as circumstances would admit, and to those of us having been accustomed to plain republican simplicity were very imposing. The body was placed in a coffin, in a very rich dress trimmed with broad gold lace; his sword lay conspicuously by his side; minute-guns firing during the whole time, except when religious service was performing.

The army continued near Pompton untill the return of Washington from the East, when the catastrophy of the defection of General Arnold ensued; that produced a strong sensation in the army; everything was put upon the alert, expecting the enemy to approach and attack West Point or some important place. Two days were spent in anxious suspense by the army. A board of general officers, consisting of twelve, was assembled, and Major André was brought before it, heard in his defence, and the proof being full and completely satisfactory, he was adjudged to be a spy, and sentenced to be executed as such. General Patterson, with whom I was well acquainted, and who was a member of the board, stated to me the particulars of his trial, and the impression made on their minds and feelings while contemplating his situation and destiny. André appeared during the trial altogether firm and collected in his mind and manner. In the interim between his trial and execution an informal proposal was made by General Washington to Sir Henry Clinton, who commanded in New York, that André might be restored back in exchange for Arnold. General Clinton refusing to comply with the proffer, and the intimation thereof being communicated to Captain Ogden, who was the bearer of the message, and returned during the night, an order was given for his execution. I was on my horse, and of course outside of the line of infantry, but could plainly see André and all that passed; he walked up the hill (in Pompton[1]), the place of his execution, arm-in-arm with Col. Hamilton, with a firm and gracefull step. My feelings had been previously drawn out favorably towards him from what had passed, but when I come to view him, an elegant and fine person, every way graceful, at the age of twenty-eight, and to be thus publicly executed, almost overcame me. But I had to endure it, while I contemplated the similar fate of my former acquaintance, Captain Nathan Hale, who was executed by the British in 1776.

The remains of Major André were removed from the place of his interment in A.D. 1821, by order of the British government; he having been buried near the place of his execution. It was found that a red-cedar-tree had grown up over his grave; a piece of this tree was conveyed to England in the ship with his remains; and the King ordered a gold snuff-box made, inlaid with a part of the tree, to be presented to the episcopal minister who officiated at the disinterment. March 15th a small action happened between the French fleet, consisting of six ships of the line and four frigates, and a detachment of the English

[1] History says Tappan.

fleet, consisting of seven ships of the line and three frigates, at the mouth of Chesapeake bay in Virginia; the action lasted about an hour.

The English having established a post at Portsmouth on the bay, and having but a small naval force to co-operate with it, the French, then at New Port, embarked two thousand of their land troops, and sailed with an intention to operate, in conjunction with the Marquess De La Fayette, who marched from the American army for Virginia, with eleven thousand light infantry, against the English garrison at that place, then commanded by General Arnold. The English fleet sailing immediately after the French, and not having to make so great an offing in passing New York as the French, arrived at the bay before them. The action happening near night, the English took advantage of the darkness and went into the bay, on which the French returned to New Port. March 16th a severe action happened between General Green and Lord Cornwallis, near Guilford Court-House. General Green's small army numbered about fourteen thousand regular troops and about two thousand militia of Virginia and North Carolina, with which he attacked the English army, consisting of about twenty-five thousand regulars. Greene was defeated, with the loss of Major Anderson, Captain Barret, and about ninety killed and two hundred wounded; four pieces of artillery fell into the enemy's hands, with all the wounded. The enemy did not pursue. Greene retreated three miles in good order, to where his baggage had remained during the action. The enemy began a retreat towards Charleston, S. C., where Greene pursued them.

Being in Boston in the month of April, 1778, I saw the arrival of the British transport-ships in the harbour come to receive the prisoners of Burgoyne's army captured October previous. A prominent article in the capitulation was, "that those troops should be delivered up to the British government, with a guarantee that they should not be employed against the United States during the war." Our government waited for the British government to ratify the articles of capitulation agreed on at the surrendery. The British, finding it would be recognising our independence to ratify it, refused, and the ships returned without the prisoners. It being proved to Europe and the world by the battle of Bunker hill and the capture of Burgoyne's army that the United States were able to sustain their independence, the treaty, offensive and defensive, between the French government and ours was ratified at Passi, near Paris, in February, 1778, on which the British government immediately declared war against France. April 23d, Gen. Marion reduced Fort Watson. May, Fort Mott reduced. The post at Orangeburgh reduced. As the year opened and advanced bright prospects for the United States began to appear. A special deputation had been sent to the French court to lay our case and situation fairly before

the King, urging the necessity of some important effort being made which should bring the war to a close. The French King very promptly dispatched a courier to the Spanish court, the reigning King being uncle to the then French King, strongly suggesting a co-operation with France and the United States to accomplish the object. The Spanish government readily and promptly acceded to the proposed measures, which issued in a compleat success.

As the spring opened our army left their cantonments in the Highlands, took the field, and advanced towards White plains. In March, Maryland having fully acceded to the articles of Confederation, that being the last state which has hitherto neglected to do it, the confederation was finally closed, by which Congress has fully become a legislative body. By the U. S. in Congress assembled, March 16th, 1781, "Resolved, that all debts due from the U. S. which have been liquidated in specie value, and all debts which have been or shall be made payable." In June, General Washington took post in Philipsburgh. The four French regiments and the legion which had been lying at New Port arrived there at the same time, and encamped on the left of the American line. Some skirmishing happened between the advanced parties of both the English and Americans. The first part of this season was spent by our army in marching and countermarching. The British army kept pretty closely shut up in New York, and looked sharply on the defensive for the time being. General Rochambeau, with a body of five thousand troops, lying in New Port, R. I., and a French fleet, commanded by Count D'Estang, arriving, prevented the British army from attempting any considerable enterprise. Thus the season advanced, untill the fore part of September, when the plan, which had been concerted between General Washington and our allies, was put in operation.

The period having arrived for the necessary movements to commence, General Washington formed the plan which so completely eluded the enemy, the detail of which is described in history. The French army at New Port was put in motion; at the same time the American army began its movements by crossing the river Hudson at King's ferry into New Jersey, hovering round New York, and putting on the appearance of a design to attack it; parties were advanced forward of bakers, with instructions to prepare ovens and other fixments for the accomodation of the army in its meditated attack. An express was forwarded by General Washington with his letter containing directions for the forming a camp, &c., to accomodate the army on its arrival. The bearer, it seems, conformable with his instructions, passed so near an outguard of the enemy that he was captured by them. The intercepted letter added strength to the delusion which was designed, and, among other circumstances, lulled the enemy from any apprehension of the real object contemplated. By a sudden move-

ment our army marched onward toward Yorktown. The success which followed you will read in history. Rochambeau with his five thousand soon moved on; they were said to be the flower of the French army, having been raised principally in Normandy and the north of France. Beside the officers who held rank in the army were many men of science, as Chatteilux and others, who, it seems, were collecting and preparing materials for a practical description of things in the United States, and which were afterwards published by them. I was particularly struck, while in conversation with Count D'Ponts, who commanded the regiment *Du Ponts*, to observe with what fluency and precision he spoke English. At a small distance one on hearing him would not have supposed that he spoke any otherwise than a well-educated English gentleman.

I viewed their manner of encamping overnight; the perfect mechanical manner of performing all they had to do, such as digging a circular hole and making nitches in which to set their camp-kettles for cooking food, &c.; every necessary accomodation was performed in the most natural and convenient manner. They rose in the morning and paraded by daylight; soon struck tents and began their march, which they completed for the day about noon; then pitched tents and set about their cookery. They marched on the road in open order until the music struck up; they then closed into close order. On the march a quartermaster preceeded, and at the forking of the road would be stuck a pole with a bunch of straw at top, to shew the road they were to take.

Not being at the siege of Yorktown, I must refer you to history. On the surrender of Yorktown all concluded it was the closing part of active war, which it ultimately proved to be. The frequent murders by hanging and otherwise by the cow-boys, as they were called, and complaints being made to General Washington, he proceeded, late in the year '81, to put in force his threats of retaliation he had so often expressed. He selected from a great number of others a case of much notoriety, which occurred on Statin Island. A party in their way seized on one Captain Huddy, and, as usual, without much delay hung him on a tree, which they bent down for the purpose, when his friends found him with a label on his breast, "Up goes Huddy for Henry White." Those things having arisen to a climax, General Washington selected by lot from among the prisoners captured at Yorktown a Captain Argill, son of Sir Charles Argill, of very respectable standing, as the victim for retaliation. He was kept in close confinement for a considerable time, apparently awaiting his execution. His mother, Lady Argill, wrote a very moving letter to Vergennes, the then prime minister in France, urging him to intercede with General Washington to spare her son's life. Those things having become a subject of considerable notoriety, the British commander ordered the

companies he had commissioned to be dissolved. Thus those barbarities were in a considerable degree checked, and Captain Argill releaced on parol. The feelings of the mass of the people were shown to be strongly interested in favour of Captain Argill, as they were for Major André previously, and much to the praise of their humanity.

A similar opportunity occurred to shew the general state of feeling. The two British ships, the "Java" and the "Macedonia," recently captured, were placed for safekeeping in the river Thames, eight or ten miles from New London, and a number of British seamen, prisoners, confined in them. Orders were either given out or expected to be given out to retaliate on those prisoners some of the severities practiced on our marine prisoners confined in the ship "Jersey," lying at Brooklyn. The populace interfered, which prevented the orders being carried into effect.

In the year 1783, the war being ended, I was travelling through East and West Chester Counties, in N. Y. state, and was forcibly struck by the appearance of this once beautiful section of country. The inhabitants had acquired and collected around them, previous to the war, all the conveniences and accomodations of rural life, and the country *now* appeared in a state of desolation. I stopped at an inn on the great road, which was reopened as a house of entertainment, and one in which I had lodged in 1774, the year preceding the war; it was a large stone building with outhouses, surrounded with fruit-trees, and appearing to possess every convenience. It then appeared almost in ruins, like everything else around it. I said to the hostess, "Mother Day, your place don't look as it did when I was here in '74." "No," says she; "then we had everything we wanted; now we found the outbuildings and all the fences burnt, all the fruit trees destroyed, with everything else, and we as poor as the *free negroe.*"

RECOLLECTIONS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

I.

AMONG the many pages of history which testify to the ability, versatility, and practical common sense of the American army officer, none speak in clearer tones than those which recite the history of reconstruction. The war was over; the Southern soldiers had returned to their impoverished homes; the "niggers" were free—to starve or steal as opportunity offered; the volunteer armies of the Union had been absorbed into society without leaving a ripple on its surface; and the handful of regulars, their legitimate occupation gone, were scattered among the people of the South, as an irritating reminder of their recent defeat. But the magnanimity of Appomattox had had a soothing effect, and matters wore a somewhat cheerful look for a time, both sides showing some inclination to fraternize. Still there was a feeling of uneasiness on the Southern side. They felt that the piper had yet to be paid, and the fee demanded might be enormous. Few prominent men among them expected to go scot-free. If treason was to be made odious, and traitors were to be punished, some disagreeable work would have to be done. They wanted to know the worst. What sacrifice did the nation demand? Until that question was answered genuine cordiality was impossible.

For months the feeling on both sides was one of painful expectancy. The President's assassination had blackened the impending cloud; the declarations of his successor were not reassuring; the action of Congress was ominous; the presence of the army was a standing menace. Is it any wonder that cordial relations were hard to establish? That any effort in that direction was attempted at all, under such inauspicious circumstances, is rather to be wondered at. That they failed was natural.

The most untamable rebels were not the war-worn veterans. They were always the easiest to manage. The unsubduable ones had never been soldiers. Some of them had been prevented from shouldering a musket by their sex, and others had been kept at home by their tender years. Both classes regretted their disability very much, and never tired of telling what they would have done if they had been brought

face to face with the Yankees. Their imaginations were exceedingly gory. But they were more at home in the parlor than they would have been on the picket-line. As light troops in a social war they were very effective, although not always victorious. I remember an incident in point. It was at Raleigh, North Carolina, in the winter of 1865. There was quite a large garrison encamped around that quaint old town, and an effort was made by some of the old families to restore the social relations which had existed between Southern society and army officers before the war. Entertainments were given, and invitations were extended to army officers, and of course accepted. The new departure created a sensation in camp. Old uniforms were brushed up, and war-worn veterans actually tried to look young again, and roused the envy of many a recent graduate. The first social selection was a success. It consisted principally of seniors, grizzly old warriors, who had been social lions ever so long before the war. They said when they returned that they had enjoyed it very much, and we soon found out that society had been satisfied with them. The social revival looked promising, and a second party was announced. This time invitations were distributed with a more liberal hand. Younger officers began to brush up their uniforms, and the social chasm was in a fair way to be bridged. But the young ladies, who had thawed out wonderfully in the presence of the older officers, became very frigid to the wearers of a lieutenant's uniform. They could stand a rusty old coat with tarnished trimmings, but a brand-new uniform of the Union type was unbearable. At least, that is how the young men put it. That they were close to the truth was proved by the tenor of subsequent invitations. A remarkable addition was observable on the lower left-hand corner of the invitation cards. "If convenient, in plain clothes," told the whole story. Of course it never was convenient. In fact, full uniform, including every brass button prescribed by the Regulations, and some that have not yet been adopted, was more scrupulously adhered to after than before the *mufti* manifesto. The young men were proud of their uniforms, and their pride, or, as they called it, their patriotism, got the better of their gallantry. The fact that they had no other clothes to wear need not be mentioned, as they never urged that as an excuse for their actions. They simply declined to doff their uniforms, even to please the fair ladies of the South; but they attended the party all the same. The first tilt of the invincibles at the blue uniforms was a decided failure.

At the party everything was gay. The parlors were crowded with young people, and everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves. Towards midnight the seniors had very generally withdrawn. Some had gone home, and some had retired into quiet corners to discuss the special misfortunes of the South, and the general worthlessness of "niggers." The unreconcilables, who were too young to die for their country when

the war closed, were considerably exasperated by the over-abundant presence of blue and gold. They hated Yankees in general, and detested uniformed Yankees in particular. Of course they had to endure them, and show them formal civility, as they were invited guests, but they were under no obligation to respect their feelings. So one of them, a master malcontent, who never ceased regretting that he had not had an opportunity to die for his country, led the belle of the evening to the piano and desired her to sing his favorite song. This she did in excellent style, for she had a sweet, well-cultivated voice, and her soul seemed to be in harmony with the sentiment of the song. It was "Dixie." The song was appropriately and deservedly applauded, the military guests joining most heartily in the applause. This was unexpected and disappointing. A second song was tried with no better results. Then a third. Still no frown of displeasure appeared on the faces of the army officers. They actually seemed to like disloyalty when it was set to music and so charmingly sung. There was manifestly no use in trying to sting such creatures. They were utterly without sensibility, so the attack was abandoned. After a brief pause, a certain Union major stepped up to the piano, saying, "Let me sing you a song;" and without further prelude dashed into "The Star-Spangled Banner." The major played and sang well. His voice was a rich baritone. But it was not the voice, it was the man that riveted attention. His fine figure seemed to expand into grander and more graceful proportions, his face lighted up with a glow, and his eye flashed as if the spirit of patriotism had taken possession of him. He sang the song as it ought to be sung, and it sounded like an outburst of irrepressible patriotism. The effect was electric, positively and negatively so. The blue uniforms were excited and attracted. They clustered round the piano, and chorused when opportunity offered with an energy that would have done credit to a camp-fire. But the ladies were excited and repelled. They dropped away, one by one, followed by the youthful chivalry, and when the song was finished there was nothing but blue uniforms in the parlor. It was time to go home. The party was evidently over, and the military retired with the consciousness of having again scored a victory.

There was some talk in the camps next morning about a demand for satisfaction for the musical insult offered to the ladies, but I never could get at the real facts of the case. I did hear that the young man who made the demand was accommodated in a way unknown to the code, and that for days there was a strong smell of vinegar about his room and much brown paper used; but there was so much said in jest on the subject, that the reports that reached my ears may have been exaggerations. At any rate, no further demands were made, but the social season for soldiers in that locality was closed.

The events just related had no visible effect upon the solid men of the city. If anything they were more cordial after than before the

social disruption. Their invitations were more hearty if less formal than before. They were now verbal, and accompanied at times by a hearty slap on the back, and usually took some such form as, "Come round to the office, old fellow. I wish I could ask you to the house; but— Well—you know." The heartiness of these invitations was unmistakable, and many pleasant hours were spent in the back office with the jolly and generous men who a few months before had been our mortal enemies.

I have heard many interesting discussions at these office assemblies. The bloody chasm and how to bridge it was the usual theme. Conciliation was conceded to be a prime necessity. Mr. T., a leading merchant of the city, was the champion advocate of this kind of cure. He had been a judicious rebel, having buried his gold at the beginning of the war, and resurrected it when the war was over. He was, therefore, in a better condition to take advantage of returning prosperity than most of his neighbors, and was willing to see prosperity begin. So he preached conciliation; but, like most interested advocates, his sermons were singularly one-sided. One day he had made an unusually brilliant effort. His audience, which consisted of some half a dozen army officers, were silent and attentive listeners. Satisfaction beamed in every line of his honest face as he warmed to his subject and proved his propositions. When he had concluded there was silence for a few moments. The demonstration had been perfect. Col. H., the senior officer present, and a man of recognized ability, frankly admitted it, but added, in a quiet matter-of-fact way, "But don't you think that we are the men to be conciliated?" The expression on Mr. T.'s face clearly indicated that that idea had occurred to him at that very moment for the first time.

It was curious to notice how the judgment of even intelligent people was warped by the war. It was nothing unusual to hear ladies refer to friends who had been killed in battle as having been murdered by the Yankees. They had entirely forgotten that they were the aggressors, and fired the first shot in the war. I remember a case in point. There was one house in Raleigh where army officers were always welcome. The owner was a clergyman, and I think had always been a loyal man. I was told that he never believed that rebellion was justifiable, that he never assented to secession, and that he had to be admonished by a committee of his church before he introduced a prayer for the President of the Confederacy into the church service. I have also heard that he readily consented to the introduction when the matter was presented by the committee, remarking that Jeff. Davis needed praying for more than any man in America, and that he should have it. The doctor was a frequent visitor in camp, as many of the officers attended service at his church and visited at his residence. He had two young lady daughters. The elder, like her

father, was thoroughly loyal, and always delighted to receive military visitors, but the younger could not bear them. She would cross the muddy street rather than meet a man in United States uniform, and when an officer called she invariably left the room, and sent her sister to entertain him. It was a curious case, for she did not seem to have any hatred of the person, but only the uniform of an officer. I was told that she had lost her sweetheart in the war, and looked upon every man in United States uniform as possibly his murderer.

There was an institution in the South at the time to which I refer which operated to broaden the breach between military and civil society. I refer to the Freedmen's Bureau. The functions of that bureau, though purely civil and philanthropic, were very distasteful to the Southern people, and as its agents were clothed with military rank, and wore the uniform, their unpopularity was to a certain extent transferred to the regular army. This was very unfair to the army, because the bureau was in no way connected with it. Its agents had been trained under a different system, and were amenable to a different discipline.

The Freedmen's Bureau was a military mystery. I tried hard to comprehend its true inwardness, but failed. I could see that its purposes and much of its work were good, but its methods were unfathomable. It had no system, and its agents no responsibility. They were public almoners, who were not required to render very strict accounts. It was possible, no doubt, to be honest in the bureau, and there were many perfectly honest agents in it, but the honesty had to be in the man, it was not in the system. In the bureau a crooked man had magnificent opportunities. I shall only cite one case which came under my official observation in illustration of this.

Roanoke Island was among the first points reclaimed to the Union in North Carolina. Of course a large colony of negroes from the mainland collected there long before the war was over. At the time to which I refer, 1866, several hundred still remained wards of the government. An officer of the bureau, a major, presided over the colony. His duties were similar, I suppose, to those of an Indian agent. He drew rations from the government for the negroes under his charge, and was supposed to exercise paternal care over them. He was perfectly isolated at Roanoke Island, and altogether free from supervision or inspection. In short, he was "monarch of all he surveyed." He rendered such accounts as were required to his immediate bureau superior regularly enough, but that proved nothing. Where a cross-mark will make any paper a valid voucher, a rascal's accounts will always be straight. The major reigned in Roanoke.

But there was a contract surgeon on the island, and the major, foolishly, fell out with him. Fatal mistake. The doctor knew too much for an enemy. Of course he reported what he knew, not to the bureau, but to military headquarters, and it became my duty to investigate the

case. I studied the doctor's report thoroughly, and then took steps to drop down on the major unannounced. Communication with the island could only be had once a month, when the government schooner carried rations to the colony. It was on an average a three days' trip. I had a theory that the captain of the schooner was in the major's confidence, and deemed it wise to give him no chance to advertise our approach, so I stepped on board without previous announcement just as the schooner was leaving. We arrived at Roanoke about eight o'clock in the morning of the fourth day, after a miserable passage. I sometimes fancied that the captain knew my purpose, and in order to save his friend had determined to starve me to death, but as he shared everything with me fairly I was compelled to abandon the idea. On the morning of our arrival I declined to breakfast on board, expecting to enjoy a comfortable meal with the major. His house was close by, and I soon found myself on his broad piazza introducing myself, and, like an idiot, announcing the purpose of my visit. My frankness cost me a breakfast. The major showed no nervousness, asked me to be seated, and then excused himself, saying he would rejoin me after he had breakfasted. He didn't ask me if I had breakfasted. I think he must have forgotten it.

Hunger seemed to increase my capacity for work. After the major had breakfasted, the investigation began. I found several healthy mules, which had been dead by affidavit for several months, and a herd of beef-cattle, which had been officially eaten by the colony, were browsing comfortably enough in the woods close by the station. In short, I found the facts much worse than the doctor had reported. There were not half so many negroes as he reported. Those that were there got very little government rations. They lived on "the run of the creeks" as they used to do in slave times. The rations furnished by the government for their use were landed, the government brands erased, the packages remarked and reshipped on the major's account to a commission-house in Newberne. And this reshipment was generally made by the very schooner which brought the stores to the island. Of course the major was dethroned, and in a very few weeks found his way through the medium of a court-martial to the Albany penitentiary. Such is a sample of the possibilities under the bureau.

In spite of social irritations, the military and civil authorities of the State maintained cordial relations for some considerable time. The military were mildly supreme, martial law being still in force, and the civil authorities were modestly subordinate. Nevertheless, they continued to exercise their functions within certain limits, the military authorities reserving the right to veto any of their acts. If a judge declined to receive the testimony of a negro, or if he imposed a proscribed punishment, his action would be set aside. Sometimes the case would be ordered for re-trial before a military court, and sometimes it

would be stricken from the docket by military order. That harmony prevailed for a single day, under such a system, is surprising. That it should have existed for a whole year is wonderful. But in course of time the civil authorities became restive. They had recovered from the scare which followed the surrender, the President and Congress were wrangling about their status, and they began to believe that they had rights. These were conditions favorable to a collision. That no collision occurred is due more to the firmness and admirable temper of the troops than to the excellencies of the system. I shall cite only one illustration of this condition of things.

By the code of North Carolina certain crimes and misdemeanors were punishable by flogging. This punishment had been forbidden by military order. For a time the courts respected the order, but when they began to feel that they had friends in high places, they determined to indulge their partiality for the lash. Judge F. took the lead in the new departure. At a term of the criminal court held in Raleigh two negroes were sentenced to be flogged, military orders to the contrary notwithstanding. The whipping-post was within three blocks of military headquarters, yet this action of the court was only learned by accident. It was the custom in such cases to expose the culprits in the stocks for one hour before executing the sentence. Such exposure was a kind of advertisement of the coming entertainment, and never failed in collecting a crowd. Attracted by the crowd thus collected, and suspecting what was going on, two officers who happened to be in the vicinity hastened to the spot, and found their suspicions correct. The crowd numbered, perhaps, three hundred, and was a fair sample of whipping-post crowds. There was a sprinkling of women and children in it, but the bulk of it consisted of white men of the lowest class. Many, if not all, of the men were armed with pistols or knives, which they did not care to conceal, and their actions clearly indicated that they were not there accidentally. The sheriff, a big, brawny fellow, weighing over two hundred pounds, had just prepared one of the culprits for punishment, and was divesting himself of his own coat and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, as a preparation for the proper performance of his duty, when the army officers arrived. The condition of affairs was comprehended at a glance. The crowd was an ugly one, and looked as if it meant business. Military headquarters were three blocks away, but, beyond a few unarmed clerks and half-armed orderlies, there were no troops there. The nearest camp was half a mile away. Fortunately, a mounted orderly was at hand.

There are emergencies when etiquette must yield to necessity, where promptness is power. This seemed to be one of them. A company of infantry and a troop of cavalry were ordered to the scene in the name of the general by the two officers already referred to, and a message was sent to the general himself requesting his presence. As both the

officers were staff-officers, there was less assumption of authority in their action than might otherwise have attached thereto. By this time the sheriff was ready to proceed, and was drawing the rawhide through his left hand, and gazing lovingly on the dusky hide of the culprit's back, which fairly glistened under the burning sun, as if he were selecting the proper position for the first score, so that there would be room to lay on the forty save one, side by side, without too much crowding. If any effort was to be made to enforce the military order forbidding flogging, now was the time. Unfortunately, the officers present were not only without arms, but without uniform. Still they were well known to the sheriff, and probably to every man in the crowd. Their identity, they thought, could hardly be questioned. But it was. As one of the two stepped forward and commanded the sheriff to proceed no further, calling his attention to the order forbidding such punishment, the sheriff, with well-acted astonishment, inquired, "And who in h—l are you?" It was evident the order was to be disregarded; but the debate or conversation thus begun, if properly cultivated, might bridge over the few minutes necessary for the arrival of troops from camp, so the officer proceeded to prove his identity by men in the crowd, and to argue that he had the right to stop the punishment. In the mean time the sheriff had reported the interference to the court, then in session close by, and a bench-warrant was issued for the arrest of the obstructor. The crowd, which seemed to be amused at first, now began to show a savage temper. Either they were afraid that they might be deprived of the entertainment which they had come to witness, or they were acting under orders. At any rate, they began simultaneously to say uncomplimentary things, and one thin, old, threadbare fellow, who had evidently been taking something, talked about blood knee-deep, and other kindred nonsense, while others showed their weapons in an ostentatious way, just as common cur dogs do their teeth when they are afraid to bite.

Just then the general arrived. No explanations were needed. He saw the nature of the case at once. One of the staff-officers tried to tell him there would be a guard there soon, but he replied, "I need no guard. My uniform is all the guard I want." He was a plucky old fellow,—must have been verging on sixty,—and very eccentric. He was small in stature, but strong and wiry. He had once been the champion athlete in the army, and few who knew him would have cared to tackle him even then. He forced his way through the crowd, and mounted the scaffold just as the sheriff was administering the third cut to his victim. The brave old soldier gently set the burly sheriff on one side, and let the darky down. There was so much noise and confusion in the crowd that it was impossible to hear what the general said, but it was evident he was expostulating with the sheriff, who had assumed a somewhat belligerent attitude. Meantime a bench-warrant was being issued for the arrest of the general, and the fact became generally known

to the crowd. They were mightily pleased at the idea of "jugging" the Yankee general, as they called it, and the prospect in a measure restored their good humor. It did more. It gained us a minute's more time. The infantry was close at hand, and coming at the double. Their captain needed no instructions. In a twinkling he had his men in line, and the command "load!" given in a clear, ringing voice, was the first intimation the crowd had of their arrival. There was more persuasive eloquence in the music of those steel rammers than in hours of oratory and cords of uniform. When the loading was completed, the captain saluted the general over the heads of the crowd, and reported, in a calm, business-like tone, "Ready for orders, sir." The effect upon the crowd was magical. Even the seedy individual who wanted to wade in gore remembered that he had to go round the corner "to see a man," and in a few minutes the soldiers were the sole occupants of the square.

The military had scored one without bloodshed in their first tilt with the State authorities, but the darkies most interested had small cause to thank them for their interference. The State authorities telegraphed the President, and the President telegraphed the general "not to interfere with the execution of the sentence of the court." This, of course, superseded all previous orders, and next day the two victims got their thirty-and-nine each, with interest. Soon afterwards Congress passed a law prohibiting flogging in the unreconstructed States.

(To be continued.)

OUR LITTLE NAVY.

"THEN and now. Thirty years ago our flag was respected and our men-of-war were invincible, now the world laughs at us."

Under this title the *Washington Republican* of July 3 thoughtfully says,—

"Apropos to the discussion going on in Congress as to the necessity of building up the navy, an old naval officer relates some incidents that took place in the 'fifties,' when we had a navy which was regarded as the most efficient for its size in the world:

"In 1856 the 'St. Mary's,' under command of Theodorus Bailey, went into Valparaiso, Chili. On her arrival she found that the Chilians had refused a just demand on the authorities made by our minister. He sent on shore and informed the governor that unless the demand was complied with in twelve hours he would bombard the town, and proceeded at once to haul his ship into position. Within six hours the demand was complied with.

"Shortly after the same vessel went into Iquiqui, Peru, where the revolutionists had levied a fine of three thousand dollars on our consul. They were given four hours to return the money and salute the flag. It was refused. Captain Bailey hauled his vessel into position, and informed them that unless the money was returned and the flag saluted he would open fire on the second at which the four hours was up. The money was paid and the flag saluted. On another occasion, in 1855, at the Chincha Islands, the same vessel, 'St. Mary's,' on her arrival found a very large number of American vessels at anchor, many of them having been over a year awaiting a cargo of guano. A deputation from the captains of these vessels came on board and informed Captain Bailey of their long delay, and also informed him that all the English and French vessels were loaded and dispatched immediately on their arrival, while the Americans had to wait the pleasure of the governor.

"Captain Bailey sent on shore and informed the governor that he wished to see him on board ship. The governor replied that he was in his palace and would be glad to see the captain on shore. Captain Bailey directed his officer to say to the governor that unless he came on board within two hours a file of marines would bring him on board.

The governor came. On his arrival he was shown the list of English and French vessels that had been loaded at the port within the past year, and the number of American vessels and the length of their detention, and was told that the 'St. Mary's' would leave next day on a cruise of thirty days, when she would return to the islands, and if on her return any American vessels were still unloaded he would seize the islands and load them himself.

"The governor was then sent on shore. The 'St. Mary's' went to sea the following day, and returned at the end of thirty days to find all the American vessels gone, laden with guano. These occurrences took place in the days when our ships, although few in number, were justly considered better in all respects than the ships of any navy afloat, and our flag was respected wherever it was shown. Judging from the snubs we have received from the same two powers, Chili and Peru, in recent days, what to-day would be the result of similar action on the part of any naval commander, and what the cause and whose the fault? The men and officers are as efficient, but the ships and guns do not exist."

These legitimate interventions in sustaining right and the dignity of the nation, produced no lasting ill feeling. The provocation was too evident to cause surprise at the redress. Spirited action always inspires respect when justified by right, and its exercise in these cases fell into the hands of a capable officer, long since *completely* retired as an admiral to a peaceful repose in the National Cemetery at Washington, but who, while living, supplemented them later by leading up the van of Farragut's fleet at New Orleans, passing forts and obstructions, and taking its surrender in a little steamer with three guns. These collisions had not lessened the respect of the South American republics for their older sister, and when she expelled Maximilian from Mexico as soon as her internal struggle was ended, she was recognized, as we know, as the honored head of the family of free American races. This happy accord continued until the difficulties which had arisen between Chili on the one side and Peru and Bolivia on the other culminated in the battle of Antofagasta, on the 14th of February, 1879, and the rupture of this domestic harmony. The trenchant intervention of our own government, which followed the inauguration of President Garfield, with its audacious advance and humiliating retreat, is remembered by all thinking men. If Generals Hurlburt and Kilpatrick, our ministers, *died* in its progress, some wounds were opened which it will be difficult to close or to forget. Peace is too clearly our policy, and is especially a wise one when we are not on a respectable footing to sustain a war. Anything that adds to the complications which must attend the completion of the Panama Canal, and the application of the principles of the Monroe doctrine in the Pacific, must be now considered with the chance of finding Chili closely allied to Great Britain by those business

interests which once bound her to us,—a powerful and sensitive factor and a convenient base for European intervention.

When in this deplorable interference our navy, admittedly insignificant, made its appearance in the Pacific for its countenance and support, it was with the old flag at the peak, once respected as we have seen, but now covering "Cochet and Landreau claims," "Shipherd's Peruvian Company," "Credit Industrial specifics," and other bunting, long since soiled at home, in its signal-chest, to be hoisted or lowered, as occasion offered, for the advantage of that noble army of speculative adventurers enlisted from both parties in our own politics and from every clime. Our entire squadron, which would have been invincible in the protection of an oyster-bed, and formidable if its officers and crews could have been landed for a fair fight, could then, admittedly, have been wiped out of existence in a few hours by even one of the three Chilian ironclads in their vicinity. The presence of our flag to cover such diplomacy would seem, then, to have displayed assurance without national motive or ability for its support, and gave deep-seated offense, more lasting than that caused by those just interventions first referred to, after a careful investigation of the grievance.

On the 18th of February last Colonel Albert Gallatin Brown, well known from his practical devotion to his country, and his ready facility in its defense with an able pen, read before a crowded meeting of the American Geographical Society, in Chickering Hall, New York, an exhaustive paper on this last complication.

It contained the earnest conclusions resulting from a visit to the seat of that recent war, when those events were in progress, was received with enthusiasm, and generally accepted as an impartial and reliable narrative. It has been reprinted in Spanish, and copied and largely drawn upon by the press of Chili, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and other Latin nationalities. As an evidence of its interest, the legations of Chili and Peru have sought all available copies of the society's publication, and it has become in effect a text-book of these details. In speaking of one of the results of the Cæsarean invasion of our diplomacy, backed by such nominal protectors of our coast and commerce as Congress—inarticulate from the obstacles interposed by an aggregated majority of its members, believing only in their own integrity and Mr. Isherwood's capacity—sees fit to keep afloat, he says,—

"Nor is this all. Chili has not only advanced into the position of the controlling political power on the west coast of South America, but by her naval strength she can, if she pleases, at this moment command the Pacific coast of the United States. We are in a ridiculous position in relation to her. Any one of her three ironclads can sink every wooden vessel in our wretched navy, and the contrast between her ability and our impotence is a daily source of shame to every citizen of our country who resides or travels between Panama and Cape Horn.

"I entreat your earnest attention to this disgraceful condition of our defenses in the Pacific. General William B. Franklin, the distinguished soldier of our civil war, whose authority will not be disputed, has this winter been publicly warning us, in a written criticism of our 'National Defenses,' that 'there is no seaboard city of the United States that could not at this time be laid under contribution by a single hostile ironclad ship, which, after receiving the contribution or destroying the city by bombardment, could quietly steam out to sea without danger of damage from anything which any fort or ship of the United States can do.' In hostilities between Chili and ourselves she could advance by sea to an attack upon California and Oregon, with a navy having three ironclads at the head of it, two of which are first-rates by the standard of classification of such vessels, and any one of the three is more than a match for our Pacific squadron. Our only chance against any of them would be by boarding. Behind these ironclads is a large squadron of composite and of wooden vessels of war, and behind them a fleet of a dozen fine iron merchant steamers subject to the disposition of the state in case of war, and greatly surpassing our Pacific Mail Company's merchant fleet. It is strictly true already, as a competent French authority (Lieutenant Leon) has recently observed in a letter to the *Revue Maritime*, that Chili possesses such a navy that she henceforward must 'enter into the calculations of any nation intending to undertake a war by sea.' And she is preparing with her surplus revenue to buy more ironclads and reinforce her naval strength in many ways, at the same time that she is improving the port of Valparaiso by great expenditures, with the design of outrivaling Callao and making it the emporium of the South Pacific, as San Francisco is of the North."

Colonel Brown coincidentally connects his own paper with the foregoing extracts, in saying that in forming his judgment of the technical naval operations of this war, he has used mainly as authorities,—from which he sometimes quotes,—"First, an excellent, but strictly official monograph, published by the Navy Department, and written by Lieutenant Mason, U.S.N., who bears a name associated, in its repetition of that of Admiral Bailey (his uncle), with the fame of *a hero excelled by none in the naval annals of our country.* Second, a history of the war between Peru and Chili, by Clements R. Markham, an English gentleman, too well known to you to need comment on his excellent capacity for such a work."

These are suggestions from a thoroughly-equipped and accepted authority, who reflects, as well as to an extent influences, public opinion by an honorable personal record and active ability. They should especially address themselves to the people of the Western slope, their more inland neighbors, and their representatives. This, too, without distinction of party, or even reference to patriotism or public duty, but simply as affecting that which in each year seems to grow more inter-

esting to a greater number of electors,—their personal interest. When Admiral Von Tromp was claimed to "have swept the seas with a broom at his mast-head," there were no ironclads to be dusted up. Temporary material for a hasty equipment of a navy no longer exists, as in 1861, in our now extinct merchant marine. Our navy—perhaps the weakest of that of all powers claiming to be maritime—could scarcely wait safely, when some of our inflammable state craft suddenly lights the flax, the at least three years required to complete one heavy gun at Essen, and a probably similar delay in building the ironclad to mount it. Meanwhile Congress sits, is eloquently active, we know, on subjects exciting sometimes attention and hostility abroad, however sweet at home as affecting the members and their constituencies, and in its liberality to individual electors; but does it recognize that other bodies and men in all parts of the world, having witnessed our vast prosperity, may be, like Napoleon, studying our map and carving up our inheritance for future division, while we slumber over the results of one hundred and eight anniversaries of the Fourth of July?

AN UNPENSIONED VOLUNTEER.

NOTES ON THE GALLEYS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

GALEA.—". . . et a picta casside nomen habet."

CHAPTER I.

WITHIN a few months there has been published, in England, the "Life of Don John of Austria," by the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, in two volumes, folio, superbly illustrated and printed, in which considerable space is devoted to the galleys of the period, and especially to those employed at Lepanto.

This magnificent work is too expensive to be found in many libraries. It is a monument of labor in references to original, and in many cases unpublished, documents, not only upon naval subjects, but every other public matter connected with the career of the young leader in question.

It is mostly from Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell's work that the following notes have been culled.

The writer had some notes upon the French galleys of the eighteenth century in THE UNITED SERVICE for October, 1880, which were so kindly received in many quarters that it is presumed that some gleanings in reference to the galley fleets of the era of Lepanto and the Great Armada will be acceptable to the same class of readers.

The galleys of the eighteenth century differed very little from those of the sixteenth. Almost all fighting vessels of the latter period were propelled by oars, and were, in all but their armament, much the same as those which the Romans had learned to build after Carthaginian models. The methods of distinguishing the commanding officer's ship, and those of division commanders, and of signaling, remained virtually the same also. Like the Romans, too, the heavy galleys of the sixteenth century were, upon an emergency, often towed by lighter vessels; and captured vessels were brought in triumph into home ports, towing by the stem, just as was done by Duilius.

In the medal of Giovanni Andrea Doria, nephew and heir of the great Andrea, who died in 1560, we see a galley of the year 1600, engraved with obvious care. She has a very high poop, surmounted by the curved supports for the awnings, and bearing three lanterns, one in the centre, and one on each quarter. The Genoese standard flies from

the break of the poop, upon a staff, while the huge spliced lateen main-yard has its peak terminated in a cross, from the arms of which pennants are flying, while others are displayed from the mast-heads. On the foremast two yards are distinctly shown, somewhat in the fashion of the *polacre* rig, and possibly its forerunner.

Many of the galleys were, as we shall see, most highly ornamented, but at the time we speak of the ornamentation seems mostly to have been confined to the poop and the interior of that part of the vessel; and the gaudy paint and gilding and armorial decoration of the later Maltese and French galleys had not then come into use. It is recorded that Don John put his flag-ship in mourning, in 1573, on account of the death of his sister, the Infanta Juana, by painting black the yards, masts, oars, and bulwarks, from which we may infer that black was not then used as a color on any part of a galley. This vessel will be described on another page. She naturally held a high place, especially in Spain; and in one of the chapels of the cathedral at Barcelona is preserved a relic of her,—a crucifix, called the "Cristo de Lepanto," which Don John carried on his prow in that great action, and which is said to have bent sideways to avoid the shot when the Turks directed their guns at the sacred image.

Of the Christian naval powers of the sixteenth century Venice took the lead. She, however, only kept in actual commission a comparatively small force for the service of the Adriatic and Levant, and to visit and supply garrisons all the way to the Syrian coast. But the great arsenal contained at least two hundred vessels, and all material ready to fit them out, while there was a staff of officers and the *cadre* of a crew for each one. In many of their principal ports they had galley-houses, substantially built and roofed, where galleys could be hauled upon the ways and secured from the weather. Many naval officers have seen the lofty galley-houses still standing at Canea, in the island of Candia,—monuments of the thoroughness of the Venetian naval administration.

Next to Venice came Spain. Charles V. used his fleet to defend his extensive sea-coast rather than as cruisers abroad, and his armament was a much less extensive and costly one than that of Venice. His disastrous expedition to Algiers, in 1541, greatly reduced his sea force, and the French and German wars, which immediately followed, prevented him from rebuilding to any great extent. As soon as peace came, his successor, Philip II., turned his attention at once to the navy, and soon had one hundred galleys; but disasters reduced the fleet again, so that in 1563 he had no more than thirty-four sail.

He persevered, however, in his own dogged way, and in 1570 his own galleys numbered fifty-six, of which twenty-six were Spanish, twenty Neapolitan, and ten Sicilian. Others were always to be hired from friendly noblemen and potentates. He is said to have kept down

the number of the royal galleys, as whenever he increased his force the Turks did the same,—always managing to keep ahead in numbers,—so that the competition became ruinous.

The hired vessels in the Spanish service came, as a rule, from Genoa, whose trading nobles built and fitted them as an investment for service against the Turks and Moors. Giovanni Andrea Doria, already alluded to, owned twelve fine war-galleys, and these, together with those belonging to the great houses of Somellini and Centurioni, and the dukes of Savoy and Florence, the republic of Genoa itself, and the order of St. John, were generally in the pay of the king of Spain. Many rich private merchants also embarked in the business of fitting out men-of-war, as they found it very profitable, hired vessels costing much less to maintain than those belonging to the state, the difference being as much as a thousand ducats per annum.

Venice never used hired vessels of war, for the alleged reason that the owners and commanders always spared their vessels and crews, and were apt to look more for plunder than for fighting and glory. Indeed, it was openly charged that, at the battle of Prevesa, Doria, a brave and skillful seaman, allowed the enemy to escape through his unwillingness to risk the loss of his galleys.

At the time of Lepanto the French navy was at a very low ebb, owing principally to her intestine religious struggle; while the papal fleet, with its headquarters at Civita Vecchia, was small in number, though what there was of it was good.

A sixteenth century galley was from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet long; fourteen to twenty feet beam, and had two, and sometimes three, masts. The poop and forecastle were both elevated, but the latter was much lower than the former. The armament consisted of great guns behind a sort of rampart across the forecastle, a few light pieces on the poop, and the muskets or arquebuses of the soldiers who composed the fighting crew. The prow, ten feet or more in length, was armed with a beak shod with iron.

There were from twenty to twenty-six pairs of long oars or sweeps, each pulled by from four to six men, who were on benches reaching from the vessel's side to a strong central longitudinal bulkhead. Along this bulkhead, on a level with the shoulders of the rowers, ran the *coursie*, or gangway, from the poop to the forecastle. The slaves at the oars were partly screened from missiles by the bulwarks; and their benches were about four feet apart, while the oars were from thirty to forty feet long,—one-third within and two-thirds without. (The arrangement of the oars and manner of working them is more particularly described in the article already alluded to.)

The artillery consisted of a large traversing gun, with a smaller one on each side, all mounted on the forecastle, and some small pieces on the poop, often, in large galleys, in two tiers. The large guns threw

shot of from forty to sixty pounds, and the small ones of from five to ten pounds,—ordinary wall-pieces.

The galley, being of light draught, had but a single deck, and the hold was divided into six compartments, each of which had a special name. The after one was the *camera de poppa*, for the commander, the officers called "gentlemen of the poop," and distinguished passengers. The second compartment was called *escandalar*, where these officers took their meals, and where their arms, clothing, and cabin stores were kept. The third division was the *campagna* (the name—"the country"—being still preserved in men-of-war) where the salt provisions were stowed. The fourth compartment was the bread-room,—*pagliolo*. The fifth and sixth—*camera di mezzo* and *camera di prora*—were much larger than the rest, reaching from the mainmast to the forecastle, and answered to the berth-deck of our men-of-war, although a portion of the space was occupied by sails, rigging, the powder-magazine, and store-rooms, while in the after part were cabins for the chaplain and the surgeon.

Although the galleys were the fighting ships *par excellence*, there were others occasionally employed in the naval actions of the sixteenth century, which may be briefly noticed.

The *galleass* was a three-masted galley, but of much heavier construction, larger, and higher out of water than those we have just described. They had about the same number of oars as a first-class galley, but these were necessarily heavier and longer, and were manned by at least seven men each, being also at a greater distance apart than those of the galleys. The poop and forecastle of a galleass were very lofty and strongly built, perfect citadels, in fact, while the bulwarks were often loopholed for musketry. These vessels often carried as many as sixty guns, three of them heavy traversing pieces, throwing balls of from fifty to eighty pounds; and room was made between the rowers' benches for the broadside guns, and the poop and forecastle had their independent armament of small pieces, which could clear the deck if boarders managed to scramble up their high sides.

A *nave*, or ship, differed from the galleass in not having oars, and in being still more massive, with great rounded hulls rising from the water to heights often equal to a third of the length. They had two tiers of guns when used in war, and with lofty and almost impregnable poops and forecastles, towered above the sea like great forts.

The stern of all the vessels we have spoken of was elaborately carved, and above the complicated figures, flowers, and tracery appeared the great *fanal*, or lantern, which was often an example of art metalwork, designed, if not executed, by the best sculptors of the day, and, being the symbol of command, no expense was spared upon it.

The *galleasses* and *naves* of the great fleet of the League, which did such yeoman service at the opening of the conflict of Lepanto,

were large vessels, but by no means the largest afloat; none of them exceeded one thousand tons, and some were much less, while at that time the Venetians had merchant ships of two thousand tons. The *galleasses* and *naves* of the League carried crews of about one hundred and fifty men; so they were by no means so well manned in proportion to tonnage and guns as the galleys. In fact, their strength and ability to resist boarders—the principal mode of fighting of the day—rendered a crew of that number sufficient, even with the great number of guns which they carried. *Brigantines* were used in all fleets of the period, as dispatch-vessels (mail-boats we would call them now), and were also employed to tow heavier vessels into position, and to obtain intelligence on an enemy's coast. They were small, low vessels, half-decked, had two masts, and pretty large lateen-sails in proportion to their size, pulled thirty or forty oars, each pulled by a single man, and generally armed with two or three light guns. A *frigate* of those days was a brigantine on a small scale.

But to return to the galley fleet, the line-of-battle of those days.

A great fleet was usually officered by an admiral and a vice-admiral. The admiral's staff consisted of a commissary, or *proveditore*, who had general charge of the supplies, as well as being paymaster-in-chief. He had under him a purveyor, or *munitionaro* (whence comes *munition bread*), who was generally employed on shore, and another officer who was really the fleet paymaster. Then there was an auditor, or criminal judge, and a *medico*, or physician, with his apothecary, or *speziale*, and the medico had charge of one or more hospital ships (pulmonare).

The last of the fleet officers was the *butcher*, or *maçellèro*, who had to precede the fleet to certain ports of rendezvous, and there select and kill fresh meat for the use of the ship's companies.

Each Venetian galley, or galleass, was commanded by a captain, who had under his charge one or more young men of family, according to the size of the vessel, who were appointed as midshipmen formerly were, to serve their apprenticeship to the sea service. They were called "gentlemen of the poop," and in a modified form the same mode of address was preserved among naval aspirants until quite recent days, the midshipmen of the watch seldom being addressed by name, but as "gentlemen of the watch," or, individually, as "young gentleman." In the Venetian navy there were two of these to a galley, and four to a galleass.

Next in authority to the captain was the *patron*, or master, who appears to have discharged the duties of the first lieutenant of modern days, and was often the real commander, no doubt, in case of a landsman's having the nominal authority. The fighting being done by soldiers in all the navies but that of Venice, made the commanders of those soldiers captains of vessels, even when they had had no experience at sea.

After the patron came the boatswain and his mate (*comito* and *sotto-comito*), then the *piloto* and his mates (*consiglieri*), and then the *agozzino*, or driver of the motive-power (the galley-slaves).

In other departments there were the chaplain and the surgeon, two artillery-men, and two assistants for the care of the ordnance, an armorer for the small-arms, and four men in the carpenter's crew. There were eight seamen who were helmsmen, and eight seamen and sixteen ordinary seamen for working the sails and rigging.

The *ciurma*, or slave-gang, of a Venetian galley of fifty oars would number from one hundred and fifty to two hundred.

The officers and crews of such vessels were paid as follows:

Captains, four rations a day and ten crowns a month, and, in addition, the pay and rations of two "dead men," or names borne upon the books for that purpose.

The chaplain had two rations a day and five crowns a month, and the patron the same as the chaplain. The surgeon was paid two rations a day and four crowns a month, while the "nobili di poppa," or young aspirants, received "nothing a day and find themselves,"—an even more scanty pay than the "nineteen and one" of our midshipmen in days not very remote. The comito had three rations a day and five crowns a month, pilots and their mates two rations and four crowns, and the agozzini, bombardieri, carpenter, calker, barrel-maker, and oar-maker had the same as the pilots.

The stations of the seamen, as well as their pay, seem somewhat odd to naval people of the present day. The four oldest and most experienced men were stationed at the mainmast, and were called the "parte é mezza," *not* from their "part of the ship," as we should say, but from receiving a ration and a half a day. They were paid two crowns a month. The four younger first-class seamen were stationed at the mizzen-mast, and received one ration a day and one and a half crowns a month. The sixteen ordinary seamen were called "marineri di guardia."

The *ciurma*, or oar-gang, was divided into three classes,—captives, or *schiavi*, and criminals, or *sforzati*, both of which were unpaid, and the *benevoglies*, or volunteers, who had one ration a day and two crowns a month.

In regard to the latter class a few words may be necessary. Some countries—the republic of Genoa especially—had a way of filling their rowing-benches which seems incredible, "for may we not well believe the life of a galley-slave to be the last degree of human misery?" says the "Tableau d'Italie," published at Brussels in the last century. People were always to be found, this writer states, in continuation, who were willing to sell their liberty for two sequins a year. The money was usually spent at once in the wine-shop, and the man then taken on board the galley for which he had "volunteered," stripped, and

chained to his bench. There was not very much difference between the treatment of the greatest criminal and such a volunteer. During the course of the year the latter might feel inclined for a "spree"; a little money was given him, and a new contract made for a further term, and the result was that the wretch seldom regained his liberty at all, but died chained to the galley-bench.

Galley-slavery was a distinct feature of the social life of the sixteenth century, and was used by the nations of Southern Europe for the same purpose as prisons and penal settlements are used at this day. It pervades the literature, and is a prominent feature in many poems and romances. "If there is a hell in this world," says a rhymer of about 1580, "it is in the galleys, where rest is unknown." Hard work, hard fare, hard usage, exposure to all kinds of weather, and to many kinds of danger; the utter absence of any comfort or sympathy in suffering, and any protection from wrong; the perpetual presence of cruel tormentors and vile companions, tasked to the utmost man's animal instinct to cling to life. The worst prison on shore seemed preferable to the "galley's roofless dungeon," where "the wretched inmates were liable always to be flogged, often to be drowned, and sometimes to be shot." (In regard to these liabilities the reader is referred to the article on the "Galleys of the Eighteenth Century," in the number of this magazine for October, 1880.)

The mass of the people dreaded the *ciurme* as much or more than the country people around Toulon dread the *gallérien*. Many of us have seen the latter, who look more like wild beasts than human beings, and who gaze at the passer-by with the same unwinking animal stare as would the denizens of a menagerie. When a crew of galley-slaves was marched across the country from port to port,—as they sometimes were, in France and Spain especially,—they committed all sorts of depredations, at which their officers winked, so as to share in the profits, and were the terror of the districts through which they passed.

On the galley-benches were found all sorts of people and all characters,—the unfortunate, the vile, the abandoned, Turk, Jew, Infidel, and Christian. "Here," says Stirling-Maxwell, "side by side, in common misery, sat the brave soldier whom the fate of war had made a captive, and the wretch who was paying the penalty of the most odious crimes; the gallant gentleman who had shone in the princely tilt-yard or at royal banquets, and the outcast whose home was on the street or the pier; the man of thought and feeling, whose conscience refused to receive unquestioned the faith as it was in the Inquisition at Valladolid or Rome, and the ruffian who stabbed for hire in the tortuous lanes of Valencia or beneath the deep-browed palaces of Naples. Turkish officers, wont to ride in the gorgeous train which attended the sultan to the mosques of Constantinople, were chained to the oars of

Don John of Austria; and Knights of Malta were lending unwilling impulse to the vessels which Ali Pasha was leading through the channels of the Archipelago to do battle with the fleet of the Holy League. The Turkish galleys being more exclusively rowed by foreign captives, advantage in a naval action was embittered to the Christian combatants by the knowledge that their artillery, which mowed down their turbaned foes, was also dealing agony and death among fettered friends and brethren, who an hour before had hailed with hope and exultation the approach of the flag of their country and their creed."

An insight into the ordinary sea-life of the period may be interesting, and is given by the Seigneur de Villamont, who wrote an account of a Mediterranean voyage made by him in 1589, nearly twenty years after Lepanto. He was a pilgrim to the Holy Land, and sailed from Venice on board a large *nave*, or merchant ship, laden with wine, and bound to Limisso, in Cyprus. Why a large cargo of wine was going to Cyprus we are not told. To our unenlightened view it seems rather like sending coals to Newcastle. The voyage occupied twenty-five days,—in the last of April and a part of May.

The captain, a Venetian, maintained great discipline, and the passengers were not allowed to take their seats at the table until he himself was seated, with his "escrivain," or secretary.

Villamont says that from the hold to the deck of the poop there were seven "étages," or decks, and six at the other end, up to the forecastle, *really* a top-gallant-forecastle. The lowest of the poop-decks seems to have been used as the dining-room, and the next above was the chamber or state-room of the "escrivain" and of the passengers. In front of this apartment was a large open space or balcony, which was used for working that part of the rigging which led aft. Next above this was the cabin of the patron, or captain, in front of which was an open space, where was "la boussole et le pilote, pour gouverner le nave,"—in other words, the wheel and binnacle. Next above was the pilot's room, with another open place in front, which seems to have been a sort of "horse-block," or place of observation. Over the pilot's quarters another cabin could be arranged, if necessary.

After the ship got to sea the captain and his escrivain stood upon the poop, and the "nocher," or mate, and the men of the crew mustered on the main-deck below. The men's names were taken down, and they were divided into four watches. Then the captain made a speech, and exhorted the men to obedience and diligence, avoidance of blasphemy, quarreling, and nameless crimes under penalty of the *bastonnade*. Any one guilty of the last offense was to be put in chains and carried home for trial. After this wine was served to the crew, and the captain, turning to the passengers, exhorted them in their turn, and admonished them to behave with propriety.

At sunset the Ave Maria was sung, and every morning all hands

chanted prayers "in a loud voice," after which they called out, "Bon jour au patron." On Saturdays they had the litanies and "salve regina."

Villamont says the food was rough, but good of its kind, and the wine served was mixed with half water. The pilgrim passengers had wine and provisions of their own, and Villamont had a pine box to contain his, which must have been a good-sized affair, for on it he spread out his "matelos" to sleep. Often, however, he slept upon the poop, although wind and rain could enter under the front of the awning, on account of "les puanteurs de la nave." Each passenger had to bring his own knife, fork, spoon, and glass, in addition to any private stores or wine which he might choose to have, for none of these necessary articles were provided by the ship. We are further told that the passengers took good care, in spite of the captain's speeches, not to go down among the mariners, "who had a bad name" and were insolent to passengers,—"jusques à les poinçonner par la derrière." The sailors were, moreover, infested with "poux," and stole whatever they could on all occasions. Villamont went from Limisso to Jaffa in a Greek bark, with a rascally patron, and was five days in accomplishing that distance on account of rough weather.

But now to return to the war-galleys, on board of which, as we have already seen, the slaves were chained in close order, the benches sometimes having rudely stuffed sacking cushions, covered with hides. There would be five, or even six, upon a bench ten or eleven feet long. Each man was attached to a foot-board by a chain, and an iron band riveted to the ankle. The benches were so close that, as one row pushed forward the loom of the oar, the oar and arms of the row behind them were over their bended backs. The looms were so large that most of them had to seize grips, bolted in, but the end was tapered to manageable size, and the slave who was stationed there was always the strongest and biggest of the bench, was captain of the oar, and directed the others. He also got the most strokes from the "nerva di bue" when they wanted more "steam." This strokesman was called, in the *lingua franca*, "vogarante." Next to him in importance was the one next to the gunwale,—*posticcio*. The third and fourth were called *terzarolo*, *quartarolo*, and so on.

The most important oars, of course, were the stroke, or after-pair, and they had crews picked out for their strength and skill. The captains of these stroke-oars were called *spallièri*, from *spalle*, the rear benches, and the best of the two was captain of the starboard-oar. The next oars in importance were the two forward ones, but, for some unknown reason, they were called *coneglie*, or rabbits, and their crews *coneglieri*. The captains of the stroke-oars were exempt from all labor but that of rowing, while their crews were excused from other hard work, and employed in keeping the poops in order, serving the officers,

and other light duty during their stay in port. The captains and crews of the *coneglie* had the care of the anchors, hawsers, cables, and other matters of that kind, and were also excused from the daily tasks in connection with cleaning ship, wooding, watering, and breaking out and stowing the hold, as well as work in the dock-yards.

The *comito* had immediate charge of the slaves, with his mate and the slave-driver under him. His station was aft, upon the *coursie*, or gangway, close to the poop. His mate and the agozzino were posted along the gangway at intervals, so that they could see any slave who skulked at his oar. The oars were seldom unshipped while in commission, except for repairs, but were "cock-billed" by a "toggle" when the galley had a strong leading wind. Oars were put in motion and stopped by the silver whistle of the comito, or boatswain, and he and his mates were armed with a heavy "nerve di bue," such as is mentioned in Gil Blas and many other contemporary works, and which may be bought to-day in any Italian town.

When, on any emergency, the galley-slaves had to be worked for many consecutive hours, and to the point of exhaustion, when blows were of no avail to keep up their efforts, bread sopped in wine was stuffed into their mouths by these officers as they pulled; and if a slave sank down exhausted, he was whipped until it was evident that he was not shamming, and was then taken out and thrown into the hold, or sometimes, if he was evidently dying, into the sea. But it was the interest of the captain to keep his crew in fair working order, and this was the only cause of alleviation of their miserable condition.

When the slaves were cast loose for other work than that of the oar the individual chain was attached to a manacle, so that they were never clear of irons. Their heads and beards were kept close shaven, for obvious reasons, but little other attempt at cleanliness of person seems to have been exacted. The Moors made the best slaves in the sixteenth century, and Marteilhe says they were the best in the French galleys of two hundred years later. The Turks were not much in favor, while the negroes were the worst, many of them dying of sheer melancholy. No particular mention is ever made of the criminal class, who were treated like dogs, and no doubt behaved like wild ones.

The usual ration was less than two pounds of dry biscuit and water. On alternate days soup was served, made of three ounces of beans and a quarter of an ounce of oil for each man. But often, especially when at sea, there was no soup, partly on account of the difficulty of cooking in such a craft in a sea-way, and partly because such luxurious fare was supposed to make them heavy and dull at their work.

Much of the water must have been carried somewhere on deck, for Don John was detained in Spezzia, when in haste to sail to the relief

of Tunis, by having his water-barrels injured in a summer storm, which only damaged his spars and rigging.

Knavish contractors made the slaves' bad fare worse, and sickness from this cause is known to have often crippled the Venetian fleet, as well as some others. Four times a year the *ciurma* had meat and wine, and we know, from Marteilhe's description, that this custom was kept up until the galleys disappeared from the sea. The volunteers were allowed, when in port, to go about the galley during the day with a manacle on, but were always chained up again at sunset. They were shaven, like the rest, except the moustache.

The gang were all clothed alike, the volunteers at their own expense. Each was supposed to have two shirts and two pairs of linen breeches, a red woolen frock, a red cap, a pair of summer socks, and a heavier pair for winter. They had also a pair of shoes for work on shore, and a heavy felted woolen capote. Each bench was allowed two blankets. These things must have been kept under the benches, for no lockers or chest were allowed; but probably, amid such a congregation of thieves and cut-throats, personal property was only secure while being worn.

There is a picture, in the gallery at Amsterdam, of the sinking of some Spanish galleys off Gibraltar, in 1607, by the Dutch fleet under Heemskerck, in which the galleys of the time are very well shown. The slaves, with their shaven heads, are very closely packed upon the benches, and the soldiers stand upon a narrow platform running round the side over the gunwale. The poops are covered with an arched frame-work, to receive an awning, and two guns are mounted on the forecastle.

Besides the easy harbor-work given to the stroke oarsmen, whose place was due solely to their strength and skill, there were some few other preferences shown the wretched creatures who formed the *chiurme*. Each galley had its band of trumpets, and there was much emulation in regard to this music. There were often as many as eight trumpeters, and each of these received one-half the daily ration of a volunteer. Others who had the care of the boat, who waited on the messes, and who acted as clerk and as hospital steward, received the same ration as a volunteer. There were also some special servants to officers, and sometimes one was allowed to trade in a petty way, the officers sharing in the profits and winking at extortion, as we know from the practice being specially forbidden in the instructions to the commanders of the galleys of Spain in 1603. Other abuses are mentioned in the same instructions, in which it is directed that if any convicts or slaves escaped, the officers in charge were to supply others at their own expense; or, if that could not be, were to *take their place at the oar*. It is likewise ordained that more wholesome food is to be furnished the slaves; and it is forbidden to employ them during the

winter in port in any other than the naval service. Convicts for crime and volunteers were to be promptly discharged at the end of their term of service; and gentlemen were no longer to be punished by being sent to the galleys, "on account of the inconvenience arising from the practice."

Each galley was to be furnished with eleven thousand ducats for its annual expenses, and one thousand more for extraordinary uses. This money was to be kept in a chest with four keys, and disbursed with care, under fixed rules. No merchandise or excessive baggage was to be allowed on board, and care was enjoined to keep the arms in order, and to see that there was no extravagance in the wear and tear of flags, and in gilding, carving, and painting the poops. The admiral of the fleet was to be allowed eight servants, but these were to be mustered and serve, on occasion, among the able-bodied soldiers, of whom forty were allowed to each galley. The chaplain was charged to see that the officers and men led Christian lives; was to confess them and preach to them, and report their conduct to the chaplain-general. Cases of heresy were also to be reported, but they were warned not to allow men to affect heterodoxy to escape from the oar, and be sent for trial on shore. The idea that the chances of the Inquisition might be preferred to the life of the galley, shows what a hell the latter must have been.

As in every slave-gang there were men of many different tongues, all had to learn the different orders or calls; and they soon learned them too, or they were beaten to death. In addition to the *nerva di bue*, they used as means of punishment the hoops of hogsheads and "salt eel's tail,"—a common name for a rope's end in that and many more modern navies.

Pantéra advocated hospital-ships for every fleet, as we have seen the Venetians had, for the reason that many good and valuable rowers were often lost for the want of proper treatment.

He also thought, and gravely advanced the opinion, that the best plan for recruiting rowers for the galleys was to establish gaming-houses at sea-ports, "where dexterous persons of good address should, simply and without connivance at fraud, lend money to all men who desired it," and when they lost more than they could pay, arrest them, and put them in the "galleys as volunteers,"—"whence," he adds, "people so entrapped frequently come out better than they went in."

Pantéro Pantéra was a naval officer of the Pope's service, and we may naturally suppose that he was somewhat more scrupulous in his ideas than the officers of mere secular powers.

Crescencio, also a papal naval officer, expounded, in his "Nautica Mediterranea," a very simple and beautiful plan by which a renegade who happened to have command of a Turkish fleet (such as Uluch Ali), when in presence of a Christian force, and, being repentant, is anxious

to earn restoration to the bosom of the Church, could easily do so. The idea was for this commander to send a secret and peremptory order, at the same time, to the captains of all his galleys, commanding each one to cut off, instanter, the heads of his *comitos* and their mates, on the plea that they had been detected in intriguing with the enemy. "When this shall have been done, the fleet will be like a troop of horse whose bridle-reins have been suddenly cut; and a signal may be made to the Christians to sail in and take possession." This passage shows where the real control of the slaves lay, and would be like cutting off the non-commissioned officers of an English regiment.

Perhaps some other ships and regiments, in other services, might be similarly embarrassed.

CHAPTER II.

THE Turks constructed, manned, and officered their strong fleet after the "Ponentina," or Western fashion, much as they hated the types they copied; and they had in their dock-yards many employés who were Christians,—most of them Venetians. These were attracted by the pay, which was said to be as much for four months as the same shipwrights could earn in a year in the arsenal at Venice. Sometimes the foreign workmen struck, in the Turkish ship-yards, on account of wine being forbidden; but an increase of wages generally led them back again to work. The principal yards were at Pera and Gallipoli. The vessels built there were very short-lived,—from the green timber used and the rough work. They were built very cheaply, and often very quickly, as the sultan *would* have his fleet equal in number to any other. The Turkish officers were brave enough, and quite observant of the Western improvements in tactics and inventions, and many of them were as anxious as any Christian officers to improve their fleet in any way. It was in seamen that they were principally deficient, as their crews were mostly peasants, raised by conscription, to whom the sea was a horror. But the Porte was always ready to entice into its service the Greek subjects of Venice, and especially any banished Venetians. The Porte was so successful in this that the Venetian ambassador to the Grand Turk recommended that captains of vessels trading to the Archipelago should be made responsible for the return of their crews, and that no lad under sixteen should be allowed to make the "Levantine" voyage at all; while, instead of exile, some other punishment should be inflicted.

The sultan always had plenty of slaves for the oar, from the chronic warfare always existing between him and one or other of the Christian states, as well as from the piratical habits of the Turkish cruisers, who did not at any time make a very nice distinction between nominal

friends and actual foes. The dominion and resources of the Porte were very great, and Venice was always inclined to temporize and to keep on friendly terms with the Grand Turk until really driven to bay by ill-treatment, contumely, and losses. It was, indeed, said of her that she subsisted as much by policy as by arms, "it having been her practice, ever and anon, to sew a piece of fox-tail to the skin of Saint Mark's lion."

"Dove si manca la pelle di leone convien cucirvi cuoio di volpe."

Indeed, the calculations of commerce guided the whole foreign policy of the Venetian republic. "In the days when the limb of a martyr was as good an investment as a picture or a diamond is now, she would cheerfully pay vast prices for relics for the ducal church of St. Mark. But Dandolo and his senate, in the thirteenth century, would by no means embark in the fourth crusade until they had made with the barons an advantageous bargain, securing to Venice half the profits that might accrue from their projected attack upon the Greek and Saracen."

But we are running away from our subject, and must return to the Turkish fleet of this period.

They had some heavy ships and very many galleys, and abundance of the smaller craft, then called brigantines and frigates; but they had not, at the time of Lepanto, made much use of heavy ships; and certainly there were none in their fleet at that great battle, perhaps the greatest naval action the modern world ever saw.

In weight of metal and in the art of gunnery the Turkish navy was at that time inferior to the Christian. A Turkish vessel of that time seldom carried more than three pieces of artillery. There was a traversing gun, throwing a ball of about twenty-five or thirty pounds, which was usually placed amidships, with the two smaller guns, 15- or 20-pounders, on each side. Her fighting-men were still, for the most part, armed with the bow, instead of the arquebus or musket. But the archers, generally Candiotes, were so skillful that they could discharge many arrows while an arquebus was loading. There were many Venetians of the time of Lepanto who regretted the disuse of the bow, as an "excellent weapon which gave little trouble."

Roger Ascham says that the Turk was suffered by God to punish the Christians' naughty living by his (the Turk's) good shooting. He says that the Turkish youth are brought up to the bow, and that the Grand Turk's personal guard were bowmen. He goes on to remark that the Turks often conquered by their bows when the Christians had no use of their guns, "by reason of the rayne," instancing Charles the Fifth's misadventure at Algiers through the violent storm of rain which fell, "when his great hooste was sore handled wyth the Turkish arrowes, when his gonnes were quite dispatched, and stode him in no service, by cause of the raine that fell; where as, in such a chaunce of raine, yf

he had had bowmen, surely their shoote myght peradventure have bene a little hindrede, but quite dispatched and marde it could never have beene."

The translator of Ælian's "Tactics," in 1631, laments the English bow: "For us to leave the bow, being a weapon of so great efficacy, so ready, so familiar, and, as it were, so domesticall to our nation, to which we were wont to be accustomed from our cradles, because other nations take themselves to the musket, hath not so much as any show of reason."

He then goes on to argue that the bow can be more easily carried and managed, is less exposed to harm from weather, can be more quickly discharged, and can be used by the same number of men in a company at the same moment. Of the "fire-weapons," he says, "their disadvantages are, they are not always certain, sometimes for want of charging, sometimes through over-charging, sometimes the bullet rowling out, sometimes for want of good powder or of dryd powder, sometimes because of an ill-dryd match, not fit to cock, or not well cocked. Besides, they are somewhat long in charging, while the musketeer takes down his musket, uncocks the match, blows, proynes, shuts, casts of the pan, casts about the musket, opens his charges, chargeth, draws out his skowring-stick, rammes in the powder, draws out again and puts up his skowring-stick, lays the musket on the rest, blows of the match, cocks and tries it, guards the pan, and so makes ready."

Lest we should be tempted to smile at this passage, it behooves us to remember how short the time is since a squad of marines could be seen solemnly going through the manual of "Load in twelve times! Load!" Was it not a test of a well-drilled guard that they all "cast-about" together, and that the "skowring-sticks" all went down at the same time?

Captain John Bingham goes on to say that "all such actions must necessarily be observed if you will not fail of the true use of the musket." And this is just what old Sergeant Cartridge used to say when he was drilling at "load in twelve times." The writer adds, "In raine, snow, or fogs, or when the enemy hath gained the wind, they (the muskets) have small use. Add that but one rank, that is the first, can give fire upon the enemy at once. For the rest behind, discharging, shall either wound their own companions before, or else shoot at random, and so nothing endanger the enemy, the force of a musket being only available at point-blank."

The Highlanders, who came down in the "Bishops' War" of 1640, had, as their chief weapons, bows and arrows. Some had swords, but by no means all of them.

But to return to the galleys of the sixteenth century. It does not appear that the Turks in general treated their galley-slaves any worse

than the Christians did theirs. Both were bad enough, to be sure. The prisons or barracks of the Turks, where they were kept when the vessels were laid up, were a shade more filthy and dreary; but at sea the vessels in the sultan's service often had oar-gangs, which were the captain's private property, and were therefore used as carefully as horses, which the slaves and convicts under the Christian banner were not. The Dutchman, John Struys, who was a slave in the Turkish galleys in 1656, was captured while stealing grapes from a vineyard upon the plain of Troy, while on shore from his vessel, upon a watering-party. He says his treatment in the galley was inhuman and barbarous beyond belief, because (like poor Jean Marteilhe in the French galley where he served) they happened to have the most severe comito in the fleet, and their naked ribs were plied with the "nerve di bue" on all occasions. A Russian fellow-slave, with whom he afterwards escaped, had already attempted it several times before, and had each time been retaken, and had neither ears nor nose left, as one of these organs had been cut off on each occasion. At last the two got off, on a dark rainy night, when at work on shore, but early in the morning were discovered from a Turkish camp just as they were taking to the water to swim to the Venetian squadron, which was lying about two miles off. The Turks shot at the fugitives with the long-bow, and the unfortunate Russian was hit, but managed to swim to the Venetians with the arrow in him.

A favorite method employed by the Barbary Moors to recruit their crews was to approach the coasts of Sicily, the Balearic Islands, and even the Continent, in the night-time, secrete their galleys in some creek or inlet, and capture the country people as they came out to their work in the early morning. The towers so often seen on these coasts were built in many cases as places of refuge in such emergencies.

The service in the Barbary galleys was much more severe than in Turkish. In the first place they were more constantly at sea, and used their sails but little, so as to approach vessels unseen. Flogging, mutilation, and very short commons was the rule.

The notorious Uluch Ali, who was himself a renegade, had among the slaves of his galley a knight of St. John, and frequently, for his amusement, would call for the "dog of St. John," and have him given a couple of hundred lashes. But the best ships and the best seamen in the sultan's fleet were furnished by the fierce pirates of Barbary.

The "Royal Galley," Don John's flag-ship, was built in Barcelona, by the viceroy of Catalonia, in 1568, so that she was three years old at the time of Lepanto. She had a very lofty poop even for that time, and the timber of which she was constructed was Catalonian pine, light but strong. Superbly decorated within and without, she had paintings representing the story of Jason, the ship "Argo," and the Golden Fleece, and allegorical figures emblematical of the qualities proper to

a naval commander, illustrated by Latin mottoes emblazoned in letters of gold. Some of them were as follows:

Neptune—"Curet componere fluctus."

Dolphins and tortoises—"Festina lente."

Elephant and rhinoceros, whetting their tusks and horn—"In utrumque paratus," etc.

The effigies of twelve illustrious sea-captains formed part of the decoration: six ancients on the right and six moderns on the left; on the right, Minos, Jason, Themistocles, Caius Duilius, Pompey the Great, and Augustus Cæsar; on the left, Roger of Sicily, Roger di Loria, Jayme the Conqueror, King of Arragon, Alphonso of Arragon and Sicily, Andrea Doria, and the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

A description of these, including *elogios*, by Juan de Mallara, occupies ninety-three leaves of his book. That on Charles V. ends with this couplet:

> "Si Dux, si Cæsar, si Rex, si Divus Amatur,
> Omnibus exemplum Carolus unus adest."

The decorations were by a very celebrated sculptor and painter of the day, Juan Bautista Vasquez.

When Don John left Messina with his fleet to proceed to look for the Turks and give them battle, he issued general instructions, which referred not only to the order of sailing, but applied to its conduct in case of the sudden appearance of the enemy.

The vanguard was to consist of light, swift galleys, under the orders of the general of the Sicilian squadron or division. These were to keep about three leagues ahead of the main body, and to fall back upon it if the enemy were discovered. The main body or line of battle was composed of three divisions.

The first, forming the right wing, of fifty-four galleys, was commanded by Giovanni Andrea Doria, and his flag-ship was distinguished by a broad green pennant at the peak of the main-yard (en la péna). The other vessels of his division showed smaller green pennants in the same place.

The centre, under Don John himself, consisted of sixty-four galleys, and had blue pennants at the mast-heads (en las calces).

The left, of fifty-three galleys, under Barberigo, had yellow banderoles on the fore-yards (en las astas), except the leader, who had his yellow flag flying at the peak of the main-yard.

The rear-guard, or reserve, of thirty galleys, under the Marquis of Santa Cruz, did yeoman service in the subsequent battle, and carried white pennants from a flag-staff over the stern-lantern, the marquis carrying his own at the peak of the main-yard.

The six galleasses which did such good work at the opening of the action of Lepanto were to sail in pairs, and to be distributed among the

three divisions of the line; the galleys to take in turn the duty of towing them, when that was necessary.

Especial orders are contained in the instructions in regard to quiet and discipline, and in regard to husbanding the supply of water, which was small for the numbers on board such vessels. In case of an action, the commanders of galleys were to take such distance as to keep the oars of one from interfering with those of their next in line; but they were also to be always near enough to keep the enemy from cutting through by a dash. The spaces between each division were not to exceed four or five galley-lengths. Upon the signal for battle they were to draw up in exact order, and the commander of each division was to use his frigates in seeing to the correctness of the alignment. Artillery fire was not to be used at too great a distance, and at least two guns to be reserved, loaded, until coming to close quarters.

The great *naves* were not included in any division, but were to damage the enemy when and how they could. If the wind prevented their getting into action, they were to lower their boats and send musketeers to aid the galleys. The frigates, each armed with two esmerils,—a piece somewhat larger than a falconet or field-piece,—and having on board ten musketeers, were to lie astern of the galleys, to be called on when required.

After being joined by the Venetian and Roman galleys they were all cleared and prepared for action, and Don John held a final review, putting them through various manœuvres, while the gunners and musketeers were exercised in firing. As Don John passed through the fleet in a frigate, often boarding and inspecting one of the vessels, he was saluted as he passed with volleys of musketry, during which several accidents occurred from ball-cartridge being fired. At Messina and Gomenizza twenty lives had been lost from this cause; and, as orders about it appeared to have no effect, the offense was made punishable by the death, not only of the offender (if he could be discovered), but of the captain of the vessel from which the shot was fired. The chroniclers do not state whether the practice then ceased, but it probably did.

At the sound of the signal-gun on the morning of Lepanto each ship was at once cleared for action.

By order of Don John (an order much debated and criticised) the sharp beaks or spurs (espalones) of the Christian galleys had all been cut off, as it was thought better to sacrifice these somewhat uncertain means of offense to insure the effectual working of the forecastle guns at close quarters. The bulwarks had been strengthened all round, and boarding nettings triced up above them. In some of the vessels a portion of the rowers' benches had been planked over to give more room for fighting-men, and the fetters of the European slaves and convicts of the Christian fleet were knocked off, and many of them supplied

with arms, and promised freedom and rewards if they used them well.

But the Moslem slaves on board the Christian vessels had their chains and shackles freshly riveted, and were, beside, fitted with handcuffs, so that they were unable to do anything but tug at the oar. The officers put on their best wrought armor, and the arquebusiers and musketeers looked to their weapons. Each sailor had a pike and sword, already well sharpened, and the stewards brought up bread and wine, which were placed within easy reach of the combatants. The surgeons made ready their instruments and bandages, and it is expressly mentioned that they had tables. There were some leaders in the fleet who did not want to fight at that time, but they were disposed of by Don John's refusal to discuss a question which had been decided in solemn council at Corfu, the leader remarking, "Gentlemen, the time for council is past, and the time for fighting has come." And then the order of battle agreed upon when the fleet first came together at Messina was in the main carried out.

The Christian fleet came in with a fair wind, and two frigates were dispatched from the flag-ship to the right and left, to order the high-sided, heavily-armed Venetian galleasses, commanded by gallant Francisco Duodo, to push forward in advance. Each galleass was at once towed into position by two galleys, and the whole six were soon three-quarters of a mile in front of the fleet, two being in front of each division. The two on the left wing were commanded by the brothers Antonio and Ambrosio Bragadino, who were burning to revenge upon the Turk the skinning alive of their noble brother, who had so well conducted the defense of Famagosta.

Although the sultan's fleet was superior to that of the League, both in number of men and vessels, the Christians were really superior in fighting power. To begin with, the Western artillery was the best, and it was far better served. Then their fire was rendered more effective by the very crowded condition of the Turkish vessels, the lofty-peaked prows of which seriously interfered with the working of the guns. As has been said, many of the Turks were armed with the bow instead of the firelock, a great disadvantage, except in the case of rain, which extinguished the matches of the muskets; and the Turks had not the skill in firearms which the Christians had acquired by long drill and actual use in warfare. Then the galleasses were a great advantage to the Christian force, and all their galleys were more strongly built and better provided against boarders than those of their turbaned opponents.

The flag-ship of Ali Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, carried an immense treasure, and it is known that he threw overboard a casket of jewels before he was taken. His galley was a large and splendid vessel. The deck was of black walnut, and she was both internally and

externally elaborately carved and gilt. Her cabin, in addition, was richly hung with embroideries of silk and gold, which became pillage with all the treasure, and after the vessels were well ransacked the floating dead were fished up and despoiled of their rich clothing and breastplates, and from many a quilted jerkin or concealed pocket were brought out sequins and dollars galore.

CHAPTER III.

In the operations of the League for 1572 we find that the commander-in-chief, in his order of sailing as well as of battle, had the right wing, of fifty-two galleys, distinguished by green pennants on the foremast. The left wing, of the same number, had blue pennants at the brace of the yard (*osta di entena*, brace of a lateen-yard). The centre and right, consisting of seventy galleys, had yellow banderoles at the peak, and the reserve had white streamers from their poops. On the anniversary of Lepanto Don John had a prospect of another action, at Navarino, the scene of so many battles. A Spanish ship, laden with stores for the fleet and coming from Corfu, had, either from stress of weather or mistake in reckoning, got down to Cerigo. As she returned towards Navarino the morning light found her, with a merchantman in company, just abreast of Modon. Uluch Ali, then in command of the Turkish fleet, and who was on watch there, though unwilling to risk a battle with the Christian fleet, could not as an old corsair resist the temptation of capturing these prizes, passing just under his very nose. So upward of forty Turkish galleys dashed out in chase from their lurking-place. Don John was immediately informed by his light frigates, which were on the lookout, of what was going on, and ordered Colonna, with his fleetest galleys, to the scene of action, while Santa Cruz and Cardona were directed to lead their squadrons down along the shore, in order to cut off the retreat of the enemy. He himself followed with the rest of the fleet, intending to lie as close as he could to the mouth of the harbor of Modon. But no sooner did the Christian vessels issue from the Bay of Navarino than Uluch Ali recalled his galleys, and succeeded in placing all but one in safety before the Romans and Neapolitans, under Colonna, could overtake them. The one cut off was a remarkably fine vessel, heavily armed and strongly manned, and commanded by Hamet, a nephew of Barbarossa, and son-in-law of the redoubtable Dragut. It seems doubtful whether Hamet retired with intentional slowness, as if daring his pursuers to attack him, or whether his Christian slaves purposely slackened their speed. The race between the Christian leaders for the honor of making the prize was won by steady Santa Cruz, who ran his flag-ship alongside the enemy, and, after a severe struggle, in which the Janissaries

fought desperately, compelled a surrender. During the action Hamet was slain by one of his own Christian oarsmen, who revenged, by a fortunate blow, the cruelties under which he and his fellow-slaves had long groaned. Falling among the rowers' benches, the body was almost instantly torn to pieces by the slaves, who, being close chained, fell upon it with their teeth like a pack of hounds. Deprived of her commander, the galley soon struck her flag, and by this capture Santa Cruz freed two hundred and twenty Christian slaves, gained a rich booty, and reinforced the navy of Naples by a magnificent vessel, thenceforward known as "The Prize Galley."

The well-known case of the Armada galleys shows still more the dangers of the slave-gang, when opportunity offered to turn upon their masters.

The fearful episode of the passage of the great fleet across the Bay of Biscay is here related from the pages of a great American historian.

The great fleet was very unwieldy, and contained many dull sailers, so that, making its way at an average rate of only about thirteen miles a day, it passed the Berlingas, literally crept by Figuera, Oporto, and Vigo, and at last lay becalmed off Spanish Finisterre. Up to this time the winds, though baffling, had been moderate, with pleasant weather and a glassy sea. But, after fanning into the Bay of Biscay, the fleet was assailed by a tempest which might be considered fearful, even in that great funnel. Blowing fitfully at first and in heavy squalls, by nightfall it settled down into a gale from west-northwest, driving before it a tremendous Atlantic sea, the surges of which broke with a roar which was distinctly heard above the roaring of the wind. Yet, although the sea ran high, it was not really irregular and dangerous, and the unwieldy vessels, under short canvas, were making good weather of it, when, about midnight, the wind shifted suddenly to northeast, blowing with hurricane force, and taking every ship under square-sail flat aback.

Some of them, gathering stern-board, lost their rudders (much more insecurely fastened in those days than now), some were thrown upon their beam-ends, and forced to cut away their masts and throw overboard their guns. All lost sails and top-hamper, including the upper poop-cabins, at that time so lofty.

When the day broke the spectacle was presented of a whole fleet helpless and adrift upon the ocean. Many of the largest and finest vessels were lying in the trough of the sea, which every now and then made a clean breach over them, and each time carried off some of the crews.

Among the fleet was a huge Portuguese galley, the "Diana," which had been knocked down by the shift of wind, lost her masts and oars, and was lying on her side, gradually filling, and fast settling by the stern. The rest of the fleet were powerless to assist her, and she soon

sank before their eyes, with every soul belonging to her, including, of course, the galley-slaves chained to her benches.

Then to the horrors of storm and shipwreck were added those of mutiny, which broke out on board the galley "Vasana," which had a motley crew of Turkish and Moorish prisoners and Christian felons, who had long been watching for an opportunity to secure their freedom. Now, finding their galley to windward of the whole Armada, with the exception of the "Capitana" galley, which was a mile to windward of them, these desperate creatures judged the occasion a fit one for the accomplishment of their purpose.

Led by a Welshman named David Gwynne, they broke their chains and attacked the sailors and soldiers like wolves. Being superior in numbers, and the free men unable to seize their arms, and overcome by the perils and labors of the night, the slaves attacked them with stilettos and other weapons, made and concealed for just such an occasion. They easily prevailed. The officers of the "Capitana," seeing that something was wrong on board the "Vasana," ran down as close to her as the heavy sea would permit, and, finding her already in possession of the Welshman and his gang of desperadoes, poured a broadside into her, which cut her up terribly, and added more dead and wounded to those already on her decks.

At this critical moment, in the midst of the still raging storm, and while engaged with an enemy in the most desperate shape, the officers and crew of the "Capitana" found themselves engaged with a fearful danger from within. Their own slaves rose, broke their chains, and took a part in the hellish scene. No writer asserts that they had any previous knowledge of any intended rising on board the "Vasana," or whether their act was the effect of example. At any rate, they rushed upon their late masters and oppressors with such weapons as they had concealed, or as they could seize on the spur of the moment, and attacked with desperate fury and resolution. There was little hope of life anyhow, and none at all if their revolt did not succeed. The struggle in the midst of the gale was furious but brief, and ended in the triumph of the galley-slaves, and they, like those of the "Vasana," spared no rank nor age. The massacre was soon over, and every corpse thrown into the raging waters. What a subject for a marine-painter!

The bodies were scarcely disposed of when the summer gale suddenly abated, and the two galleys were run into Bayonne by the successful mutineers, where, Motley says, Gwynne was graciously received by Henry of Navarre. The crippled Armada, having lost three of its finest galleys, managed to creep into the different Biscayan ports, from which they in time emerged again to meet greater disaster.

In concluding these notes on galleys, we are tempted to give a short account of the siege and capture of La Galera, a strong fortress in

Grenada, which bore the name of "The Galley" during the Morisco rebellion in 1570. It seems to have been a presage of the triumph of Don John of Austria over real galleys in the succeeding year, and the event itself is both tragic and interesting.

The natural strength of La Galera justified the Morisco leaders in making it one of their principal places of defense. Its site was a long precipitous ridge or height, which rose abruptly from the fertile Vega, with the two rivers, Huescar and Orce, meeting just beneath its crags. The form of this ridge so much resembled a galley, when viewed from the plain, that it had borne the name for centuries. The eastern and highest end of the rock, crowned with an old castle, represented the stern and lofty poop, and the imaginary vessel lay with her prow aground, as it were, in the alluvial soil near the junction of the rivers, so that the place was as remarkable in its way as Gibraltar.

The castle and its strong flanking walls showed the heads of more han one Spanish knight and leader bleaching in the sun. The rest of the place was inaccessible on account of the steep sheer rise of the rock, like the sides of a ship, and the houses hung upon scarped ledges, to be approached only by steep paths, or by steps cut in the rocks, yet the whole were carefully guarded and more than amply fortified. The houses rose up so abruptly and so closely that the roof of one dwelling was almost on a level with the foundations of that behind it, and each roof became a position from which to turn a deadly fire upon an assaulting foe. Even if a house was battered down with artillery it produced no effect upon the solid rock beneath. Two principal streets, narrow and tortuous, traversed the length of this "ship on shore," and in them strong barricades were erected every fifty yards. The houses commanding these were loopholed, and communications opened from one to another, while, to supply the want of wells and tanks, a very strong covered way had been constructed, leading to the river. Stores of all kinds, in immense quantity, were collected, and three thousand fighting-men, with skillful Moorish and Turkish engineers, were prepared to defend the place to the last extremity.

The story of Don John's first engagement with a "galley" is too long to be related here; but he came, sat down before it, made his dispositions, constructed his approaches and batteries, bombarded, and followed that bombardment by a general assault. He was hurled back, with great losses to endure, and especially having to bewail some of his leading officers.

Then he resolved to mine beneath the craggy steep of the "galley's" stern, hoping to blow away a sufficient mass of rock to enable his men to scale that height, and, from the poop, pour a plunging fire into the town. When the mine was finished and charged, Don John drew up four thousand men in the rear of an adjacent trench. The trench itself was filled with troops, and a feigned attack was made upon the houses

nearest to the mine, in order to draw the Morisco defenders to that point. The plan succeeded in so far that six hundred Moors were blown into the air. As soon as the smoke and dust permitted, the Spanish troops sprang forward, to find a difficult task, however. A breach had indeed been made, some overhanging houses blown down, but the castle was intact,—the poop of the galley still rose in the air, with colors flying.

The Moorish women manned a portion of the steep as the Spaniards came to the assault, using the rocks and stones brought them by their children, while musketry played upon them at the hands of the men. One solitary Spaniard reached up to the stronghold,—his name, Don Pedro Zapata. He carried the Christian banner up and planted it, but only one at a time could come up after him, and before he could receive assistance the Moriscoes hurled him and his banner over the battlements. That quarter of the "galley" was then rendered secure against assault, and all the laborious mining and desperate fighting went for nothing.

Several other assaults of most desperate character were made,—the Moriscoes waiting for their enemy with admirable coolness,—pouring volleys into their ranks and picking off the leaders with ease. In all of it the Spaniards did not gain a bit, but lost about a thousand in killed and wounded, among whom were many valuable officers.

At the close of the day Don John called a council, but, like that before Lepanto, it was more for the purpose of issuing peremptory orders than for receiving advice. He told his officers that the repulse which they had sustained ought to show them the way to victory. He was resolved to take "the galley," raze it to the ground, to sow the site with salt, and to punish the inhabitants for their obstinate and bloody resistance by putting them all to the sword. The engineers were to take no rest until two new mines had been made, and until the poop of the galley, which had baffled them, was laid low. When that was done he was certain they could take the ship-like fortress.

Amid great losses on both sides—sorties from the crew cutting off whole companies—the work was pushed on relentlessly. When all was ready the bombardment began again furiously, and the explosion of the mines took place with such success as to paralyze the garrison temporarily, and, after many feats of daring, the poop of the galley was taken, and the Spaniards began to rake the town below with volleys of musketry. Then from house to house the town was stormed. "No quarter" was the order, and that order was remorselessly obeyed. No victims were allowed to escape by flight either, as the cavalry hovered about the Vega to cut them off. Four hundred women and children were actually destroyed by the sword, although the troops murmured at doing so,—not from any scruples, but from being deprived of what they considered their legitimate booty. Indeed, in

spite of the orders, most of the women and children were held as prisoners, the property of their captors; but the twenty-four hundred fighting-men left in the galley after the explosion of the first mine were all slain, many of them in cold blood.

Stores of great value fell into Don John's hands; enough, it was said, to maintain his army for a whole year, and, besides this, immense booty of gold, silver, jewels, silks, and damask.

The houses were torn down and the site sowed with salt, as foreordained by the conqueror. Philip is said to have received the news of this capture and destruction with the same phlegm as he afterwards did the news of Lepanto and of the destruction of the great armada; but the siege of the "galley" was long remembered in the Spanish army, and the veterans who served in Holland said that it had cost the king as dear as Haerlem or Maestricht.

The fate of "La Galera," and the fanciful origin of its name, are recorded in one of the grand ballads preserved by Perez de Hyta, which has thus been rendered into English:

"The shipwrights bold by Guescar's side have built a galley fair,
No bark doth ride on Spanish tide that may with her compare;
She spreads no sail to catch the gale, no oar to sweep the flood,
Yet through the fray she cleaves her way, her track is red with blood.
Her stern it is a castle strong to bide the battle's shock,
Her ribs and keel, both deep and long, are hewn in living rock.
Oh, here there needs no calker good to calk this galley stout,
No pitchy stream for joint or seam to keep the water out;
A single opening in her side lets store of water in,
Her captain is a gallant Moor of Andalusian kin.
Our ruin and his own he brings, I ween, this valiant wight,
While boldly here he stands and sings his vessel's matchless might.
'Oh, galley! beauteous galley mine, may Allah's arm of power
Assure thy way, by night or day, when perils round thee lower;
When great Don John of Austria and all the host of Spain
Embattled come with pike and drum thy lofty deck to gain.
And if above the storm of war my flag thou bearest high,
On old Toledo's battlements one day that flag shall fly;
Madrid and proud Escorial and Pardo's chase below,
And river-girt Aranjuez that ensign too shall know;
Till from the wild Asturian peaks the Moslem crescents show
O'er all the land our fathers won a thousand years ago.'
'Ah, Moor! how vain thy valiant strain and hope of high emprise,
Ere yet thy haughty song is sung aground thy galley lies!
Nor back nor forward can she go, around her fiercely close
The billows of Castilian war and clouds of Christian foes.
The great Don John, the Cæsar's son, his banner hath display'd,
Bursts at his word the iron storm and roars the cannonade.
Full stout of heart and strong of hand thy bold Moriscoes all,
Scorning to strike their crescent flag, like lions fight and fall;
But when these mighty thunders roll and deadly lightnings play,
Thy ribs of rock and hearts of fire are swept like chaff away.
So down the gallant vessel goes, her wreck is strewn afar,
And ne'er again her goodly keel shall plow the waves of war."

In Don John's dispatch to the king reporting the capture of Galera and its destruction, he speaks with all gravity of the place as a vessel, and alludes to the attacks upon the "poop" and the "prow,"—"la frente de la popa," "y otro abajo a la parte de la proa."

E. SHIPPEN.

PHILADELPHIA, June, 1884.

AMONG THE EPAULETTES.

HAVING followed up the career of an enlisted man "Through the Ranks" to a commission in the British service, it is not an unnatural transition to the very entertaining "Recollections" of Colonel Ramsay, published in two volumes by Blackwood in 1882.

This officer joined the Scots Grays at Birmingham in the spring of 1840. "I remember," he says, "putting the men through the sword exercise one day, a great number of people looking on, among whom were several old half-pay officers. Generally I ordered it by fugleman, but on this occasion my evil genius tempted me to give the word of command. I got on very well until we arrived at the *points*, when I insisted upon a *fourth point*. The men were all at the third position, and no one moved. I shouted out once more, '*Fourth point!*' riding towards the men, when an old trooper, the son of a tenant of my father's, who had known me as a child, said, in what he meant to be a low tone, but which was plainly heard all over the field, '*There is just nae fourth point, Mr. Balcarres!*'"

It is strange that more of our own officers do not contribute from their experience chapters similar to those with which English military literature is so full, though it would not often occur to any of us to be set right in tactics by old soldiers who had known us from childhood. Such pleasant relationships are the fruit of longer enlistments and a far more local connection than prevail in the republic. They were, however, attended with advantage, in a fidelity of service of which the world sees less and less daily as the traditions of feudalism disappear before our democracy and duties get a fixed market value in dollars and cents, until it shall be demonstrated ultimately that there are things which even money cannot buy.

But Colonel Ramsay's story runs on with adventures at the races, at barracks, after the hounds, and in the ball-room, as every one is advised to read for themselves. We do not gather the idea of much hardship, nor of that unremitting application which scorns delights and lives laborious days. The British subaltern formerly started out for a good time, and soon found it; but it seems to us that the epidemic of competitive examination has infected his successors, whose pursuits

now are less redolent of champagne, though whether future Waterloos will be easier accomplished by Gradgrind than by Charley O'Malley may be doubted.

Across the water even very mighty men, it appears, meet with difficulty in getting their orders obeyed. "Her Majesty's confinement being about to take place, the Duke of Wellington, on the occasion of a grand review, gave orders that there was to be no firing. His Grace came up to announce this to Her Majesty. He had hardly done so when *bang!* went the guns all down the line. The queen burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. His Grace was furious, and sent orders at once that the artillery was to leave the ground."

Service in India follows in due time. The duties of aide-de-camp to the governor of Bombay are found to be sufficiently perplexing, especially in their social aspect of securing partners and providing place for the odd numbers and surplus attendance at dinners and balls, particularly where precedence is a matter of such vital importance. But Colonel Ramsay was a man of fertile resource and swift execution. The English service also has its dowagers, who invest themselves with an authority to which their husbands are generally entire strangers. Of one of them, the wife of a division commander, this story is told: "All the officers of our regiment, including the colonel, William Havelock" (brother of the famous general), "who was a great advocate of the water-cure, came up to pay their respects to her. She asked them severally to dinner, with the exception of Colonel Havelock, to whom she said, 'It is no use asking you, colonel, as you do not like champagne; but if you will come and take a cold bath with me some morning I shall be delighted to see you!'"

The story now sparkles with the gems and trappings of Hindoo royalty, the ceremonies, reviews, and parades that followed the close of the Sikh war. With a transfer to Scotland, several incidents are given illustrating the kindness and consideration of the late Prince Consort, though "the divinity that doth hedge a king" seems to have been quite pervious to a lieutenant of dragoons. Promotion brings about another change, the new regiment being in the West Indies. At Demerara, Colonel Ramsay, now attached to the infantry, and therefore not allowed to wear moustaches, calls upon his commanding officer, in company with Captain Hamilton, of the mounted service, "bearded like the pard." The colonel sends in his card, but suddenly pushes the captain to the front, and himself remains outside the office. At sight of so much hair upon the supposed new arrival the commandant roars out, "None of your d—d cavalry impertinence here! Go out and get shaved before you report." This story, with what follows, too long to quote, reminds one of our own experience in the good old days when beards were looked after much more sharply than morals. The cut of the whisker has ceased to be any satisfactory evidence of pro-

fession. Its development, however luxuriant or however refined, may belong to the pulpit or the police, the missionary or the musician.

Colonel Ramsay is now for a brief space brought into contact with the colored troops. We notice that their discipline is to some extent maintained by allowing the better-behaved to have their "mammies" with them in garrison (local for *wives*), but delinquents forfeit this privilege.

The adept in staff and cavalry duty now tries his hand at an infantry parade, but "never having been drilled as an infantry officer," he breaks down and *clubs* the men so badly that they absolutely went back to barracks "shouting with laughter."

Hard drinking was by no means unfashionable, even at the risk of fatal results. The troops in garrison were, however, very healthy, due largely to the care and common sense of the medical officer, who is quoted as saying that the climate was excessively debilitating, with little or no variation of temperature, and that the flannel shirts as issued were far too thick and heavy. The soldier, therefore, was not allowed to wear flannel, but required to bathe twice a day. Yet the practice of building barracks in that latitude at moderate elevations is condemned as exposing the men, coming up from town at the last moment, hurried and heated, to a comparatively much cooler air. There would seem to be a place for flannel after all.

Fortunately, Ireland followed the West Indies before the usual interference of the yellow fever, and the story passes over to Kilkenny, where the *dowager* again presents herself. She keeps her eye on the troop in the absence of the commandant, and finds Lieutenant B. tardy at morning parade. Invited to dine that day with the commandant's wife, the lieutenant also keeps her waiting, and is finally received with the remark, "Good-evening, Mr. B.; you are late, and this is not the first time to-day that you have been late for an important duty." The two hemispheres are much alike after all,—we change the place but keep the pain.

The next experience is India again and the cholera. The colonel, as officer of the guard, makes his rounds in a buggy. Why may it not now be done on bicycles duly furnished on requisition from the quartermaster's department?

Epidemics are no time for funereal parades, and the dead are quietly put out of sight, and the thoughts of the living turned away from these things by amusements and other expedients with most beneficial effect. Contemplating marriage, the colonel is off for England again, getting a leave through silently leaving the authorities to their conviction that he had never left India since his first arrival. It is not always advisable to volunteer information, and in fact one never appreciates reserve until confronted with a voluble omniscience, irrepressible as clysmic water and endless as the zodiac itself. At this

date, some years before the great mutiny, there were not wanting predictions of the trouble in store, for the most part unheeded.

On his wedding tour the colonel meets an unusually sensible Englishman, since it seems he "cannot put up with the supercilious, stand-off sort of manners" of his traveling fellow-countrymen, and so makes up his mind to speak to none of them. This was the subsequent General Nicholson, famous at Delhi, one of the men to whom events found themselves subjected, and who have a fashion of appearing at crises in English history, with little to warrant their production and less to reward their service.

Of General Pigott a story is told that, having refused his troop horses for use in the private carriage of the commanding general, the brother of this official failed to send in the general's name for a regiment till he was past eighty, when it seems a word to the Duke of Wellington set things to rights, and the octogenarian reporting at headquarters to return thanks improved the opportunity by casually jumping over a couple of chairs placed back to back, with "There, sir! That is the man you have kept out of a regiment so long." Our own service could parallel the anecdote, and it may go as far as it will in support of the new theory that general officers should be as expert in gymnastics as in strategy,—on the principle probably that at some time or other everything comes in handy, even if it be only a door-plate. Unfortunately, if there are very few muscles that a little daily motion will not develop, there are plenty of brains that daily thinking would never strengthen.

We are next presented to a gallant colonel who was nothing if not a judge of port wine. Due recognition of this fact was a passport to all manner of indulgences. But there was a captain of the regiment who actually insisted upon drilling his men himself. Applying *once* for a leave, it was refused him. He protested, "Sir, I have never had any indulgences like the other captains." The reply of the colonel is perfectly delicious: "Indulgences, sir! What do you mean? Have I not allowed you to drill your own men whenever you wished to?" Our degenerate condition is sufficiently illustrated by the fact that officers are not *allowed* but *required* to drill their companies.

In the course of the narrative another character turns up, who is a splendid classical scholar and delights to cap Latin verses with the young fellows, as well as to groom his own horse.

On the occasion of the funereal parade of the Duke of Wellington six men and two officers were ordered to be present from each regiment and depot in the United Kingdom. At the preliminary inspection, made by the commander-in-chief and Prince George of Cambridge, of the party so comprised, "in most regiments some men had absented themselves," but in the one to which Colonel Ramsay was then attached the detail was actually reduced to himself and an ensign, while the

Tenth Hussars were represented by one officer only. No wonder His Royal Highness is represented as boiling over with indignation.

Military secretaries, like office men generally, are of course always at work and do not like to be interrupted, but it is seldom they encounter a visitor like the hero of another story, who, asking to see one of these functionaries, is informed that he must come some other time. Nevertheless he walks in, to be encountered by an indignant "Did you not hear, sir, that I was busy?" "So you said, sir," was the reply; "but I looked through the key-hole, and seeing you reading the *Times*, I thought I might as well come in and settle my affair."

In 1853, Colonel Ramsay returns to India in command of a collection of recruit detachments. He puts down a mutiny of the crew, aided by his old soldiers and his own prompt way of exhausting his opportunities. The mutiny was led by an American, or, in other words, it originated in short rations, and was hampered by the deference felt to be due to the only lady on board, the commanding officer's wife.

Courts-martial are the same the world over. Unfortunately, Cincinnati riots have no terrors for them. It seems one soldier had deliberately murdered another. The charge simply alleged murder, but did not embrace the "feloniously slaying" and other verbiage of legal terminology. The prisoner was therefore acquitted. The proceedings were sent back for revision, and the court *adhered* as courts are wont. Upon them the commanding general indorsed, "Confirmed but not approved. A court-martial has nothing to do with the ancient acts of ancient kings, but is a court of equity." The whole matter, however, went before a common superior authority, by whom the court was sustained. The commanding general, upon receipt of the news, "for a long time said nothing," but finally revenged himself by a process that has often soothed many of us, old and young. That is, in the sympathizing solitude of his office he deliberately called his superior officer "an ass."

There is a true ring in an indorsement by Sir Charles Napier upon another court-martial case, where a sentinel, tried for permitting a prisoner to escape, had been acquitted on account of good moral character and eighteen years' service. It was reviewed thus: "As to private B.'s character, it has nothing to do with the matter, neither has his eighteen years' service. I do not want good-natured, well-behaved old women to stand sentry over condemned felons. I want hardy, alert soldiers who know how to use their arms, and courts-martial that will deal out justice, and not acquit men who fail in their duty under pretenses that are mere quibbles." Probably Sir Charles Napier would also have stood by his subordinate in case obedience to instructions had involved him in difficulty with some local fee-loving functionary, but, unfortunately, the bullet and the order seldom leave the same hands.

The mutiny now blazed out, and Colonel Ramsay was placed on duty as acting adjutant-general at Calcutta, where he was brought into

contact with numbers of men whose names have become household words on both sides of the water. To General Havelock, for instance, the colonel justified himself against the censure of a high official only to be told, "Nonsense! a junior officer is never in the right. He must grin and bear everything from his superior." Comfortable doctrine, but then this was a generation ago. The modern tendency is to exactly reverse the situation.

General Havelock is here portrayed as full of "genial, kindly humor" and as much liked by the youngsters, mixing freely with society and enjoying it, as well as an occasional cool glass of wine, but a devoted Christian and a constant student of the Bible, nor by that made either morose or ascetic.

The present Lord Wolseley is introduced as a subaltern only anxious to get at the rebels, and Sir Colin Campbell appears on several occasions as a man of sharp speech and hasty temper, who comes like a cyclone into the Calcutta Fort, puts the regimental commander in arrest, and "glaring fiercely at them all," adds, "I will try everybody who is incapable." Being gently informed by Colonel Ramsay that the fort is in no way under his orders, but controlled by the governor-general, he slaps his head and calls himself a fool.

Sir Colin, however, made things lively for all concerned, and was evidently a man who troubled himself very little about the *modo*, going straight at the *re*. The duties of the colonel as his staff-officer were multifarious, but the latter says of Sir Colin that, though he never praised, he quietly watched everything, and stuck to the men who were useful to him, whether he liked them personally or not. To be useful and agreeable both is almost too much to expect of one man, but diligence is certain in time to prove a better investment than deportment. It does not take much of a scratch to show the shoddy under the Turveydrop. Sir Colin, like many a hero of the tented field, detested office-work and hurried all papers out of the way. On this account the colonel wisely prepared daily a schedule of subjects to be dealt with, and requested the signature of Sir Colin to this as proof of proper disposal. This he resented somewhat: and having once been shown by his own autograph that he possessed, or should have possessed, knowledge of certain facts of which he claimed ignorance, the grounds of a dislike were prepared which the colonel subsequently found invincible. Many instances are given showing that Sir Colin often discharged himself of any obligation to courteous ways when dealing with other officers, and was slow and awkward in the matter of reparation. There is, of course, no necessity to throw pearls before men who cannot tell them from dried peas, and it may be very true that "no superior officer likes being shown that he has been in the wrong," but rank hardly carries with it relief from the usual amenities. Their discharge becomes all the more graceful.

The dictum of some general is quoted that a commander "cannot be expected to walk up to a captain and say, in as many words, 'Forgive me.'" That materially depends on what has gone before. It would seem rather doubtful doctrine, either from the point of good discipline or sound Christianity. A mustard-plaster is an excellent sequel to the colic, and confession is good for the soul, both of captains and kings. No acknowledgment of actual wrong from a superior ever weakened in the slightest degree his hold upon the respect of his subordinates. If Washington could offer an apology, it can be safely attempted, if need be, by lesser men. It is very seldom, however, that it could be tendered to an Alexander Hamilton.

The first volume of these "Recollections" closes with the following story about Sir Colin, now Lord Clyde. He was at the time living in London, in chambers, and found fault because the woman who was assigned to the care of his rooms had two or three children. Being told that the latter were kept out of his way and could not interfere with him, he replies, "If the woman is a decent, respectable body, and looks after her bairns as she should do, she washes them in the morning, and I object, sir, to my breakfast being served up by a woman who washes children." There would seem to be a little touch of dyspepsia here, or perhaps an effervescence of the confirmed old bachelor. Service by the camp-fire does not generally encourage a sensitive æstheticism in mess-matters.

The second volume opens in the midst of the Indian mutiny. Colonel Ramsay being requested to arrange for a review of the troops at Calcutta, excuses himself on the ground that he has been "so long out of regimental harness, and that his early drilling was that of a cavalry officer." But the commandant catches him on the parade-ground as a spectator, and proceeds at once to utilize him as a *marker*, which was taking him at his own valuation rather too literally.

This same commandant afterwards sees a young officer, newly arrived, who, he is afraid, is lonely and disconsolate so far from home and in a strange land. In the kindness of his heart the general rides up to him, and inquires,—

"Do you want anything, youngster?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Can we not help you in any way?"

"No, sir."

"What the devil are you doing here, gaping about?" says the general, finding his sympathy entirely misplaced.

"Taking it all in, sir," is the response. The change in the official thermometer is rather startling.

A bishop is now introduced, who, conducting family prayers, names a gentleman staying with him, and says, "Let us pray for his dear wife and dear children." Suddenly pausing, he asks his chaplain if the gentleman is married. The chaplain whispers, "No, my lord." "Ah,

well, never mind," responds the worthy bishop; "he may marry, and the children may come."

The same bishop, once preaching a sermon on avarice, very pertinently illustrated the vice by saying, "Now there is my archdeacon over there; you all know him,—a most excellent man. Well, he sold me a horse for five hundred rupees that was not worth ten. This I consider a most unpleasant form of avarice."

It does seem to us, however, that the archdeacon ultimately had very much the worst of that bargain. It is not everybody who can use the pulpit to get even on a horse trade. And while it is true that society is moving on an upward spiral, jockeys and all, and that we may expect to see the day when the very last pagan shall become a Presbyterian in good and regular standing, it is doubtful if archdeacons even then could be trusted to swap horses on the square.

Our own experience has been too bitter. We verily have a mind, like the good bishop, to put into the pillory right here that major, etc., who sold us our bay mare. But that the colt we were induced to let him have in part exchange should ever after have stopped short when invited to turn a corner is one of those mysterious things, like "the way of a serpent upon a rock," which not even Solomon could explain. But it unfitted the colt only for people of devious ways, and we knew the major to be the most straightforward of men. We can imagine to ourselves his satisfaction as he reads these few lines.

Colonel Ramsay furnishes another church story. A certain rector desirous of attaining the very topmost attitude of ritualism secures a curate with a charming voice,—*vox et preterea nihil* is enough,—uniforms the boys with surplices, and finally provides a lecturn, "a great big outspread eagle." The parishioners, previously somewhat restive, rebelled at this, and waiting one Sunday by the church door for the lord of the manor, told him, "We have already stood a great deal, but now we are not agoing to worship that ere beast for no one."

Colonel Ramsay meantime has returned to England and passes over to France. In an account of the barracks at Boulogne we note that the windows are supplied with ventilators, and rooms and accommodations furnished for fencing and boxing.

In another incident Captain Semmes, of the "Alabama," is sketched: "A slight spare man, face and hands deeply browned by exposure to the sun, lantern-jawed, grissled hair, though quite a young man, moustache stiffly standing out, eyes rather fierce and truculent, greenish hue, very upright in his carriage and very reserved in manner, talks a little when drawn out, then stalks off with the haughty carriage of a red Indian, as if amazed at having been forced to speak. He was dressed all in black, and constantly engaged in whittling," rather a treasonable occupation for the redoubtable Anti-Yankee.

A large part of this volume is made up of hasty tours through

France, Spain, Italy, etc., which are little else but itineraries. Certainly local color is desirable, but it may be *too* local, whether we follow the detail of a mortgage deed or the footsteps of a traveler from this picture to that cathedral. Though he tarry no longer than the bee over a blossom, he may yet carry away all the nectar and serve it up as honey to his readers, or his flight yield as little profit as the wanderings of a butterfly. Too great a flavor of geography, like that of buckwheat, spoils the feast. The odometer is a useful instrument, but John Phœnix is the only tourist who has ever made the chronicle of its work very entertaining.

Occasionally, however, through the dust of these journeys of Colonel Ramsay there are vivid flashes of recollection, as, for instance, of a *purée* of the breasts of chickens, with a sauce of cream and rose-water, which we recommend to the caterer of the mess at Fort Yuma.

In Spain the colonel encountered a gentleman who, from his distinguished bearing and manner, is thought to be an American, and no doubt an ex-President. In fact, it was Mr. Fillmore. Such and so great are the influences upon behavior of four years at the White House. Unfortunately, our representation abroad cannot be limited to the graduates of that institution. If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? The results of a double term of six years would assuredly win for the recipient the most deferential recognition of Bismarck himself.

Colonel Ramsay, however, was not equally prompt in the detection of another of our eminent men. "The purity with which he spoke English, and the careful grammatical construction of his sentences, along with the total absence of any accent, led me at first to think he was neither English nor American." It was Bayard Taylor.

Of the British general who was killed at Majuba Hill, in the campaign against the Boers, Colonel Ramsay gives a very interesting sketch. He was evidently a soldier of high attainments and ambition, with much of the typical Englishman, who generally is determined to go where or do what nobody else has gone or done, and so differentiate himself entirely from the rest of mankind.

The obstinate will and inflexible persistence of effort that frequently lie beneath a frigid reserve and silent endurance will as often wreck as make a man. Philip the Second achieved very little success either for himself or his kingdom. Thorough determination to succeed in life, and a complete equipment, physical and mental, to that end, with all the initial advantages of connection and position, are sometimes crossed by destiny in the most ruthless manner, and the broken pillar of many a graveyard testifies not only to failure here, but also to man's conviction that

> "It is not all of life to live,
> Nor all of death to die."

H. W. C.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

FROM an officer now in attendance at the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, which, under the able superintendence of Colonel Otis, of the Twentieth Infantry, is about entering its third year of useful existence, we obtain the following details respecting its organization and work:

The school was organized, under the supervision of General Sherman, in the fall of 1881, and has for its object the practical and theoretical instruction of officers of the army below the grade of captain in the art of war, and more particularly in such studies, and the practical application of them, as tend to enable a junior officer to discharge the responsible duties of a higher command in case any emergency should devolve them upon him. It is more particularly intended for the benefit of officers who have not had previous military schooling, such as those appointed from civil life or from the ranks, though among the students of the present class about one-third are graduates of the Military Academy.

The commanding officer of the post is the superintendent of the school. He is assisted in his duties by the staff of the school, consisting of the five senior officers next in rank to the commanding officer, and by an officer of the post, who is school secretary.

The staff also sit as an examining board at the end of each term, to pass upon the proficiency of each student in the studies pursued by him during the term, also upon his general conduct, and his knowledge of the practical application of what he has learned in theory. They make up their report, and submit it to the commanding officer, who acts upon and publishes it in orders. The staff also make such suggestions as they may deem necessary or proper as to matters before them.

The course of study and the text-books, with one or two exceptions, are prescribed in general orders from the War Department, but the mere details incident to the work of conducting the school are from time to time announced in post orders.

The school year is divided into two terms, the first commencing October 1 and ending January 31, and the second commencing February 4 and ending June 20. The last ten days of the first term and

the last twenty days of the second term are generally taken up with the examinations. In the graduating year the final examination embraces a wider field, and consequently takes more time. The students of the school consist of the lieutenants on duty with the garrison, and one specially detached for instruction from each regiment of infantry and cavalry. The course of instruction extends over two years. The instructors are taken from officers of the post generally. For this course there are two instructors, graduates of the school, detailed by the War Department.

There are also two majors of cavalry and one major of infantry on duty at the school, who act as instructors in certain designated branches, and have charge of the practical instruction in tactics, etc.

For practical instruction there are represented in the garrison, the three corps,—artillery, cavalry, and infantry,—and the students are expected to serve a tour with each branch, performing all the duties incident thereto. These details are regulated by the superintendent of the school, a tour with each arm generally lasting three months.

An excellent work has been and is being done by an institution in New York known as "The Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured," which was organized three years ago, General George B. McClellan being its first president.

The society teaches what should be done in emergencies when there is no physician at hand; when we must ourselves either do something instantly or stand helplessly by and see a man suffer the agony of a broken limb, or suffocate, or bleed to death, simply because we do not know how to help him. The society's instruction is of the most practical character. It is given by means of lectures, accompanied by illustrations, a "subject" being present at each lecture, the pupils being furnished with the "Handbook of First Aid to the Injured," published by the society. More than ten thousand lectures have been delivered in New York City alone by well-known physicians, acting under Dr. Henry B. Sands as medical director. The Academy of Medicine and the New York County Medical Society have indorsed the society, and it has the approval and support of the medical profession generally.

The society's classes, most of which are free, have been attended by ladies and gentlemen, workingmen and women, school-teachers, policemen, firemen, employés of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad and Pennsylvania Railroad, and others, and first aid instruction has been made a part of the regular training of the police of New York, Buffalo, and Providence. Branches have been formed in Brooklyn, Buffalo, the Hampton Normal College, Virginia, and lectures have been delivered to large numbers in Boston, Philadelphia, Jersey City, and elsewhere. The society is now organizing branches

in all parts of the country, particularly the great railroad, manufacturing, and mining centres.

We allude to this subject partly to express our commendation of a good work, and partly to suggest that instruction of the same kind would be valuable to the officers and enlisted men of the army who are often called upon to incur risk to life and limb when the services of a surgeon are not available. Both at our military schools and our garrisoned posts it would be entirely practicable to have such instruction given, and we believe that its interest and value would be appreciated by all who might have access to it.

THE safe return of Lieutenant Greely and the survivors of his party of Arctic explorers has naturally given rise to such an amount of comment, both in the columns of the newspaper press at large and of the weekly service journals, as to leave us little to say on the subject beyond expressing our hearty concurrence with the general joy over the happy event, and our sincere sympathy with the relatives and friends of the "unreturning brave" who yielded up their lives amid the icy wastes of the North, heroic victims on the altar of duty. The skillful conduct of the rescuing expedition has justly attracted a large share of gratulatory notice, and Commanders Schley and Emory divide with Lieutenant Greely the honors of the hour. Of the scientific results of the expedition it is yet too early to speak. Exactly how much it has added to the sum of human knowledge can only be ascertained when its work has been officially reported in detail and published to the world. Whether this be much or little, it is certain that the Greely expedition has afforded examples of courage, fortitude, and self-abnegation which will add a lustrous page to our national annals, and which have a moral value far beyond the cost of the expedition in money.

ON the Service Literature page of the last number of THE UNITED SERVICE, in connection with a notice of certain valuable publications recently issued from the Office of Naval Intelligence, we attempted to pay a deserved compliment to the efficient head of that office,—Lieutenant T. Bailey Myers Mason, U.S.N. By some inexplicable oversight our types were permitted to do violence to the name of the intended recipient of the compliment, and we beg now to tender our apology for the error.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

General James B. Fry has published, through Van Nostrand, a brochure entitled "McDowell and Tyler in the Campaign of Bull Run," which is a reply to certain strictures on General McDowell contained in a memorial volume—in some part autobiographic—of the late General Daniel Tyler, edited by Donald G. Mitchell. While according due merit to the time-honored maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, General Fry asserts that the living have rights which are entitled to respect, and thereupon proceeds to examine and refute the misstatements of the volume in question in a very convincing way. General Tyler was an able and experienced soldier, but he was an old man when the war opened, and his recollections, written down some twenty years after the occurrences to which they relate, might naturally be distrusted, especially when made the vehicle for defamatory statements respecting others. General Fry was McDowell's chief of staff in the Bull Run campaign, and is therefore eminently fitted to intelligently treat the questions at issue. That he has done so, and that he has conclusively disposed of the allegations against his former commander contained in the Tyler memorial volume, will be apparent to every reader of his book.

Dr. J. T. Rothrock, the distinguished Professor of Botany in the University of Pennsylvania, in his "Vacation Cruising," published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., gives a most entertaining account of a cruise in the waters of the Chesapeake and the James, and of Delaware River and Bay. His craft was a small boat of six tons, and the voyage proved most agreeable and health-giving. The book abounds in graphic descriptions, and is pervaded throughout by a flavor of saline breeziness which makes it refreshing reading in these sultry summer days.

We have received from the publication office in Cincinnati a very tastefully gotten-up monthly, entitled *The Humane Educator*, which is issued by the Ohio State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Animals. It is edited by Oscar B. Todhunter, and its subscription-price is one dollar a year, or ten cents for a single copy. It is ably edited, beautifully illustrated, and has for its object, as its name indicates, the cultivation of mercy, kindness, and love as the governing principles of our dealings with all God's animate creatures. An object so entirely praiseworthy, no less than the intrinsic merits of the publication, ought to attract to it a wide and generous support.

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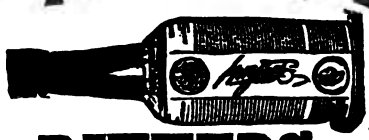

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THE LATE ATTACKS UPON THE COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY.

FIRST PAPER.

WITH full appreciation of the value of the opinion of the members of the two military Services, and of the weight of that opinion in influencing the administration of the Governmental bureaus, it is, nevertheless, not to them chiefly as belonging to either Army or Navy, but as being citizens of the United States, and as such interested in good administration, whether civil or military, that a plea should be addressed in favor of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, in view of the two attempts that within as many years have been directed against its life. They, from familiarity with the work, as officers of either Army or Navy, derived from their employment or that of brother-officers upon it, have naturally formed opinions with regard to it. If some have, from personal or more worthy motives, favored a change in its organization, their duty now, as well as that of all, is to reconsider the question, in the interest of the country, from the point of view of citizens of the United States. This medium of publication—THE UNITED SERVICE review—has, therefore, been chosen, not altogether because it is that through which officers of the Army and Navy can be reached, but because the plea, being addressed directly to the people, irrespective of pursuits, will be strengthened by the influence of many who are at the same time officers of the Army and Navy, and who, as well as others, are not at present in full possession of the facts with their legitimate conclusions.

The majority of officers of both Services, at least officers of rank and experience, would, if the question were put to vote, be found

opposed to any change in the organization of the Survey, but yet influences emanating from the Navy, as well as from the Geological Survey, are those which are manifesting themselves in the adverse action lately taken with respect to its organization. This is the opinion entertained by all those best placed to be well informed, fully justified by direct and circumstantial evidence.

It is not purposed here, however, to discuss the questions of the number and character of the forces arrayed against the Survey, least of all to attempt to investigate the motives which have chiefly, if not wholly, led to the attempt upon its organization. Assignment of motives may safely be left to every man's judgment when he has become acquainted with the facts of the case. They cover too wide and various a field to render it a fruitful task to garner them, even if it were desirable to do so; but it is not: on the contrary, their entire exclusion is necessary to the proper presentment of the case.

Let us accept, without a discussion of its merits here, which will find a more fitting place in a subsequent paper, the Coast and Geodetic Survey as a long-established, undeniable fact.

The fact of existence is held among all men, *prima facie*, evidence of the right to exist. The very first *raison d'être* of anything is that it does exist. That is not to say that it has a right to continue unquestioned to exist, because it exists, otherwise there would be no improvement nor even rectification of abuse. But it does affirm that the sentence of deprivation of existence must not be pronounced against anything before the right to exist is, through impartial trial, decided against it. That it has, *prima facie*, the right to exist is all that is claimed.

If possession is nine points of the law, how much more does life, of which possession is but one of the incidents, come under the protection of the law? Whether we think of life as the vital force that actuates human beings, or as the force that actuates an organization, the underlying principle of which we think is the same in both as to question of right to exist until proved unworthy of existence; that is, it is invaded if, without proper care and judgment, that which has come into being, has passed through the ordeal of struggle to recognition, and has attained the stature of an accomplished fact, is modified or destroyed. The principle is impliedly recognized in all law that protects men in their property and life. Why, then, should it stop short of protecting the governmental property of the people? It does not,—the principle is immutable, but the people are not always well represented.

It must be acknowledged that the Coast and Geodetic Survey is an accomplished fact, a recognized existence of active organization, and that the burden of proof therefore lies with those who would deprive it of existence, to show that it is unworthy. No evidence has been

forthcoming to prove that to the minds of any men. If that burden of proof is not accepted by those to whom it rightfully belongs, the negative must and shall be assumed by their opponents. But let us, temporarily at least, without argument now to prove the right of the Survey to exist, accept it simply upon the ground of an accomplished fact, deferring to the future paper to which reference has been made, the demonstration of its right to exist as worthy of existence, and proceed to the consideration as to whether the course taken with regard to it can satisfy the reason of right-thinking men.

It was in vain for the first opponents of the Survey who appeared upon the scene, to claim that their proposition to turn over its hydrographic work to the Navy Department is not destroying, but merely modifying it. That was begging the question: the majority hold that that would be destroying it. But, suppose that that action means merely modifying it, who should have the temerity to attempt such a modification without a full and fair examination of the subject, in which both advocates and opponents should be heard? No such plan, however, was adopted in either of the two late attacks upon the Survey. In that of 1882, upon the *ex parte* testimony of a few persons who favored the transfer of the Survey's hydrographic work to the Navy Department,—of persons, too, whose testimony is by the principles of jurisprudence peculiarly subject to qualification from presumable bias, —the attempt was made at dismemberment of the Survey. No steps were taken by the Secretary of the Navy towards obtaining the opinion, on the other side, of the Superintendent or of other officers of the Survey itself, or that of scientific or mercantile bodies; which, at least informally, he could have obtained even from officers of the Survey. Resistance had to be hastily extemporized by the Survey, until, in due time, the Secretary of the Treasury could come to the rescue, as he did, through the conclusive reports of the chiefs of his various bureaus claimed by the Navy Department. The Secretary of the Navy, reaching the conclusion that the Survey should belong to his Department, instead of to the Treasury Department, where it is, recommended to the President in his annual Report for 1882, combined with the aforesaid *ex parte* testimony, that the Survey should be transferred to the Navy Department; a recommendation which he repeated in his annual Report for 1883.

This recommendation, based wholly upon *ex parte* testimony, was unwise and unjust. There certainly can be no difference of opinion as to the unwisdom and injustice of condemnation without even the form or proposal of impartial trial. This proposition, therefore, affords no field for discussion. What, however, does, and is not generally known, is that the Secretary of the Navy, in making it, offended not only against correct rules of procedure, but violated official comity and far transcended the powers of his office.

The Secretaries are the administrators of their own respective Departments, and are the constitutional advisers of the President. The Constitution does not expressly say that they shall advise the President, but the terms used, coupled with long practice which has made precedent, are tantamount to constituting members of the Cabinet not only the President's advisers, if called upon for advice, but his advisers, also, who may volunteer to him their advice.

Section II., Art. 2, of the Constitution, says, "The President . . . may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices," . . . etc. That the opinion of any principal officer may be thus formally required by the President implies that it may be informally required, and, as has been said, precedent has established even beyond, that it may be volunteered by these principal officers. In point of fact, we know that, from the time of Washington down to the present day, governmental questions have been discussed in the Cabinet, and that its officers are truly what they have been popularly designated,—the constitutional advisers of the President. It does not follow that any one of the officers forming the Cabinet may advise with reference to any other Department than his own. On the contrary, his functions are fixed with reference to advisory capacity as to the organization of his own Department, or as to such general topics as may come under discussion in a meeting of the Cabinet. If change of organization in his own Department be in his opinion desirable, it is for him to convince the President of its desirability. It is not for him to proceed further than to advise the President as to his own Department, except in the case of conceivable urgent necessity. It is the President who is responsible to Congress for the administration of what by law exists, and for the recommendation of changes of organization that may to him seem necessary in the Secretary's or in any other Department.

It is evident that the President, in sending in to Congress the Report of the Secretary of the Navy, thereby assumed towards Congress, notwithstanding that he did not explicitly approve of special measures therein proposed, the full responsibility of all the Secretary's recommendations. For the Secretary's included recommendation of the transfer of bureaus of the Treasury Department to his own, the President therefore became, as a matter of course, implicitly responsible. And it is equally evident, too, from consideration of what has been said, that the action of the Secretary was entirely beyond the purview of the Constitution in the clause quoted, granting by implication to Secretaries the privilege of advising the President regarding their own Departments. The power granted was, indeed, to the President, to require in writing, on occasions, from the principal officer in any Executive Department his opinion upon any subject relating to his own Depart-

ment; whence it is deducible, as has been said, that he may require it verbally; and through precedent, the officer may volunteer it verbally.

That is a very different matter from the Secretary's volunteering a written Report to the President regarding a question connected with the very organization of the Department of a fellow-Secretary in perfect possession of his faculties. The constitutional clause which has been quoted relates solely to opinion from an officer regarding the administration of his own Department, and that solely regarding an opinion which he is to furnish the President, in order to enable the President himself to reach conclusions with reference to the subject-matter of the opinion.

It has been admitted that the act of the President in transmitting to Congress the Report of the Secretary was, *ipso facto*, by the theory of our Government, equivalent to approval of the matter therein contained. The Message of the President and accompanying Documents theoretically emanate from the same source. But it so happens that the Reports of the Secretaries are really, and by common consent have come to be regarded as, made directly to Congress, and upon that basis they are accepted by Congress and the country. In consequence, a recommendation conveyed in one of them to Congress is not necessarily regarded as the President's recommendation, and if standing unsupported by the Message, may readily be ignored by Congress. But, as by a sudden claim to revival in practice of the theory of our Government relating to this point, any annual Report or portion of an annual Report of a Secretary may be construed by Congress as representing the opinion of the President, it is most desirable that this anomalous condition of affairs should cease,—where theory is at variance with present practice, and where another practice may be made at any time to conform to theory, thus capable of effecting on a given occasion such a change as might well, if effected, seriously militate against the interests of the country.

To show how completely the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy, through his Report, was, according to practice, regarded as a direct recommendation of the Secretary's to Congress, not really, but only theoretically approved by the President, it is merely necessary to mention that Memorials remonstrating against the recommendation were at once addressed to Congress, evidencing the prepossession, amounting to conviction, in the minds of the remonstrants, that the question might either be acted upon or ignored by Congress. If the conviction had existed that the President had, according to theory, by not expressing approval or disapproval, indorsed the Secretary's recommendation, it would have been known that his action ought not to be, and would not be, ignored by Congress, and the Memorials would not have been sent to Congress.

Again, the Secretary's action was in contravention of all those

amenities of official intercourse that should make a Government's Ministry or Cabinet, call it what one will, present to the world unbroken solidarity. From what Department should advice to the President emanate, specifically to change the status of bureaus placed by law under the Treasury Department? Undoubtedly, from the Treasury Department itself. It must be borne in mind that there are two distinct kinds of organizing,—one of which is creation, and the other administrative formation. It is the latter, with reference to the Secretary's action, that is to be regarded as legitimate,—the former as illegitimate. The Departments are not organizations for successive Secretaries to shape and modify at pleasure, nor, indeed, at all, except under the limitations prescribed by the Revised Statutes of the United States, or through better or worse administration.[1] The Departments being legally constituted existences, placed by law under successive Secretaries, the heads of Departments have nothing to do with radical change in them, amounting to creation, such as would be involved in the absorption of bureaus of co-ordinate Departments. Otherwise, a Secretary of the Navy might, with a long term of office, gradually become also a nondescript Secretary of War, while Secretaries of War were becoming more or less Secretaries of the Navy; or perhaps, in addition to being Secretary of the Navy, might, in the course of time, come to combine in himself, as the Russians used to, the ranks of general and admiral, and, under the President, command everything in the Army and Navy, under the honorary title of high-cockolorum. Secretaries are not legally or morally responsible for the general characteristics of the organizations which they control, either as compared, or not compared, with those under the control of other Secretaries. It behooves each within his own sphere—no more—if he deem it necessary or advisable, to convince the President that his own special organization is susceptible of improvement through radical change. If Secretaries mistake their powers by acting in contravention of the rights of other Secretaries, they should be made by the President to understand that they have not only infringed the rights of other Secretaries, but those of the President in his recommendatory capacity to Congress.

Whether either the President or Congress ever paid enough attention to the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy to perceive the illegality and general impropriety of the act is, and probably always will remain, unknown. Certain it is that neither took any action upon it; which Congress could have taken through the constitutional technicality which has been mentioned, on account of his recommendation

[1] "The head of each Department is authorized to prescribe regulations not inconsistent with law for the government of his Department, the conduct of its officers and clerks, the distribution and performance of its business, and the custody, use, and preservation of the records, papers, and property belonging to it."—*Title I., Revised Statutes of the United States, Sec.* 161 (*Edn. of* 1878).

having passed through the hands of the President to Congress, and having become thereby theoretically the recommendation of the President. In his Message of 1882, the President simply recited the fact that the Secretary of the Navy had recommended in his Report the transfer of the Light-House Service, and of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, to the Navy Department; and he recognized the fact of the interdependence of naval and commercial-marine interests, stated by the Secretary, without saying that he coincided with the Secretary in ascribing the decadence of the shipping interests of the country in any degree to the circumstance that there is not a bureau of mercantile-marine presided over by the Navy Department. To recite the opinions of another person is not recommending them. To mention them is not necessarily to perceive an ulterior significance in them.

Beyond the action of the Secretary of the Treasury, in which, with reference to the Secretary of the Navy's first recommendation, in 1882, for the transfer, he called upon the chiefs of the several bureaus in his Department to reply to the allegations and arguments of the Secretary of the Navy (which replies being duly made, were generally considered adversely conclusive by all who read them), the matter went no further at that time. The scientific and mercantile interests of the country had incidentally made themselves heard adversely to the proposition of the Secretary of the Navy, and it was supposed that, without formally receding from his position, he would allow his recommendation to go by default by not renewing it. But, as already mentioned, he did renew it in his succeeding annual Report, in 1883, with like ill-success to that which attended his first attempt.

That the Secretary of the Treasury should not have appealed to the President to shield his Department from the officious action of a fellow-member of the Cabinet, or that the President himself should not, of his own motion, have reprehended and forbidden the action taken, are questions which it would be presumptuous to discuss with any pretense of reaching a solution, in the absence of information which only a member of the Cabinet could impart. It has, however, been shown that, in the abstract, it was the duty of the President, of the Secretary of the Treasury, and of Congress to put a stop to the encroachment of the chief of one Department upon the Department of another. But duty seldom presents itself as sharply defined as in the abstract. Beyond rational speculation, therefore, as to the various causes that may have been at work to allow the Secretary of the Navy to go on unchecked in his course, it is not in the nature of the case possible to proceed. Obviously, among these, accounting for the non-action of Congress, may be placed the supposition that Congress did not deem the violation of law or propriety so unequivocally serious as to warrant notice; or that it felt itself constrained formally to accept what proceeded from a member of the Cabinet, as if coming from the President himself; or,

finally, that it was indifferent to the matter brought to its attention. With equal likelihood we may suppose that the non-action of Congress may have been associated with interest in the subject; but with intention, through letting things take their own course, that they should reach the very conclusion at which they arrived. As for the non-resistance of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, it must be remembered that there are complications in the administration of affairs, and that, first of all, there is the evident desirability of presenting in a Cabinet a certain appearance of homogeneity to the public eye; which circumstance alone would readily account for the omission of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury to take formal, or indeed any, notice of the aggression of the Secretary of the Navy.

With the failure of the Secretary of the Navy's second recommendation, to effect anything with Congress, the Coast and Geodetic Survey deemed itself safe from attack, at least for a time, when the contest was renewed by an advance from a wholly unexpected and most extraordinary quarter,—the Sub-Committee on the Sundry Civil Expenses Bill, of the House of Representatives,—Messrs. Randall, Forney, and Ryan. This advance was to the Survey unexpected and extraordinary, because Mr. Randall, the Chairman of the Sub-Committee, who was also the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, having been in Congress for many years, had never expressed disapproval of the organization of the Survey, and had been, during the late superintendency of Mr. Carlile P. Patterson, lasting nearly eight years, intimate with that gentleman, and regarded as one of his firmest supporters. There was every reason, from the Survey's point of view, to believe that the organization which had apparently met the approval of the Chairman during the superintendency of Mr. Patterson, and which had not changed under the new incumbent, Mr. Hilgard, and that the administration of the work, which also had apparently met his approval under Mr. Patterson, and which also had not changed, would continue to commend themselves to his favorable opinion. But it seems that, with regard to the organization, the opinion of the Chairman had undergone either a revulsion, or else had been long withheld from expression until a time deemed by him favorable for making a change should have arrived. At any rate, the point which it was sought to elucidate is now clear, that the Coast and Geodetic Survey had reason to believe that the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations was the firm friend of the organization and administration of the Survey. In fact, so great was the faith of the *personnel* of the Survey in his friendliness to the work, that they were wrapped in complacent confidence that, now that Mr. Randall was the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and, as well, the Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Sundry Civil Expenses, the Survey was in appreciative and safe hands. There-

fore it was that the Survey awakened in May with a certain sense of shock to the knowledge that the Sub-Committee on Sundry Civil Expenses had decided to dismember the Survey by transferring its hydrographic work to the Navy Department and its geodetic work to the Geological Survey.

The reader may be tempted to think, as many persons thought at the time, that this new onslaught upon the Survey was concerted between the Chairman of the Committee and the Secretary of the Navy, acting as *deus ex machinâ*, but the supposition is not compatible with the Chairman's well-known hostility to the administrator of the Navy Department. It is more rational to suppose that the same, or some of the same, influences that induced the Secretary to come to his adverse conclusions regarding the Survey, were those that brought the Chairman of the Committee to the same identical conclusions, as far as the hydrographic work of the Survey is concerned, and that thus these two antagonistic extremes met in accord.

As has already been said, as a preliminary to this whole discussion, that the question of motives was discarded, so also, it must now be added, that modes of action, whether doubtful, improbable, or impossible, of all that does not lie upon the surface, find no place here. That a great work has been endangered by a covert, instead of an open advance upon it, is the important, almost the sole purpose of the demonstration here. The actors, their motives, and their modes of action concern and interest us very little. "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones."

To be explicit as to the charge here made,—Is it contended here that the Survey is above trial? that, like the king of old, it can do no wrong? Not at all. The charge is the same as that before stated when discussing the action of the Secretary of the Navy with regard to the Survey. The charge is that the Survey was subjected to a mockery of trial, of less moral validity than that of the Star-Chamber,—if, in any case, that can be called trial in which the first that is known of being accused is being condemned. There is no evasion of this conclusion, unless the gentlemen of the Sub-Committee will concede that the Survey was condemned and sentenced without trial.

It is no disrespect to the gentlemen composing the Sub-Committee to say that they, like other men, are not competent in all things. What took in 1843 a mixed commission of army, navy, and civil experts to settle, it is folly to suppose that they, who are not experts, and who, at the same time, did not formally receive testimony on both sides of the question, could settle with anything like approximate accuracy. The gentlemen would, if such a thing were possible, have taken it in high dudgeon if, they having organized an enterprise and conducted it with recognized success for forty years, three men should walk into their establishment, and with a little hasty ciphering with the stub of a lead-

pencil, and the hearing of a few hap-hazard witnesses, decide that their organization must be improved, that they must conduct business otherwise, as prescribed, and have so much, and that much less money for conducting business than they had had for many years, although the means of their employers are abundant. The case is not a whit exaggerated by the illustration. It is possible to think well of the transaction only by the consideration that the gentlemen really thought that they were doing their duty, and did not realize what they had undertaken. In the "Republic" of Plato, Socrates is made to speak thus: "But we charged the shoemaker not to attempt to be at the same time a husbandman, or a weaver, or a builder, in order that the work of shoemaking might be well done; and in like manner we allotted to each of the others a single calling, to which each was adapted by nature, and at which each, by abstaining from the rest, and applying to it the whole of his life, and not neglecting the proper opportunities, would be likely to work well." "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

Taking no higher than the modest ground assumed with reference to the Secretary of the Navy's action, will not all men agree that an existence like the Survey's, an accomplished, and as generally recognized, a creditable fact, should not be legislated out of existence upon a rider to an appropriation bill? It is only stating in so many words what the inference in every man's mind is, when it is added that, if it be sought to legislate any accomplished fact out of existence, the only fair way is to put it on trial, to summon witnesses, to hear arguments on both sides. The assertion that the modification proposed is not dismemberment of the Survey has already been answered. It would, if carried out, have meant death to the Survey. It was as much a proposition to take life as was the demand in the "Merchant of Venice" for the pound of flesh, and is as cogently answered by the paraphrase, "but not one drop of water." Will the gentlemen say that the Survey was not to be destroyed, but only reorganized? Again we say, that is begging the question. The contemplated action of the Sub-Committee involved more than condemnation without trial, it meant death from vivisection.

That the same view of the justice of its cause was at once taken by many outside of, as well as by all inside of the Survey, was soon evidenced by the action of many prominent men of all parties in different parts of the country; in Washington and out of Washington, among members of Congress, and among men who occupy no position but that of recognized public-spirited citizens. Members of Congress were ready to contest the measure on the floors of the Senate and the House of Representatives. Memorials began to pour into Congress. The Board of Trade, The Engineers' Club, of Philadelphia (of whose First District Mr. Randall is the Representative), and the St. Louis Academy of Science promptly sent in Memorials. The Presidents of

the principal Insurance Companies of Philadelphia, and other business men of prominence, sent in an independent Memorial. The American Philosophical Society and the Franklin Institute prepared to act. The Hon. G. S. Nesmith and thirty other citizens of New Hampshire sent in a Memorial. President Barnard, of Columbia College, and Professor Cook, Director of the Geological Survey of New Jersey, protested against the change. A Memorial from Yale, signed by President Porter, ex-President Woolsey, ex-Governor English, ex-Lieutenant-Governor Wayland, Professors Lyman, Whitney, Thacher, Verrill, Professor Trowbridge, of Columbia College, Mayor Lewis, of New Haven, Hon. N. D. Sperry, Hon. George H. Townsend, Messrs. Charles Hervey Townshend, E. S. Wheeler, Collector Beers, Health-Officer Lindsley, and other leading men of that city, was dispatched to Washington. The Hon. John Welsh, Messrs. Frederick Fraley, Henry Winsor, William Sellers, Fairman Rogers, Wm. P. Tatham, of Philadelphia, wrote personally to the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. The Hon. Robert M. McLane, Governor of Maryland, pledged his support to the Survey.

In answer to one of the letters from Philadelphia, written to Mr. Randall, as the Chairman of the Sub-Committee, he stated, in justification of the Sub-Committee's action, the following, among other points. To notice all would require more space than would be properly disposable here. Some not being relevant to the issue which has been distinctly set forth as the purpose of this particular paper, only those intended for notice here are mentioned. In the next paper, occasion will arise to notice others, and perhaps thus, in sum, all of them.

1. The natural place of the Geodetic Survey is with the Geological Survey.
2. The Secretary of the Treasury is not averse to the transfer of the Survey to the Navy Department.
3. The proposed change is in the interest of economy.

These points are answered below, *seriatim:*

1. It is not thought by those conversant with the subject, that there is in the natural order of things any intimate connection between geodesy and geology. Large areas of geological exploration may be based upon geographical reconnoissance, just as well as upon geodetic work, and much more economically. The National Academy of Sciences, and Major Powell, Chief of the Geological Survey, have recognized the fact, in reports to the Secretary of the Interior, that with occasional transient association of the geodetic with the geological survey, merely for the location of the areas over which the geological work is to proceed, there is no necessity for continuous further association, geodesy being the science of precise mensuration of the earth, while geology is the science of the structure of its crust.

2. On June 20, the day following the appearance by invitation of the Superintendent and other officers of the Survey before the Sub-Committee on the Sundry Civil Expenses Bill (an occurrence which in its main bearing will be described in due order), the Superintendent waited upon the Secretary of the Treasury, to confer with him regarding the state of affairs affecting the Survey. The Secretary, in the interview that then took place, expressed himself with much feeling, as decidedly

opposed to the contemplated transfer of the hydrographic work of the Survey to the Navy Department. He said that he had informed the Secretary of the Navy that he desired no disorganization in his Department, that, as he had found the Department, he wished to leave it, with its several bureaus intact.

3. The statement referring to its being more economical to put the hydrography of the coast under the Navy Department, than to prosecute it, as at present, under the Coast and Geodetic Survey, has been so often refuted, that it seems almost useless to repeat the incontrovertible reasons against the project. They, however, are these. Naval men do the work now. They would do it then. The same number of officers who do it now ought to do it then, and would, unless the Navy Department made hydrography, just to employ officers, instead of detailing officers for the needs of hydrography. Plan for plan, then, so far, the expense of each method would be the same. But, as geodetic work is the basis of hydrographic work, and the Navy Department does not conduct geodetic operations, and would have to employ experts to conduct them, the plan of having the Navy Department to do the hydrographic work is much less economical than the present one.

Under the pressure described, from prominent individual citizens, and from scientific and commercial bodies, the Sub-Committee, on June 19, at the very last moment, just before their final action, for the first time summoned officers of the Survey before them for examination upon the subject upon which they should long before have been consulted.[2] These officers were Superintendent J. E. Hilgard; Assistant-in-charge-of-the-Office, C. O. Boutelle; Assistants Davidson and Schott, and Commander Colby M. Chester, of the Navy, Hydrographic Inspector of the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

The statements that were made before the Sub-Committee were of the strength that might have been anticipated by any one acquainted with the excellence of the organization of the Survey and the ability of the men who made the statements. The fact that the most convincing of all to the Sub-Committee was that of Commander Chester did not lie in his possessing more knowledge and gift of exposition than his coadjutors, but in the fact that he, a naval man of rank and experience, upheld the superior merit of the present organization of the Survey as against any other that could be devised. It had been a foregone conclusion with the Sub-Committee, that the organization would not be recognized as of supreme efficiency by naval men. The Sub-Committee, from first to last, had not heeded the maxim, "*Qui scit ubi sit scientia habenti est proximus.*" The knowledge they needed might have been obtained long before, within a stone's throw of the Capitol.

Under the circumstances there was nothing for the Sub-Committee to do but to recede from their false position, and to beat a retreat, for which their opponents would cheerfully have built a bridge of silver for the retiring enemy. But there are two ways to retire from a moral

[2] About the middle of May, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Chief of the Hydrographic Office of the Navy, had appeared before the Sub-Committee; and, subsequently, in the same month, the Chief of the Geological Survey appeared before it, and the Chief of the Hydrographic Office reappeared before it.

defeat,—the one, gracefully, with at least implied acknowledgment of error, the other, with the vantage that must soon be lost, in attempting to wrest from opponents fragments of the prize that victory has not won.

The Sub-Committee's action in receding from its position was apparently that of fair-minded men. The *personnel* of the Survey felt at once encouraged by the report that the final action of the Sub-Committee would be to recommend to Congress a Commission, composed of three members of the Senate, to be appointed by the President of the Senate, and three members of the House of Representatives, to be appointed by the Speaker of the House, to settle the question of the disposal of Survey. The *personnel* of the Survey felt now well assured that at last the Survey would be put fairly on trial, and could not but come forth triumphantly from the ordeal. Nor have they changed in that opinion.

They little expected what was impending. Shelter from the storm seemed gained, but then were heard its after-claps. Will any man say that the Sub-Committee, having receded from its first position, having decided that the whole question should go into the hands of a joint Commission composed of members selected from the two Houses of Congress, were not bound, so far as they themselves were concerned, by that act, not only to allow, while awaiting the decision of the Commission, the *status quo* of the Survey, but to maintain it? This the Sub-Committee did not do.

By receding from their first position the Sub-Committee apparently left the status of the Survey intact, but this they did not really do. First, they did not do so, because they crippled the Survey for the whole present fiscal year, by placing its appropriation at an amount lower than any that it has had for sixteen years. Second, they did not do so, by partially begging the question involved in their first intention, by turning over to the Geological Survey a work coming strictly within the province of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and not at all within that of the Geological Survey, and representing an appropriation which the Coast and Geodetic Survey had had for several years for that purpose,—the incidental provision of geographical points for enabling the States to carry on surveys within their own boundaries.

In presenting his estimates for the coming fiscal year to the Secretary of the Treasury, the Superintendent of the Survey had said,—

"The chief increase in the estimates is for the item of party [field] expenses. . . . The object of proposing this increase is to obtain a proper economic proportion between the expense of putting the surveying parties in the field and the length of time that they can be kept at work. This should be as long as permitted by the season favorable for field work in the several localities. In order to meet this condition, it is necessary that the amount available for party expenses should be at least half as large again as it has been of late years, and I am constrained by a consideration of reasonable economy to submit estimates for an increased amount."

The amount asked for, to secure this reasonable economy, and approved of by the Secretary of the Treasury, was $670,500. Did the Superintendent get it? For answer, let us continue to follow the train of events.

The very day after the Committee had receded from its first position, and only the day before the appropriation bills were to be presented to the House, and when Congress was becoming restive under the prolongation of the session into the hot weather, the Superintendent of the Survey was again summoned before the Sub-Committee, and was instructed to reduce his estimates. As well might one of the animals present when the king of beasts made a distribution of the spoils, allotting to himself the lion's share, have hesitated to accept the award, as might the Superintendent or any other man, under the circumstances described, have demurred at the behest of the Sub-Committee, whose will was literally law. So he reduced his estimates. That he did not willingly do so is shown by his statement accompanying his estimates approved by the Secretary of the Treasury.

After coming before a Committee of Conference between the two Houses, and having restored to it the item of $14,000,[3] previously unjustly diverted from the Coast and Geodetic Survey to the Geological Survey, and having added to it some $2000, the sum-total of the appropriation for the Survey for the present fiscal year is only $518,070. This gives for field work a sum of $44,300 less than the Survey had last year, when parties had to be called in from the field for lack of funds to prosecute work urgently needed. The entire appropriation is less, as has been said, than the average amount that the Survey has had for sixteen years. Thus has been answered the Superintendent's plea for a reasonable economy.

The lowest annual appropriation for the Survey, for sixteen years, except that of the present year, was in 1869–70. That was $487,000. The average appropriation since, from 1870 to 1884,—including fourteen fiscal years,—has been $622,200. In this year of grace of the Sub-Committee, however, it is only $518,070, relatively much less than in 1869–70, considering that the country is now more rich and populous, and that there are now largely increased demands upon the Survey arising in part from the growth of commerce and consequent necessity of affording greater facilities to navigation. In 1869–70, 11,420 copies of charts were issued from the Office of the Survey. In 1882–83, 32,012 copies were issued. Of this last number, 12,500 were required by the several Departments of the Government, and by Senators or Representatives,—more than the whole number of copies issued in 1869–70 for all purposes combined.

[3] The amount asked for was $16,000; the same amount as that appropriated for the two preceding fiscal years, but in the Committee of Conference this was reduced to $14,000.

Entirely ignoring the general principle, of growth demanding increase, involved in the preceding fact stated, and at a time when the Treasury was abundantly able to meet demands upon it for the needs of the Survey, the Sub-Committee set aside the estimates for the work, approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, and in violation of economy reduced the appropriation more than one hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars below the estimates, and upwards of one hundred and four thousand dollars below the average of the appropriations for the last fourteen fiscal years.

If that portion of the Sub-Committee's plan, consisting of turning over the hydrographic work of the Survey to the Navy Department had been retained, of course it would have involved a reduction of the Survey's appropriation by the amount estimated as necessary for the Navy Department, instead of the Survey, to perform the work. The hydrographic work of the Survey not being, as the event proved, turned over to the Navy Department, the inference ought to have been that the appropriation for the Survey would be maintained at the usual rate. But the appropriation was reduced.

There ought to be no question in any man's mind, besides, that if the Sub-Committee gave, as it did give, to the Geological Survey, funds for a purpose which was not at all within the province of the Geological Survey to fulfill, but strictly within that of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and gave them, too, for a purpose for which the Coast and Geodetic Survey had always received funds and executed the work for which they were appropriated, from which it was now excluded by the act of the Sub-Committee, that, *ipso facto*, the status of the Coast and Geodetic Survey was not maintained by the Sub-Committee; that what the Commission, yet to be appointed, was to determine, was by that act in part prophetically anticipated and predetermined for it by the Sub-Committee. The correctness of the following propositions is therefore unquestionable:

1. The relinquishment of their first proposed intention by the Sub-Committee, being followed by their proposition for the appointment of a joint commission of both Houses of Congress, to investigate the status of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department, the Geological Survey, and the Signal Service, the implication was that the *status quo* would be maintained while the questions regarding them were pending.

2. This implication was violated by the action of the Sub-Committee, in reducing the appropriation of the Survey to a point below the usual rate.

3. The implication was again violated by assigning to the Geological Survey, with appropriation therefor, work which not only belongs by its character to the Coast and Geodetic Survey, but which was specially assigned to the Coast and Geodetic Survey by Congress, when it authorized the determination of points in aid of State surveys.

4. Inasmuch as the Sub-Committee's original intention contemplated, as part of the project, the turning over to the Navy Department, for hydrographic work, funds heretofore devoted by the Survey to the same kind of hydrographic work,

and as things eventuated, this hydrographic work was not turned over to the Navy Department, the reduction of the annual appropriation for the Survey below the only basis that could afford a datum for deciding upon the amount proper, was in a measure an assumption on the part of the Sub-Committee, of one of the very points, to settle which, among other things, the Commission was supposed to be appointed.

5. In sum, the whole procedure was a manifest begging and acting upon the questions which the Commission only, as shown by what led to its creation, has the right to settle.

6. In view of the excellent condition of the Treasury, the intention of the reduction of the appropriation for the Survey is evident beyond the peradventure of a doubt. It was the maintenance of a position apparently abandoned, because no longer outwardly tenable, in violation of the principles of good faith and right reason.

But while this parsimonious policy, on the ground of economy, in the face of the contrary view as to what would secure economy, held by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, is being pursued with regard to the Survey, how fared things with the Geological Survey? Let no one suppose that appropriation to a handsome amount for that meritorious work would be begrudged by the Coast and Geodetic Survey. What is sought to be brought out is simply what is implied here,—that invidious distinction was made between it and the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Last year the Geological Survey received, partly under the Sundry Civil Expenses Bill, partly under the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Bill, $339,640. This year it gets from the same sources $489,040,—an increase of $149,400. Last year, the Coast and Geodetic Survey had (including $100,000 for a new steamer) $655,290. This year it gets $518,070,—a reduction of $137,220. So, while the Geological Survey goes up, under the self-same economical impulse the Coast and Geodetic Survey goes down, like the see-saw of the world, not depending more upon merit than upon some chairman acting as candlestick in the middle.

At last, after all this gratuitous friction, things had been forced nearly into the shape into which they should have been first moulded. The Committee of Conference restored to the Coast and Geodetic Survey the item which had been assigned to the Geological Survey for the determination of points for State uses in making surveys,—a question which, it will be observed, could not have turned upon the amount contended for ($14,000), but upon the principle involved in its diversion from the Coast and Geodetic Survey. Finally, just before its adjournment, the Commission mentioned was named by Congress, according to the mode prescribed. It consists of Senators Allison, Hale, and Pendleton; and Representatives Herbert, Lowry, and Lyman,—all good men and true; who will assume nothing, and who although, with perhaps one exception, not experts, will hear testimony from all sides, judge dispassionately, and decide wisely. This is the result for which the Survey so bravely strove. Pity 'tis that, at this late day, in this

free and enlightened land, among men of our race, that struggle should be possible for simple justice!

The Chairman of the Sub-Committee stated, it will be remembered, that the Coast and Geodetic Survey naturally belongs to the Geological Survey,—that is, at least, that they go together. Nothing so far has been given but a simple denial of the correctness of the assertion, coupled with citation of, without quotation from, the published opinion of the National Academy of Sciences, and that of Major Powell, the Chief of the Geological Survey. Let us now consider the statement in detail, in the light of the report of the National Academy of Sciences, in answer to the requisition of Congress upon the Academy, to take into consideration the best methods of apportioning to different agencies the various national surveys, and to report thereon to Congress; and of the report of Major Powell, written under instructions, in the same connection, to the Secretary of the Interior, in order to furnish data to the Academy.[4]

The report of the Academy, under date of November 6, 1878, says,—

"In view of the paramount importance of the public lands, the committee recommend that the Coast and Geodetic Survey be transferred from the Treasury Department to the Department of the Interior, retaining its original field of operations, and assuming also the entire mensuration of the public domain, and that, so modified and extended, it hereafter be known as the United States Coast and Interior Survey."

Major Powell's report, under date of November 1, 1878, advised inferentially to the same general intent, as follows. It must be borne in mind that triangulation and hypsometry (the determination of heights) are peculiarly functions of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and not specially of the Geological Survey, which has neither officers nor instruments to conduct those operations with refinement.

"The geographical work [that is, for the geology of the interior] should be based on a transcontinental triangulation on a comprehensive plan, and carried on with proper refinement. With the work divided as it has been for the past ten years this is practically impossible. No one organization with its small appropriation can make the necessary outlay of money for this work without swallowing up the whole or greater part of its funds, and thus it would be prevented from doing other work. All of the scientific [interior] surveys which have been carried on for the past ten years are practically 'in the air,' because this fundamental condition of accuracy has been neglected.

"For the hypsometric work transcontinental lines of level should be established to which all the base stations in the field should be related by connecting lines. With the multiplicity of surveys and the small appropriations for each, it is impossible to have this work done, as it is impossible to have the transcontinental triangulation made. . . .

"Under the Coast Survey a transcontinental triangulation is now in progress and much has already been accomplished, as the Coast Survey has a very large number of persons trained as experts in geographical science. Two such systems

[4] 45th Congress, 3d Session, House of Representatives. Mis. Doc. No. 5.

of triangulation are unnecessary; the one now in progress should be made the basis of all future geographical work in the United States."

So much may be said for the wisdom of the transference of the Coast and Geodetic Survey to the Geological Survey, in the light of presumably the best knowledge, outside of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, extant upon the subject. What can be said for the wisdom of transferring the hydrographic work of the Survey to the Navy Department is summed up in the consideration that the hydrographic work is based upon geodetic work, and that the Navy Department is not versed in geodesy. That is a general and conclusive reason, which ought to be operative at all times against the project. When we come to consider, in addition, the unfavorable opinion entertained by the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, as to the administration of the Navy Department, it is strange that he should have been found to advocate any change in the Survey that would place anything additionally to what it has already, under the charge of that Department. One should suppose that even if he considered it, from one point of view, desirable that the so-called geodetic portion of the work (for it is all geodetic) should go to the Geological Survey, the effect of thus necessarily relegating its hydrographic work to the Navy Department would have acted as a sure deterrent.

Without reverting to remote utterances of Mr. Randall, that might, perhaps, be thought to represent opinions as to the Navy Department that he no longer holds, let us go back no further than to a few days before the end of the last session of Congress, and quote from the Congressional Record, as authority, his words representing his opinion at that time of the Department to which he would have allowed the hydrographic work of the Survey to go. Referring to the Navy Department, Mr. Randall said in debate, July 1, 1884,—

"But I am willing to go further and say if it were necessary that there are not thrown around these propositions those safeguards for the expenditure of the money which circumstances known to the country demand in reference to a Department which is now being investigated."

He also said in the same debate,—

"That has no relation, perhaps, to these cruisers or to the monitors. But it has relation to the action of every member of this House when we appropriate money to Departments wherein maladministration has been found, that we may see that proper restrictions are thrown around this expenditure."

Thus may one man's word for economy outweigh that of millions. In a matter of the kind of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, a committee on appropriations is the sub-committee, and the sub-committee is the chairman, and the chairman may be—economical. And if the chairman of the committee be the chairman of the sub-committee, the circle is completed which is as vicious in legislation as in reasoning. This

chairman knows all things,—all things that are known, and all things that are unknown. Whatever men consider incredible from their experience, are to him, like other things, among the known. Not even the Pope can speak more *ex cathedrâ* than he upon matters of faith and morals. With his vast range, seasons and planetary sway change before the all-powerful talismanic word—economy. Climate is obedient to its behests. The Survey with meagre means, and unprepared, seeks the field in the torrid, to push its toil into the frigid season, instead of going out in the vernal bloom and returning in the mellow autumn. Why not? all things are possible to such economy but—economy.

O Uncle Sam, dear Uncle Sam, your coat may be short-waisted, your trousers skimpy, your face weazen, and your nose a trifle sharp, but not a mean bone have you in your body! A sensible, marvelously shrewd old fellow you are! You would not have said, with the Chairman of the Committee, in the debate just quoted from,—

"As an instance of the moral attitude of the American people, I want to say that it was an American minister who was selected by the two great powers, Germany and France, to regulate around Paris the matters of surrender and accommodation between those two countries. I wish to say further that my experience in traveling in foreign lands has shown me that where an American citizen behaves himself he receives unbounded respect; when he utters the words, 'I am an American citizen,' they are a passport to respect and honor everywhere."

It strikes you, dear Uncle Sam, that the grandeur recognized here is much more derived from the American citizen's behaving himself, than from any love mingled with terror that his name inspires abroad. The picture is much better drawn for a *café-concert* scene in Paris, than for one where an American could speak with the proud port with which a man could once say, I am a Roman citizen. France went into the Franco-German war with a moral attitude, and found the invulnerability of her name a quite insufficient panoply. It is not by gasconading about its moral force that a nation is safe from aggression, but by diffidence of its physical strength and preparation for the day when it will surely be tested. France found that the elements of power were hers, but rather in the thunder's roar than in the lightning's stroke. Frenchmen were given to such vaunting just before her fall, as many of her best men have since deplored. One of her greatest writers said, "Extinguish the torch of France, and the whole world would howl in the darkness." Other writers preceded and followed him in this insensate strain, until much of the arrogance leading to her downfall grew out of the assumption, that to be a Frenchman was an all-sufficient mark of divine favor and protection. The writers merely voiced the sentiment of the people.

Mr. Eaton, of Connecticut, struck the key-note of diplomatic relations when, in this same debate, he said with regard to a little difficulty with the Argentine Republic, "A canoe is all you want to deter-

mine differences between this country and those little republics." It is different when great republics or monarchies pay their respects with ironclads. James I., in his wadded armor, prating of "king-craft," was not more ridiculous than this great nation dressed in its crazy-quilt of appropriations for national defense.

Yes, dear old Uncle Sam, if you could only stalk into those legislative halls—in order, or out of order, for you have been robbed of your credentials and have no seat at present, you would say, "Better a few experimental ships than none. Better, a thousand times, departmental mismanagement than management that prevents mismanagement by leaving your naval officers, unpracticed, ashore, your guns unmanned,—or rather no guns to man,—your ports at the mercy of a first-class ship. Which is the more economical—to save a few millions, or to pay a milliard for New York under contribution? Go on, and Simon Stylites on his column will be your true symbol of national economy for defense!"

One thing is certain. Let every despondent man hug it to his soul. It was never better phrased by any one than by St. Augustine, in these words: "It is well that a man should, willingly rather than unwillingly, surrender to the truth; for that he shall, whether denying or confessing it, be vanquished by it, is inevitable."[5]

[5] "*Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem.*"—S. Aug.

RECOLLECTIONS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

II.

(Continued from page 300.)

In any effort to recall incidents of reconstruction, "bulldozing" and kindred slang expressions are sure to present themselves. It is impossible to avoid them, so they may as well be taken up first as last. "Bulldozing" is a new name for an old deviltry. It is the last stage of negro intimidation, and is sometimes known as "the Mississippi plan." There have been three stages in the development,—namely, "mule-lifting," "ku-kluxing," and "bulldozing." Ku-kluxing was the keystone of the arch of intimidation. It was secret, cruel, relentless, and bloody, and, shall I say? cowardly. It whipped, and murdered, and burned behind a mask. Bulldozing was simply ku-kluxing with the mask thrown aside. It was cruel, relentless, and bloody, but not secret. It trusted for safety to its strength and—save the mark! —respectability. Mule-lifting was intimidation in its infancy. It was too timid to show itself even behind a mask. It did its work on the sly. It was secret and relentless, and sometimes humorous, but never cruel or bloody. Ku-kluxing and bulldozing have been ventilated in the courts, and their methods are generally known. Mule-lifting, the earliest form of the deviltry, however, is still a mystery to the general public. As an illustration of what it was I shall relate an incident which came under my official observation.

At the close of the war the South was bankrupt. Even the owners of rich plantations were unable to plant. They had no money, no credit, and no stock. Most of the working stock then in the country was in the hands of the negroes. Stray horses and abandoned mules had been picked up by them in the wake of Sherman's army, and although they were lame, sick, and shoulder-sore crow-baits, which could hardly be expected to live, many of them did recover, and of course remained in possession of the negroes who had picked them up and cared for them. Then, in order to stimulate the revival of agriculture, the government had loaned out all its surplus animals, and negroes had been the principal borrowers. Hence, as I have already said, they held most of the working stock, and were really in a better condition to plant than most plantation-owners. All they needed was the land, and that also was forthcoming. Some planters, shrewder than their neighbors, took advantage of the situation and rented their

plantations in lots to their former slaves on very favorable terms. The renting negroes, generally the more industrious and enterprising of their race, stimulated by the novel sensation of being their own masters, went earnestly to work, and it soon became apparent that their ventures would prove successful. Now the favorite idea among the white people of the South at that time was that freedom meant starvation for the negro. So confident were they in the truth of this assumption that they deemed it a duty to help along the inevitable by suppressing what they were pleased to consider exceptions to the general rule. The views generally held were that "nigger" planting would inevitably fail, and that the sooner the "niggers" could be made to realize that fact the better it would be for them and for the country. Such views, honestly held by the vast majority of white people, made mule-lifting a possibility. They thought it was a good joke, and calculated to teach a valuable lesson. So at night the mules belonging to industrious colored planters would be driven off, sometimes eight or ten miles, and often into the middle of some almost impenetrable swamp, and weeks would elapse before they were recovered, if they ever were recovered at all. Of course the deviltry was very generally deprecated by the gentlemen of the vicinity. They pronounced it shameful, and with great unanimity attributed it to mischievous boys or jealous colored men.

Complaints of mule-stealing, as it was believed to be, accumulated at headquarters, and assumed proportions which it was impossible to ignore. The civil authorities appeared to be unable or unwilling to deal with the matter successfully; in fact, they had never made a single arrest, and claimed to be utterly ignorant as to the criminals. So a cavalry detachment was ordered to Johnson County, which seemed to be the headquarters of the thieves, to investigate the mystery. The sergeant in command of the party received detailed instructions how to proceed, and was cautioned to avoid collision with the civil officers. He was instructed to do nothing until he had a clear case, then to swear an information before the nearest justice of the peace, and, if no action was taken by him within a certain time, to arrest the parties and bring them to Raleigh. Nothing was heard from the sergeant for over a week. It was expected that in course of time he would be able to learn the methods of the mule-lifters, and perhaps bring some of them to justice. The idea that the depredators were boys was generally believed at headquarters, and the scare of a single arrest it was thought would put an end to the deviltry. Imagine our astonishment one morning then when we found two prominent, high-minded, well-educated gentlemen of the county prisoners in the Bull Pen. The "Bull Pen" was the common guard-house or military prison at Raleigh. Of such prominence were the parties arrested that the provisional governor of the State was at military headquarters immediately after

daylight to procure their release. There was considerable bluster on the part of the governor about this unwarrantable outrage upon two cultured gentlemen, and the general was disposed to think that the sergeant perhaps had overstepped his authority; but the evidence against the parties was so conclusive, and the sergeant had acted so strictly within his instructions, that the governor from demanding came to pleading for their release, and was satisfied to receive as a favor what he had come to demand as a right. The gentlemen (?) were released, and mule-lifting languished from that day forward. The "mischievous boys" found out that it was less of a lark than they had at first believed it to be, and abandoned it for the more devilish diversion of ku-kluxing.

The hatred of Yankees, which had been very generally revived and intensified by the philanthropic efforts of the North, and the actions of the Freedman's Bureau in behalf of the negroes, was mild indeed compared with the hatred entertained for "scallawags." Scallawags were Southern men who accepted the situation and were willing to meet the Yankees half-way in their efforts to restore confidence and prosperity to the South. They had no apparent hatred of Northern men, had every confidence in the good intentions of the government, respected its officers, and could even be civil to "school-marms." This last was considered a depth of degradation only to be equaled by marrying a daughter to a nigger. They were not numerous. It required rare courage to be a scallawag in those days. As an illustration of the difficulties and dangers they had to encounter, I shall cite a case which came under my official observation.

Reports of prosecutions, which were simply persecutions, had been accumulating at headquarters for some time. Most of them were genuine cases, no doubt, but as the forms of law had been strictly observed in each case, and the victims had had the benefit of a public trial by a legal jury, good grounds for military interference were difficult to find. At last a report was received which contained features specially entitled to military consideration. The report was from a resident of a neighboring county, and stated that the writer had been appointed captain of county police for his county by General Schofield immediately after Johnston's surrender, and had acted in that capacity for about a year; that numerous suits had now been brought against him in the county court for acts done in his official capacity, and in obedience to orders from the general then commanding in the State; that damages had been laid in amounts which aggregated more than he was worth; and that he felt sure the juries would award the full amount in each case, as it was the purpose and intention of the suits to ruin him and run him out of the county. This was a case which clearly demanded military attention, and it became my duty to investigate it.

I found my way to the plantation indicated in the report, and met

with a hostile reception from half a dozen hounds, which seemed to have the hatred of the national uniform common to that section of country, and a hearty welcome from Mr. S., the owner of the plantation and the dogs, and the author of the report above referred to. I was agreeably surprised to find Mr. S. at home, as he was believed by his neighbors to have been in New York for several weeks past. I found, however, that he had only been in hiding. His life had been attempted in the village some three weeks before, and he deemed it wise to keep in-doors pending his appeal to the military authorities. He did not seem disposed to give the details of the affair, but after a little prompting he said a personal enemy had attacked him in the village with a double-barreled shot-gun about three weeks before, but, fortunately, the first shot missed its mark, and he had no opportunity to fire the second. I asked if he killed the man, and he answered, "No; I had nothing to kill him with, but I left him with both his arms broken. And, by the way, his is the only modern suit against me. He sues for so many dollars—I forget the amount mentioned—for injuries received, and he will recover every cent of it if the case comes before a jury in this county." I began to think I had struck a cheerful place to live in, but said nothing.

It was about dusk when I arrived at the plantation, and Mr. S. entertained me during the evening, over a glass of peach and honey, with the story of his life during and since the war. He was the owner of a large and well-stocked plantation, and a major of militia, when the war broke out. He did not pretend to any special loyalty for himself, but said there were lots of Union men in the State in 1861, and that he managed to keep out of the war during the whole four years. He commanded the home guards of his district, and was chiefly employed in arresting deserters and hunting up those who avoided conscription.

The duty was not congenial to his tastes and, as he said, not very zealously performed. He never had but one chance to make himself famous, and he lacked the nerve to take advantage of it. It was some time during the war,—I forget what year he specified, but there was an election pending in North Carolina, and considerable reactionary feeling had manifested itself. He was then at the head of about three hundred home guards, all old men, and most of them disaffected towards the Confederacy. The idea frequently occurred to him to declare for the Union and march with his three hundred men towards Tennessee. He said he felt sure they would all have followed him, and that his three hundred would have increased so on the march that he might have been able even to maintain himself in the mountains without leaving the State. But, he said, the necessity of leaving his family to the tender mercies of Confederate troopers determined him against it. But, he added, it was a grand idea, and perfectly feasible.

After a short pause, devoted, no doubt, to a contemplation of what

might have been, he proceeded somewhat as follows: "When Sherman's army came along, there was great consternation here. I was still at home, and determined to remain, although all my male neighbors had taken to their heels as if an army of barbarians were approaching. I had not long to wait. The bummers made their appearance a good two hours before the advance-guard of the army, and the way they cleared up things was a caution. Not a pound of meat or an ounce of meal was left on the premises. The negroes had taken their departure, and all the live-stock had been killed or driven off. When the hurricane was over, there was nothing left on the plantation but my wife, my two daughters, myself, and a barrel of pease. I confess I was a little angry, but I realized in a moment that that would do no good. It was war times, and rough treatment was to be expected. One thing was certain: there was no use in my staying at home simply to help my family to starve; so I told Mrs. S. that she and the girls must do the best they could on the barrel of pease till I returned; that I intended going with the Yankees, at least as far as Raleigh, where I might be able to gather up something to live on for a month or two.

"Well, I started on foot, with neither blanket nor haversack, determined to be cheerful and take such fortune as fate awarded to me. I joined one of the columns and soon made acquaintances. They may have been a little suspicious of me at first, and I have learned since that I was closely watched for several days, but they did not show it at all, and shared their rations—and sometimes their bed—with me as if I had been a brother. By the time we got to Raleigh I had quite a circle of military acquaintances, and began to think I had some friends. Of course I told them my story, and I suppose they verified it in some way; at any rate, they seemed to believe it. I met General Sherman himself at Raleigh, and he seemed to know my story as well as I did myself. I only stayed three days in Raleigh. At the end of that time I started home with as many animals as I had lost, and meat and breadstuffs enough to last me to the new crop. Of course the mules and horses were sore-backed and sadly broken down, but they would get over that, and I would be able to cultivate my plantation again. I tell you I was a happy man, not so much for what I had got as because I was right in my estimation of the Yankees.

"My short campaign with General Sherman no doubt brought my name to the knowledge of General Schofield, and led to my appointment as captain of county police, which in its turn led me into my present difficulties. The county police was a volunteer organization, the members of which served without pay. It was designed to check lawlessness in the county until the State government got into shape. The county police had no power to punish. When they had arrested a man and sent him to the nearest military post their power was exhausted. Now you know the circumstances which have turned all

the ex-Confederates against me and made me what they call a 'scallawag.' To-morrow I shall drive you up to the court-house, and you can read for yourself what they have against me, and I tell you candidly that unless the military authorities come to my assistance they will ruin me. I do not pretend to know how I can be saved: perhaps I cannot be saved. I feel, however, that I have a right to protection for the acts done by me under the authority of the United States."

By this time it was almost midnight and I retired, first to ponder over my host's story, and then to dream new versions of it, horribly distorted, until morning.

Nine o'clock next morning saw us on our way to the court-house. We had some little distance to drive, perhaps a mile and a half, but the roads were good and the morning was beautiful, and the distance seemed very short indeed. I noticed that we were objects of curiosity to people whom we passed, and that some whom we met actually turned and followed us back towards the village. We drove to the sheriff's residence, where we found that officer and also the county clerk. After formal and, as I thought, somewhat elaborate introductions, Mr. S. stated my business to the clerk, and said that I wanted to see the docket. We then dismounted from the buggy, and followed the clerk and sheriff to the court-house building. The docket was produced, and with the assistance of Mr. S. and the clerk I soon had the extracts which I desired copied into my note-book. Meantime most of the male inhabitants of the village had dropped into the court-house, accidentally as it were, and taken a furtive glance at the proceedings. Our business having been done, Mr. S. and I returned to the buggy, and after taking a turn through the village, just to see the place, he drove me to the railway station, and I returned to Raleigh.

I have been thus particular in describing all that was said and done on this occasion to bring out more clearly, in view of the consequences, the effect at that time of the uniform of the United States upon a rather turbulent, not very intelligent, and decidedly disloyal community.

Three days after my return to Raleigh I received a jubilant note from Mr. S., saying that every suit against him had been withdrawn. Within an hour after my departure offers of compromise came crowding in. These he firmly declined, and next day every suit was withdrawn. My visit, he said, had saved him his fortune. This fortunate termination of the case made further proceedings on the part of the military superfluous.

But the "scallawag" was not the only unfortunate to be found in North Carolina at the time of which I write. The "buffalo" led even a more hazardous existence. He derived his name probably from the fact that he was considered legitimate game at all seasons of the year, and was stalked, trailed with dogs, and hunted on horseback at the

pleasure of the hunter. His principal habitat was in the western part of the State, in the wilds of the Blue Ridge, and along the Tennessee border.

I have often heard it said that mountaineers are always patriotic. To a certain extent this was true of Western North Carolina. While a majority of the inhabitants perhaps acquiesced in secession, a very respectable minority opposed it, and a few were intensely loyal. I have heard prisoners of war who had escaped from Salisbury and other prison-pens of the South tell the story of their escape, and they never failed to dwell with manifest delight upon their experiences in passing through this region. Not that it was a pleasure-trip by any means. Danger surrounded them on every side, but the danger was sweetened with sympathy. So many were ready to risk their lives on their behalf, so many were ready to hide them, counsel them, feed them, and guide them over the mountains to the Union lines in Tennessee, that they forgot their dangers and fancied themselves in a wholly friendly land. Indeed, many of these hardy mountaineers became voluntary exiles, and elected to follow the fortunes of the escaped prisoners rather than be forced to fight against the flag they loved. I remember a story, told me by an ex-colonel of Union cavalry who had been stationed in East Tennessee, which is to the point.

His regiment was on duty in East Tennessee, and with a small portion of it he had pushed forward and occupied an advanced post near the North Carolina border. Escaped prisoners and Union refugees were occasionally picked up, often in a truly pitiable condition, but it was necessary to be extremely careful in dealing with them. Appearances were often deceitful and Unionism feigned. The country was full of bushwhackers and partisan troops ready to run any risk for valuable information. So the colonel was cautious, and disposed to look with suspicion on every man seeking to enter the Union lines.

Shortly after sunrise one morning a man was reported as approaching the station from the direction of the border, and the colonel went out to take a look at him. Shoeless and hatless, a moving mass of rags, with bleeding feet and hollow, fiery eyes, the man stumbled up to the picket-guard, and, throwing himself on the ground, sobbed out, as the tears coursed down his weather-beaten cheeks, "Thank God for this!" The colonel eyed him for a moment, remembered that he occupied an advanced post, that his force was small, that the country was full of guerrillas, and that this might be one of them playing refugee, although he was forced to admit that he played mighty well. The safety of his command was a prime consideration, however, and he was determined not to be imposed upon, even if humanity should be outraged; so he spoke sharply to the sobbing man, ordering him to stop his blubbering and tell who he was and what he wanted at once. Like a flash the man was on his feet; the tears were hastily brushed away

with the remnants of a sleeve which still clung to his tattered coat; his eye dilated and flashed fire, and his whole frame quivered with suppressed excitement as he replied, "I am a Union man. Give me a hunk of bread and a gun." No whining about the hardships he had endured, or the home he had been forced to leave; no protestations of loyalty; not a word even about the wife and children he had left behind; yet every man who heard him seemed instinctively to know the story he could tell. It was written in his condition, in every line of his face, and in the fierce earnestness of his manner,—in characters so unmistakable that he who ran might read. Even the colonel was convinced, and the Union army got a recruit that day who had an interest in the war. Hundreds of such men found their way, singly and in squads, within the Union lines; and when the war was over, and those of them who lived to see the end were mustered out, they hastened back to their beloved hills, and hunted up the loved ones still alive, and with the pay and bounty saved began to build new homes, happy in the thought that now, the war being over, everybody could be friends. But there they erred: for them the war was only just begun.

It was, I think, in the fall of 1866 that a correspondent of the *New York Herald* penetrated into the mountains of North Carolina, and it was one of his letters—headed, if I remember rightly, "The war not yet over"—that led to my being sent up into that region to see about it. A copy of the letter, in the form of a clipping from the *Herald*, had been inclosed in a communication from the Secretary of War to the commander of the United States troops in North Carolina, directing him to investigate the matter and report, and I was sent over the mountains to gather facts. It was in this *Herald* clipping that I first learned about "buffaloes." I studied it carefully, and came to the conclusion that if the facts alleged were only half true, the "buffaloes" deserved the sympathy of every loyal man, not to mention the protection of the government. I had heard the ex-colonel's story before this, and reflected that the man who wanted "a hunk of bread and a gun," if he lived to return to his home, was perhaps at that very moment being hunted as a "buffalo."

My preparations for the journey were soon made. Of course I could not go in uniform, not but that it would have been perfectly safe. At that time where the uniform was not loved it was feared. But I felt that an army officer would be able to learn very little on such a subject. I had observed that thoughts generally put on loyal raiment before they ventured out in the presence of an officer, and that it was almost impossible for him to get at the real facts in any case connected with the war.. It was easier work for a civilian, especially if he seemed in sympathy with the South and in no way connected with the government. So I doffed the uniform, and wore colors less likely to advertise my sympathies.

I crossed the mountains from Morganton in an old army ambulance, which did duty on that *route* as a mail-wagon. I was the only passenger. The roads were rough, the cattle poor, and the journey tedious. It took two days. I had ridden in an ambulance before, and often wondered if a more exquisite instrument of torture could have been devised. My doubts were now set at rest. I was satisfied that, on a rough road, for downright discomfort an army ambulance can beat a bucking mule. I arrived at Asheville feeling as if I had crossed the mountains on a "regular Mexican plug."

I started westward next morning on horseback, and in a sociable mood. I determined to talk to everybody I met, and cunningly turn the conversation on the subject that had brought me there. Nothing seemed easier in contemplation, nothing was more difficult in practice. I fear I was a sad blunderer. I generally succeeded in exciting suspicion, and never induced confidence. In fact, I never got to my subject. There seemed to be no road to it, either from the weather or the crops. At last I stumbled on a subject which was my salvation. It was the projected railroad. Everybody seemed to be interested in that, and I soon saw that they connected me with it in some way which was to my advantage. So I talked railroad from that time forward. I took the character manifestly awarded me by common consent, and talked from the stand-point of a railroad contractor. I talked about labor and wages, and the hire of horses and carts. I was informed that the labor available for my kind of work in that section of country was not first-class. Niggers were not numerous, and the few that were to be found were too lazy and too saucy to work. Poor whites were numerous enough, but they had been completely demoralized by the war. Those of them who had been in the army were very good men, but there were many skulkers in that region. Men who were too cowardly to go to the war, and too lazy to work at home. They had hid in the woods during the war, and had got so used to that kind of life that they preferred it to any other.

This of course was very interesting, and a few questions on the subject were natural. Were there many living that kind of life? How did they manage to subsist? Could they be reclaimed? And other similar questions were propounded, and the answers received from dozens of different sources may be summarized as follows. There were not very many actually living in the mountain, perhaps six or eight, but they had so many friends, relations, and sympathizers in the community that they were not only well supplied with food and information, but actually reinforced at the right moment so as to be able to beat off the sheriff's posse when it went in search of them. Most of them are criminals under indictment, and a rope is the only reliable means of reformation.

I was now in the county designated by the *Herald* correspondent

as the theatre of operations against the man of whom I was in search, and although I had heard much about his class in general, I had not even heard his name mentioned. This was not only strange but annoying. At last I was driven to the direct question, Who is this man Massey that I hear so much about? and the ice being broken, I asked it frequently. The answers amounted to this: he was a traitor, a shirk, a coward, a spy, a guide to Yankee prisoners, a thief, and a murderer during the war, and towards its close actually went over to the enemy. But when the war was over he turned up again, rebuilt his house, and attempted to resume farming. About a year ago he was indicted for some of his crimes, and would have been arrested and tried, but he took to the mountain, and has been living there ever since. The sheriff has not been able thus far to arrest him, but in a month or two Jack Frost will drive him down from the mountain, and then the law will attend to him if the people give it a chance. Why haven't we trailed him with dogs! We have tried it, but without success. Massey is more cunning than a fox, and a dog on his trail is soon at fault. Besides, he is a desperate man, swift as a deer, and a dead shot with any kind of firearm. He carries a repeating rifle which he brought with him from the Yankee army, and never misses his mark with it. About a month ago he came to Joe B.'s shanty on the outskirts of the town, and sent word to the sheriff that he was there, and would submit to arrest, provided the sheriff came alone. Just think of the cheek of the man! An indicted criminal making conditions with the officers of the law! But the sheriff paid no attention to the proviso. He summoned a posse of twelve, divided them into two parties, and approached the front and rear of the house at the same time. Massey was there and would have been caught, only the party in front showed itself too soon, and he slipped out at the back door and made for the woods, passing right through the second party, which was advancing in skirmishing order. Of course they fired at him, and the sheriff thinks he was hit, but he got away all the same. The sheriff's party were not so fortunate. Two of them were dropped by Massey in the running fight, and although they are not dangerously wounded, they have not been able to be about since. Of course new indictments will be found against him for these last crimes. The old indictments are for sheep- and cattle-stealing, robbery, and murder. He was a perfect terror in this region during the war when all the men were away in the army. He was captain of a gang of bushwhackers, and claimed to belong to the Yankee army, but that was merely pretense, although he and his gang did ultimately go over to the enemy.

I had heard enough on that side. How was I to hear the other? Massey it seemed had many friends, yet I had met none of them. Buffaloes were said to be plenty, but I had seen none. I wondered if I would have been equally unsuccessful if I had come in

uniform. Perhaps the people piped what they thought would be a pleasant tune. If they knew that I was an army officer perhaps somebody would change the tune and let me hear the other side. I determined to try the experiment the first opportunity.

I made an early start next day, taking the road towards the mountains. It was a raw, misty morning, and where the road was not rocky it was knee-deep in mud,—a soft alluvial deposit, washed down by recent rains. The road was evidently the bed of a mountain torrent. I was beginning to get discouraged, and so was my horse. He carried his head mighty low, and I determined, not altogether for his sake, that this should be our last day in the county. If I succeeded in meeting a possible buffalo I should approach him as an army officer. I had plenty of time to think it all over. Houses were scarce on the road I had taken, and there seemed to be no inhabitants at all. At last, about eleven o'clock, I sighted a man and a boy. The man was building a stone fence with boulders taken from the road, and the boy was watching him. As soon as I hove in sight the boy began to whistle. He was perhaps ten or twelve years old, and whistled as if he had been brought up to the business. Was he whistling for fun? I doubted it, because the man never once raised his head, although he must have heard me approaching, and travelers were scarce enough to be curiosities in that region. I halted abreast of the man, who simply returned my good-morning and went on with his work. The boy had stopped whistling, and eyed me with an exceedingly sharp expression on his face. I asked where I could get a drink of water. The man replied, "The spring is behind the house." Could the boy get me a cup from the cabin? The boy replied, "There is a gourd at the spring." They evidently did not relish my presence. The man especially was very sulky. He continued his work, answering in monosyllables without looking up, and I felt sure I was in the presence of a buffalo. In spite of the incivility I had experienced I was delighted. I dismounted, and the man straightened himself up for the first time and looked at me. Approaching to within a few feet I whispered to him as if I did not wish the boy to hear. "You need not be afraid of me; I am an officer of the United States army and am here on business." The hammer slipped from his hand, and after a short pause, during which he stroked his long beard and looked at the boy, he said, "Go and get some milk for the gentleman." The boy hastened away; but before he started I saw a look of intelligence pass between him and the man, which led me to believe that bringing the milk was not all he was ordered to do. During the boy's absence I conversed further with the man, and showed him my orders as evidence of my *bona-fide* character. He was not easily convinced, but at last he seemed satisfied. About this time the boy returned with the milk, and I noticed the same look pass between father and son—for that was their relation—as I had

noticed when he got the order to fetch it. Manifestly they could converse without using words.

It is impossible to reproduce the picture presented by this man and boy. Every movement and look was that of a hunted animal. It had become second nature to them. The boy in particular attracted my attention. I complimented him on his whistling, and again I noticed the peculiar look at his father. It passed like a flash, and I was more convinced than ever that the boy did not whistle for fun.

In course of time the man became more communicative. He said he had been a soldier in the —th North Carolina, a Union regiment. It was the first time I had heard of North Carolina regiments in the Union army, and I was a little skeptical. However, I did not interrupt, and I found out afterwards that the man was right. He served but a short time, and was mustered out at the close of the war. He had not been molested so far, but he had few friends among the ex-Confederates, who seemed to think that they had been the victors. He was permitted to live in peace, because he was poor and had never been prominent. His cousin Massey had a fine farm before the war. But he was a Union man, and incurred the hatred of the Confederates. He took to the woods rather than enter the rebel army, and they burnt his house down because his wife would not tell where he was hid. His family had a hard time of it; in fact, they were homeless. This no doubt made Massey worse than he otherwise would have been. He collected a party of escaped prisoners, and armed them in some way, and I must say they helped themselves liberally as they marched through. After that Massey got a captain's commission, and came here to raise a company, and it was while thus employed that most of the acts were done for which he has been indicted. When the war was over Massey rebuilt his house, but it was burned down again after he took to the woods from the sheriff. Yes, Massey was in the house when you came up, but he heard the signal, and by this time is where it would be difficult to find him. He may not be back for two or three nights. Could he come to Raleigh? Certainly he could; Massey is not afraid to go anywhere. He even was willing to be arrested by the sheriff alone. He is willing to stand trial on the indictments. But he will not submit to a posse. If he did, he never would reach the jail. Dead men cannot testify, and it would be easy to say he was killed when trying to escape. If you think it necessary that he should come to Raleigh, I will tell him so the next time I see him, and you may depend upon it he will come.

And he did. If I remember rightly, he was there before I got back. At any rate, the season for "buffalo"-hunting was at an end. A squadron of cavalry occupied the country through the winter, and so long as the military continued supreme in the State the "buffaloes" were safe.

(To be continued.)

THE RESCUE.

FROM out the awful silence of the ice-bound fields
A voice cries, faint and weak,
Yet with such anguish riven, the plaintive tones are heard
E'en to the summer-glowing land,
Where purling streams and soft, gentle rains,
And glorious sunshine flecking blossom-laden trees,
And flowering fields give promise of the harvest-home to be.

"Oh, come!" the small voice cries;
"For we have waited long and struggled sore
'Gainst the grim monster of this merciless clime,
The sole inhabitant of the barren waste,
The gaunt and ghastly form, Starvation's self.
Come, come now; ere it be too late."
And fainter it more piercing grows, the voice,
Until the mother, starting in her sleep,
Hears her own darling's tone, and waking, cries, "I come!"

And the brave wife, who through
Grave doubts and fears has bravely struggled on,
Is haunted by the ceaseless voice,
And prays to heaven, in unfortunate despair,
To grant, in mercy grant, that succor may repair
To the lone, suffering ones.

The prayer is answered;
For in the souls of gallant men the sorrowing voice is heard.
With quick and ready hearts and willing hands,
And active brains and stern resolve to win,
The cheering cry goes up, "We come! we come!"
Bear on a little longer, brave heroic band,
For succor, full and bounteous, is even now at hand.

Now flies abroad the generous spirit of self-sacrifice.
No boon too great, no gift too sweet, but it can be resigned
To the grand project inspiring mankind.

The mother-nation, too, takes up the cry,
And with rich gift of ship
And stores and ripe experience,
Aids the good work.

And now three ships have started,
Bent on that high cause of rescue to the dying.
Cheerfully leaving all that makes life beautiful,
And pushing on to where the voice still calls,
Now grown so dim no ear,
Save that of sweet humanity,
And even that faintly, hear.

On, on, they push!
The legions of the grim and grisly North
Array themselves in icy front;
With glistening spears, and rough
With howling winds and seething waves
And *burning* cold, repel
With all their mighty strength this invasion of their icy hell.

The Wizard of the Northland now uprears his hoary head,
And cries, "Back, back! he shall not come!
Thus far in my domain, or coming, ye shall stay!
For all who rashly venture thus are mine!"
And from out the plains of silence
Echo sadly answers, "Thine!"

No heed is given the warning;
Ever onward push the van.
A foot to-day is gained. Hurrah!
To-morrow may bring land.
And onward, ever onward, victory after victory won,
Our foes more stern and dreadful,
Till the rescuer's work is done!

Accomplished! But, ah heaven!
The joy is all o'ercast:
But seven of the heroic band left from the bitter past.
Just in the flush of triumph,
With names immortalized, their comrades sleep.
And o'er the ages will their deeds be handed down,
With the names of Greely, Schley, and Emory,
Living heroes of the land!

ONE OF THE DUANES.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. DUANE'S eyes were fastened contemplatively upon the rings which she turned and returned on her thin fingers, and, as was her habit when especially thoughtful or perplexed, she caressed her lower lip with her teeth in a gentle and considerate manner, as though she would not under any stress of temptation have allowed herself the privilege of ill-treating it.

It had once been remarked of Mrs. Duane by a lady who prided herself upon originality of conception as well as a caustic tongue, that "she looked as if nature had been out of colors at her birth, and had simply outlined her sketchily in black and white." The speech had possessed a certain grotesque aptness, and had been furtively smiled over to its maker's content; but, had the object of the witticism heard of it, she would have been neither vexed nor mortified. There were such realities as "symphonies in neutral tints," and if, by being destitute of color oneself, one could form a becoming background for a picturesquely charming daughter, why, it was something to be duly thankful for.

It was not of the sketchy manner in which she had been depicted on life's canvas that Mrs. Duane thought, however, as she sat in the bay-window of her pretty boudoir, nor yet of her privileges as an enlightened background for a beloved member of the newly-risen generation, but wholly of that beloved member herself.

The lady's reflections did not appear, in spite of their charming subject, to be of a thoroughly satisfactory nature, for the rings revolved with increasing rapidity, until their diamonds sent forth a fitful and spasmodic gleaming. Suddenly, however, at the very instant that another occupant of Mrs. Duane's boudoir had laboriously counted seventy-four twists of the shining bands, and was about to essay a sum in mental arithmetic as to how many more could be achieved in twenty minutes, provided five had been occupied by seventy-four turnings, a light dawned on the anxiously-clouded countenance, and Mrs. Duane gave utterance to her thoughts.

"Bonny, I've been calculating."

"I observed that you had, mamma," lazily rejoined a young woman, to whom the petting appellation "Bonny" seemed a not inappropriate one. "I've just given myself the trouble of counting seventy-four distinct calculations which became visible upon your poor little fingers, and I was eagerly expecting the seventy-fifth, when you broke the charm by speaking. Now, don't say a word about a girl who is so idle that she can find nothing more profitable to do than stare at her mother's fingers."

Mrs. Duane merely paused to smile faintly, as she always considered it polite to do in recognition of her daughter's sallies, and, after that fleeting tribute to family genius, continued as she had intended to do. "About your going South this winter, you know, dear. Of course you must go, since Dr. Emmet advises it so strongly, and yet, really, until this minute, I hadn't exactly decided how we were to manage it. There were the reasons we've discussed before,—your father's great unwillingness to leave town in the winter, and the discomfort of two ladies staying alone among strange people in a strange place, so far from home; but—the principal reason was one which, somehow, I was almost ashamed to mention to you. It seems so trifling, at least it always has; but I begin to learn that it is a thing we have got to consider, Bonny. It is—money."

"*Money?* Dear me!" interrupted Miss Duane, staring a little, unaffectedly.

"It is dreadfully stupid, isn't it?" half apologized her mother, for money had been until lately a thing not to be perplexed over, but simply to be spent. "You see, our summer at Saratoga was costly, with all our outfit, and since then your father has seemed a good deal worried over matters of expense. Has argued about 'retrenchment' till my head ached, and yet, if *I* broached the subject, said he was 'tired,' or 'didn't feel like talking just then.' That is *always* a bad sign with a man, especially one of your father's type, and—and there have been other things to trouble us both, so, altogether, our going South in *good style* (of *course* we couldn't do it otherwise) has been a puzzle to me."

"Give up the puzzle, then, mamma," the daughter advised. "I am sure I don't care to go away, and I don't believe I need to. It is rather interesting to have a vague and unaccustomed air of delicacy hanging about one; and, honestly, I should think it quite a pity to get rid of it. It does seem a little laughable, though, about the *money* part for *us*, doesn't it?" she continued, after an instant's pause, looking up from her low seat into her mother's eyes with a half-doubting, half-amused smile.

"*Laughable!*" echoed Mrs. Duane, in accents of poignant reproach. "I call it horrible. But it is not quite so bad now, when I have made up my mind as to what we are to do about you; that is" (anxiously)

"if *only* you can agree to the plan. It would obviate the large hotel bills, and the necessity for a costly new wardrobe, and, besides, I think your father really wants me at home with him this winter. I didn't mean at first to tell you, but perhaps I had better, so that you may quite understand, that some transactions, not—not exactly honorable, of your brother's, have recently come to light, and so your father has been obliged to make very large payments to certain men, rather than have things made public, which would be exceedingly distressing for us all. It has greatly upset your father, and so you see——"

"Has anything been heard of—of *him* lately?" whispered the girl, in a horrified tone, drawing nearer to her mother, and looking a little frightened and a good deal startled.

"Oh, no. Nothing whatever of him directly. We have absolutely no idea where he has been, or of the life he has lived, for the last three years and more. Even his wretched wife, in writing from San Francisco for a larger sum of money than your father has allowed her, mentioned that she had not the slightest knowledge of his whereabouts. It is possible he may be dead, but I cannot help trusting it is not so, although your father often tells me it would be best for him and for us all if he were gone where he could do no further harm. I can't wish it, Bonny, I cannot! and I beg your father not to speak so. I try to think of him as he was when he was my baby,—my pretty, innocent boy,—so long ago; and my heart yearns over him yet. It may be best, perhaps, that others believe him dead, and I suppose most people do,—those who haven't forgotten his very existence in the years since he left us and went wrong."

Isabel, or "Bonny" Duane, as she was usually called, put out her hand and laid it caressingly upon that of her mother, who had all through been speaking very fast and confusedly, and now was struggling with a rising tide of tears.

The subject so reluctantly broached was one which, with common consent, was "tabooed" by the entire family. It was their sole skeleton, which they kept religiously shut up in its legitimate closet; and now Miss Duane hastened to imprison it again by changing the centre of her mother's thoughts. "Well, we must try to forget much, too, mamma. And now about this wonderful puzzle. We have branched off upon a dozen other matters, but I haven't heard yet how you have solved it."

"Why," explained Mrs. Duane, with a lightening countenance and a relieved little sigh, "you know how often Mrs. Revere has invited you to visit her since we met her at Newport three summers ago, and now the captain is stationed at Fort Barrancas (which is lovely, she writes, in spite of being 'on the wrong side of Florida'), and she would be perfectly delighted to have you, I am sure. There you would find the soft climate necessary to you now. You could wear

out all the dresses you had made for Saratoga last season, you would be well chaperoned by Mrs. Revere, and you would have pleasant society about you, no doubt, in the garrison." The little lady paused, fairly spent with the eagerness of her desire to present her plan in its most attractive light. Then, as Bonny made no immediate answer, she added, appealingly, "*What* do you think of it, dear?"

"Well, I scarcely know, mamma," returned prudent Bonny, dubiously. "It would be a bore, rather. Mrs. Revere is well enough, but we were never entirely congenial; and as for her husband, the noble captain, I always had a sensation as of my tenderest nerves being torn up by their roots whenever I was left for half an hour alone in his society. Those aren't exactly the sentiments one could wish to entertain towards people within whose gates one contemplated abiding for any length of time. One would deserve that their bread and salt should give one a violent dyspepsia."

"We are not Arabians, my dear," replied the elder lady, astutely; "and, besides, they have been welcomed to *our* bread and salt, and a good deal else, more than once in the last three years. Then," she went on, in an altered tone, "you would think differently of them when you were in their home. Of course you would. And Mrs. Revere I know would be everything that is kind. I cannot bear to think of your leaving me for so long, but you would be safe with her, and your father, of course, would make the journey with you. It is the best I can think of, and I was *much* in hopes you would favor the plan." She looked so little and pale and harassed, as she lifted her eyes to gaze unseeingly through the window, that her daughter melted immediately.

"I'm not sure but I *do* favor it. I will favor it, if it would please you, mamma. Come, we will make up our minds this instant, and call it decided, shall we? There, then, let me lead you in a triumphal procession to your davenport, where you may, while the ardor is upon you, indite a properly gushing letter to our *dear*, kind Mrs. Revere, and tell her with what girlish delight your little Isabel looks forward to seeing her and her husband again. You may omit to mention my wild transports at being enabled to wear out last season's gowns among her benighted friends, who will, doubtless, believe them the very 'latest' from Worth," cried naughty Bonny, as she caught her mother's arm and led her towards the desk, singing at the top of her still unimpaired lungs the appropriate strains of "Hold the Fort, for I am coming," until Mrs. Duane besought her to desist.

There had been a time, and not long ago, when the Duanes had never stopped to count the cost, in a mercenary sense, of anything that they desired. Their home in New York was perfection; they had for generations possessed a charming country-seat at a "ville" bearing the family name, and which of late years had been deserted (save by a

maiden sister of Bonny's father, who made it her home by choice) in favor of newer and more fashionable resorts. The ladies of the family had always been accustomed to gratifying every fancy in regard to travel and dress; and now, when retrenchment and economy suddenly seemed necessary, it must be managed by ways invisible to Mrs. Grundy's inquisitive eyes. This requirement would at first be met by Bonny with a certain amused bewilderment, at least until it had ceased to be interesting as a novelty, but to Mrs. Duane the necessity had brought humiliation and dismay. When one has been first, it is a galling thing to step gracefully into a place lower down and farther back. That was the light in which she viewed it, not for herself, but for her family in general and her daughter in particular; still, at all events they were "the Duanes," which fact alone placed them on an eminence. And Bonny was a beauty. Not merely a very pretty girl among other pretty girls, but a beauty *par excellence*, who had been *fêted* on the continent and in England, and who reigned a belle wherever she went, by right of her shining hazel eyes and Titian-yellow hair (which nature, not art, had given her), her incomparable skin and figure, and last, though not least, the charm of her frank, bright ways. Next to being a beauty oneself is to be the mother of a beauty, most women would consider, but to Mrs. Duane it was a thing inestimably better.

Since the loss of an only son, much older than Bonny, in a manner which to the parents had seemed more grievous than death, the one remaining child had become as the whole of the world to Mrs. Duane, for all the woman's instincts were essentially maternal. The earth seemed made for lovely Bonny to be happy in; the sun shone to warm and render her beauty more radiant, and whatever Bonny chose to do or say was necessarily perfect, although sometimes unquestionably provoking.

The majority of the fortunate maiden's acquaintances were more or less of the same opinion regarding her, and thus she had unconsciously grown to believe herself a very delightful creature,—to believe herself so once for all, and then to forget about it. The comfortable idea lay somewhere at the lowest depth of her inner consciousness, but it was dormant, and if any one had informed Miss Isabel Duane that she was an insufferably vain young woman,—proud of her cleverness, her accomplishments, and her beauty,—she would have been at once horrified and astonished.

The girl's father—"Judge" Duane, as he was called by courtesy, although his judgeship had been for some years a thing of the past—was also proud of his only daughter, but in the peculiarly calm, undemonstrative reserved fashion which was one of his predominant characteristics.

Bonny stood a tiny bit in awe of this stately parent, with his clear-

cut, somewhat sombre countenance (such an utter contrast as he was to the gentle little mother), and, when the "Southern plan" (as she called it rather contemptuously) was definitely decided upon, she experienced an actual and guilty dread of essaying the long journey in his sole companionship. Or rather, to put it more clearly, as it was in her mind, she dreaded *his* making the journey with herself in the responsible position of companion. She invariably felt that she was after all intellectually but a small, insignificant, and painfully *young* person, when obliged to put forth her conversational powers for the judge's benefit. He had such an alarming way of looking steadily into the centre of her forehead, as if gauging the capacity of her brain, while she prattled her prettiest; and all she found to say seemed in her own ears poor and forced, while that calm gaze was fastened upon her in the half-abstracted, half-analyzing manner that he had, and yet she instinctively desired to be capable of entertaining him. How she should manage a protracted course of such "entertainment" as would be worthy of herself and him, all the way from New York to Pensacola, she found it impossible to conceive, not being possessed of the fertility of a Scheherazaide; and therefore, although she would not have confessed it to herself or the dearest of bosom friends, she was forced to stifle a buoyant sense of relief when her father was unexpectedly summoned by urgent business to Chicago the very day before she had expected to leave New York. Her arrangements were all completed,—her tickets purchased, her boxes packed, and altogether a delay would be inexpressibly vexatious. She had not wished to go, but now, since the thing was inevitable, let it be done quickly. Her father could not in all probability return in less than two weeks, so why might she not go alone? There would be no danger. She would actually enjoy the spice of adventure. Mr. Howell's heroines, one and all, would delight in it, and accomplish the journey surrounded by a neat little halo of jaunty propriety, why not she?

The power of the girl's personality, exerted unconsciously, was sufficiently more intense than her mother's almost to compel acquiescence with her will, whatever it might be; but in this instance the strength of the elder refused to be wholly overthrown. If some trusty acquaintance could be found, who intended going at least the greater part of the distance, within a few days, Bonny might be placed in his or her care, since she was so very impatient, and determined not to wait for her father, which would be indisputably the best plan, etc. So far she would, under pressure, accord her consent, but no further, and the judge's opinion, hastily delivered on the eve of his departure, was emphatically to the same effect.

Rather oddly, such a person was discovered, by dint of remarkable exertion on the part of Miss Duane. An elderly lady, with whom the family had a slight but agreeable acquaintance, intended

traveling as far as Montgomery, and would be willing to start a few days earlier than she had originally expected to accommodate Bonny. Thus it came about that the willful young lady suffered a delay of but twenty-four hours in beginning what proved to be a somewhat eventful journey South.

CHAPTER II.

Two people were pacing up and down the platform at the Pensacola depot in the starlit dawn of a January morning. In spite of the southern latitude there was a keenness in the air, which induced the lady to draw the military cape she had borrowed from her husband very closely about a tiny form that was half obliterated in the heavy folds.

As they walked, the light of an occasional, dimly-burning lamp flashed across the faces of the couple, making visible the black hair, small, aquiline features, and pale-gray, dark-lashed eyes of the lady, and the heavy, rubicund countenance of the man, with its thick nose, long, square upper lip, puffy eyelids, and lustreless, drab-colored hair. Some jetted trimming sparkled under the dark-blue cloth cape, while its wearer wrapped it with a sudden, quick movement about her shoulders and arms, saying, as she did so, "You are sure you're not cold, and don't need this again yourself, Dolf?" Then adding, with a certain suspicious hastiness, lest perchance her words might cause him to repent his late generosity, "It does feel *so* comfortable to me."

"Does it? Very good; then keep it," was the terse response; and having for the sixth time promenaded down all the dismal length of platform, they began a more rapid return march.

"Will that train *never* come, I wonder?" the lady presently ejaculated, fretfully. "I should really be interested in learning why it must *invariably* be late from the Junction, especially when at the best it gets in at such an unearthly hour that it is a complete martyrdom to those who have to wait for it. It's quite fiendish, I declare! If I hadn't thought it might have seemed the least bit ungracious and—and *queer* to Mrs. Duane when she heard of it, I would have let you come up to Pensacola alone, and have quietly waited to welcome Bonny at Barrancas to-morrow, or rather, to-day, for I am very conscious that the night is fairly over."

"Yes," responded Captain Revere, apropos of all Mrs. Revere's remarks. The lady's conversation was, as a rule, in italics, while his motto was "deeds, not words." One of his mottoes at least, for he possessed a choice and varied collection, but this especially he managed to keep ever before him, even when alone with the wife of his bosom, who sometimes maliciously fancied it must not seldom become a fearful strain upon his nervous system, "*if he had any.*"

"I wonder if Jack Sidney will come in on the same train?" Mrs.

Revere began again, almost immediately, for it was livelier to talk to a man who would not answer than not to talk at all.

"Can't tell, I'm sure."

"I didn't suppose you could, but may not one have the privilege of wondering? Ah! there the train comes at last. Do you see the light on the track? I am devoutly thankful."

It was a very weary Bonny who joined the watchers on the platform five minutes later, having been met on her way to the car-door and effusively surrounded by Mrs. Revere's embrace, with the captain standing in the perspective.

"I am a perfect wreck," she announced, languidly, having duly responded to the welcome from her friends. "I believe I've left the greater portion of my individuality strewn in fragments along the road, such a bumping and shaking have I undergone. So kind of you both to meet me here at this hour."

There seemed to be somebody else, who exchanged a word of greeting with the Reveres, and then passed away into the darkness, but Miss Duane was by far too weary and preoccupied to take more than the vaguest note of this. They were all three speedily ensconced in a great lumbering, mustily-odorous vehicle, that looked from inside to consist almost entirely of cavernous dark corners, with flapping rags of curtains, that tapped against one's face as the "carriage" bounced along; and they were carried through the soft, purpling dawn over dim, narrow streets, above which wintry stars shone palely, to be finally deposited at the entrance of a court-yard darkly shadowed by trees, that loomed tall and straight against a background of sky and building, from whence issued a faint light. It was all dim and vague and dreamlike,—passing through broad halls, and finding oneself in an inviting retreat, where a big, hospitable fireplace gave the impression of reigning supreme over a realm of bare snowy floor, scattered brilliant rugs, spindle-legged bed and chairs and tables, and where there was a sweet pervading fragrance of burning cedar and pine. This was the picture painted upon Miss Duane's weary mind on that first night, of Pensacola's vaunted "Continental Hotel."

It was eleven o'clock next morning, and the air was vivid with sunshine, and perfumed with hints of salt water, pine groves, bananas, peanuts, and fish (as it always seems to be in Pensacola), when Bonny and her friends assembled on the balcony upon which the windows of their rooms opened. They were rested, had breakfasted on such Southern dainties as oysters (large as their hands), scallops stewed with rice, corn-cakes, preserved figs, and "sapodillas," and they were, therefore, graciously inclined to forget the trials of the night.

Judge Duane cherished a pronounced and deeply-rooted distaste for the South; therefore, in all her wanderings, Bonny had never

visited Florida before, and this first glimpse of the country loved by the sun was delightfully interesting to the girl.

She congratulated herself, in her gladness, that the fates had brought her where willingly she would not have come. With a childish enthusiasm, she informed herself that even the captain was more tolerable than of old, while as for Mrs. Revere, she could positively love her. And then they had both been really very kind.

She leaned over the vine-covered balcony railing to gaze with friendly interest at the passers-by, fancying she detected a latent romance lurking in each pair of lustrous Spanish eyes.

The steam-launch belonging to the garrison was expected to arrive in the afternoon, and would take them down the bay eight miles to Fort Barrancas. Therefore, as it was not yet noon, they had plenty of time to linger on the sunshiny balcony before setting forth upon the sight-seeing expedition which Bonny wished to undertake.

"By the way, my conscience warns me I ought to inform you how I distinguished myself as a traveler yesterday," the girl exclaimed, when she had wearied for the moment of watching the curious crowd below. "Oh, it was quite too horrid! I make a point of blushing every time I think of it."

"I see you do," observed Mrs. Revere, smiling, "and it is very becoming indeed. But I am all anxiety to hear your confession, my dear."

"If I had not had every atom of self-esteem taken out of my composition by this experience, I believe I should very religiously keep it to myself," Bonny said, ruefully; "but, as it is, I shall derive a ghastly enjoyment from holding myself up to ridicule. It was a comical tragedy, or, at least, I viewed it in that light. I don't know what it may have been to the other actor, unless it was *vice versa*."

"Oh, so there was another actor!" inserted Mrs. Revere, with a species of labored archness. "I do trust, for the sake of all rules of romance, that it was a young and interesting man."

"It *was* a man," Bonny returned, hastily,—"a *hateful* man. Not in the least degree interesting or romantic. But you shall hear and judge for yourself. It will console me a little to repeat the affair in as dramatic a manner as possible, so that you may skillfully be brought to view me more in the light of an actress in a sketchy farce than as my ordinary self in a private railway riot. Now please to imagine footlights dim, slow music, and all that sort of thing. Scene first is a parlor-car, containing a few cross and weary passengers, and one cross, weary, and very hungry damsel, who has but recently bidden a fond farewell to her chaperone, who deserted her at Montgomery. The train stops at a small and peculiarly unprepossessing station, around which the *dramatis personæ* seem mostly to consist of pigs. Water, coal, or something else mysteriously necessary to the engine's digestion, to be

taken on. During the pause visions of buns dance before the mind's eye of cross and hungry damsel, whose luncheon has been previously consumed. Why should not her appetite be appeased while that of the engine is being stayed? Bold resolution instantly is formed by her to rush forth among pigs and men and demand buns at the dilapidated yellow building, where a sign 'Railroad Lunch-Room' is alluringly displayed. Joyful thought! Music swells into triumphant march. The rash damsel tears herself with pronounced hesitation from the noble brown satchel, whose only fault is that it exactly resembles every other satchel of its size on the train, marks the precise situation of her chair with wary eye, and sallies forth unprotected from the car. Scene second, and if ye have tears, prepare to shed them now. The damsel is seen slowly, sadly returning, minus the coveted buns, but laden with leathery pie in brown straw paper, for which she has bartered the sum of thirty-five cents. Damsel thus laden, and assuming a deceitful appearance of content, walks once more into the parlor-car. Lights so dim, and thoughts so bent on 'pies and things,' that she stalks towards the haven where she fain would be without noting such trifling items as fellow-passengers. Reaches her chair; quick start of consternation! Drum, bass viol—crash! There is a man in it! He is youthful, he is well dressed, and, above all, he wears an air of audacious guilelessness. He actually presumes to be reading a newspaper, apparently oblivious of the damsel bearing the abject brown straw paper parcel, who, hesitating, yet not humbled, hovers near. Damsel glances about, sees new faces. A number of people evidently have entered at this last station, despite the prevalence of pigs, and most of the chairs are now occupied. Those that are not are piled with bundles and wraps. Landmark, in the shape of familiar brown satchel, finally determines the wavering damsel on her course. She coughs decorously, then speaks in a tone polite but firm, *quite* firm. 'I beg your pardon, sir, but really I fear I must request you to give me this chair, as it is mine.' Usurper glances coolly up. Tableau—surprise! He is polite also, but firm. 'You are mistaken, I am sure.' Passengers smile with fiendish joy, and the damsel is rendered merely *doubly* firm thereby. 'I only vacated the chair ten minutes ago, yet, if there were any other available, I should certainly not insist on maintaining my point,' she pronounces, incisively. The usurper springs to his feet, looking about him. 'Allow me to *offer* you the use of this chair,' he remarks, with hateful suavity; then bending, grasps the brown satchel, and prepares to move triumphantly away. The damsel's suspicions are instantly on the alert. Ruffled before, she becomes virtuously indignant, and lays a restraining hand upon her property. 'I beg pardon, but this satchel belongs to *me*.' The disputed article is immediately released by the usurper, with a bow even more insufferable than his late emphasis on '*offer*,' and a very superior sort of smile, as much as to say, 'We men,

as lords of creation, can afford to humor weak woman's little whims.' He then departs, deposits himself on a hard ledge of a sofa at the far end of the car, leaving the damsel monarch of all she surveys. She seats herself—the passengers all furtively attentive. Damsel gazes reproachfully upon her hard-won parcel. 'Oh, pie, thou, thou alone, hast been the cause of this!" Hunger has fled. It is impossible calmly to devour the leathery viand in the face of this maddening crowd. Dead-Sea apples would be preferable, eaten at the bottom of the Dead Sea. She turns her sad eyes upon the satchel, which somehow presents a dingier, darker, altogether more battered appearance than when she left it a few minutes ago. Added dust, perhaps; and doubtless the boot of the usurper has savagely spurned it as it lay. The damsel soliloquizes. 'This pie I will put aside in the depths of my satchel, since shame forbids my eating it or casting it from the window; and, too, I may yearn for it in the dead watches of the night, when hunger shall have somewhat overpowered the resentment which I now feel.' Slowly she presses a finger upon the spring. It yields with very unwonted readiness, and from the depths within leap into view a variety of startling and unexpected things. Three military-looking collars rush hurtling forth, and manifest an undesirable disposition to coil at the damsel's feet. A smoothly-folded white horror, with a polished expanse in front, where there is a gold stud, falls flatly out, face uppermost, and a pair of sleeves peep from beneath its layers. A black slipper, of unearthly dimensions, embroidered with red imps, flaps from its hiding-place, and, even worse than these, an unmistakable, bold-looking whisky-flask makes itself visible to all beholders! Into the midst of this truly harrowing scene enter the conductor. 'Tickets, please,' he crisply demands, staring unaffectedly at the unusual contents of a young lady's satchel. Damsel's wits now quite flown. Wrings her hands, and gazes alternately at the conductor and at the fatal bag. Conductor, grimly, 'Guess you're in the wrong car, ain't you? You was in "Winona" when I seen you last.' 'Wreathed smiles' once more play over the countenance of the most disagreeable set of passengers the damsel ever traveled with, and she is simply desperate. She starts to her feet, throws one look expressive of agony, remorse, shame, resentment, wrath, scorn, all uncharitableness, and a few other emotions, towards the usurper of her peace of mind (proved now, alas! to have been the usurper of nothing beside), and, without a word to any one, gathers the tattered fragments of her dignity about her and sails to the car-door. Where and which is 'Winona'? Her prophetic soul fails to inform her, and therefore, at the car-door, she is obliged to 'fume and fret' till the conductor has completed his round and offers to pioneer her to her proper place. Thus, in ignominy and despair, ends scene second and last; and now what do you call it, comedy or tragedy, Mrs. Revere?"

The captain laughed a short, sharp laugh, and then ceased suddenly, as though he had not been wound up to go any further. Mrs. Revere indulged in a tinkling peal of merriment, as she had been doing at intervals throughout Bonny's dramatic recital. "How very, very ludicrous, and yet how embarrassing for you!" she exclaimed, commanding her voice presently. "And did it *really* all happen to you only yesterday, or have you been making it up as you went on to entertain us?"

"It is quite true," Bonny replied, soberly, for she began to wish that after all she had not been so free with her confidences. It had been amusing to tell the story and to hear them laugh, but, then, it did seem a little unnecessary, and she would be glad if she could learn not to be so impulsively ready to amuse herself and others at her own expense.

"What sort of looking person was the man?" queried Captain Revere. "A gentleman, should you fancy?"

"I supposed those pretty little caps were the sign-manual of a gentleman invariably," she returned, evasively, indicating the captain's head-gear with a slight motion of her hand.

"Ah! he wore a forage-cap, did he?" interrogated Revere, with a marked rise in the barometer of his interest, turning his heavy-featured, pompous countenance towards Bonny, while Mrs. Revere's lifted eyebrows and glance of hidden meaning fell short, and were lost upon his left cheek.

"As for the rest," continued Bonny, "I wish I might truthfully say I had utterly forgotten, but I cannot. Every feature impressed itself upon my quivering recollection. His eyes were blue; his nose so very straight that it looked as if planned and set with surveying instruments; his hair and moustache almost a dark enough brown to call black; his overcoat a color to match,—a good many shades lighter; and he was most 'divinely tall'; at least, he appeared so to my distorted vision when he left his chair and stalked majestically to the end of the car."

"*Jack!*" breathed Mrs. Revere, with unwonted impulsiveness, smiting one small white hand upon its mate.

"*What!* do you *know* him?" Bonny cried, facing about quickly, and questioning her companions with wide-open hazel eyes.

"Oh, '*Jack*' is merely a little exclamation of mine. I often catch myself saying it," Mrs. Revere hastened to explain, somewhat to Miss Duane's amazement. "Jack" was such a remarkably odd by-word for a lady to affect.

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Through narrow, crooked streets, paved with time-worn stones, whose rugged forms crowded each other out of place, or left yawning fissures where peanut-shells and orange-peel might accumulate undisturbed during changing seasons; through other thoroughfares, leading

towards the bay, where the virgin soil had been trodden by generations of feet into a solid, sad-hued pavement; past low-browed shops, frail in appearance as cardboard, crowded next to dingy, forbidding-looking structures of dark stone; so the Reveres and their guests progressed that afternoon on what Bonny termed their "march to the sea."

They had lunched at Dunn's (a restaurant whose fame was wide in Pensacola and its vicinity) on superb "pompano" and oysters, with villainous champagne; and now, for Miss Duane's sake, were intent on shopping and sight-seeing.

Walking was an exercise at most times cordially detested by Mrs. Revere, but she was politic to an excess, which wellnigh reached the height of unselfishness. There were occasions, moments, when an underlying impulsiveness rose and asserted itself, and would not be denied, in the woman's nature; but these moments were rare, and it could be truly asserted of her that she had taught herself how to efface her own desires—utterly to crush them, indeed—wherever a certain effect was to be produced or an object to be gained. She had actually a mania for diplomacy, and would not have been above exerting all her choicest fascinations to beguile her cook had she fancied that a finer salad or pudding might be produced in consequence thereof. In this particular instance Bonny had expressed a strong desire to walk, and any member of the Duane family was in Mrs. Revere's mind a personage to be humored and conciliated. Therefore they had walked, and Mrs. Revere had beamed outwardly, groaning within; and Bonny had shopped to her heart's content, purchasing boxes of guava jelly, and sugared, pear-shaped Turkish figs of Don Georgioni, who, in velvet skull-cap and flowing drab sack, reigned over a kingdom decorated with gorgeous drapings of cut tissue-papers, and stocked with hanging bunches of red bananas, heaps of golden oranges, lemons, painted candies, the inevitable peanuts, and some fruits of Spanish names, which Captain Revere struggled vainly to pronounce. Here seemed the heart and home of that "fragrance of a thousand odors" which pervaded all the town, though the "very ancient and fishlike smell" that haunted the streets was fairly drowned by stronger perfumes.

Going farther, Bonny paid exorbitant sums for fish-scale jewelry, shell necklaces, pampas grass, and other essentially Southern ornaments, which she purchased of sleepy-eyed, Spanish-looking people, who apparently cared little whether she liked or bought their wares or not, and whose slow, suavely indifferent manners amused Miss Duane with the contrast it presented to her experiences at home.

As they approached the bay there seemed more space, more air to breathe, and fewer people to meet. The street they traveled was built out into the bay, in the fashion of a long pier, and a net-work of masts and rigging was sketched in clear dark outlines against the soft azure of the sky. Thronging the harbor rode a motley crowd of vessels of

all nationalities, biding their time in the calm waters of the bay until they should be unladen or reladen, as the case might be.

There were barks from Sweden and Norway, looking ostentatiously clean and new with their coats of black and white paint. There were awkward Dutch brigantines, squat and stolid as their masters; stately French and English ships, with schooners from Yankeedom drawn up alongside, and many others, of many descriptions and nationalities; while, like a very tiny, puffy little sea-chick indeed, among the flock of towering swans, ducks, and gulls overshadowing it, lay the steam-launch from Fort Barrancas, last and least of all.

The Reveres and Miss Duane descended the flight of wooden steps from the wharf down to the launch, and, once aboard, the neighboring ships loomed taller and larger than before.

"Sidney not here yet!" exclaimed the captain, testily, glancing about him and into the neat little cabin. "I don't know what right people have to be behind time." He himself was one of those numerous uncomfortable spirits who feel violently injured and insulted by a necessity to wait for other people. If his friends could not be ready at his good time, why, then, so far as he cared, they had as well never be ready at all. "I don't see what Sidney means by it," he went on, glowering at his open-faced watch. "He was informed distinctly before he left Barrancas last Wednesday just what arrangement was to hold good for to-day. Half-past three, sharp, was the time set for the launch to leave this wharf, and he's aware of my objections, of *ladies'* objections, to being kept waiting. It is now," frowning at the watch once again, "precisely a quarter to four."

"Then we ourselves are also a little late," said Mrs. Revere, in the peculiarly soft and conciliatory tone she knew when to adopt in addressing her husband. "But very likely he has decided to stay over to-day, and then come home in the 'meat-boat' to-morrow morning, when his leave expires. I dare say Miss Lola Levara's attractions have proved too much for him. Miss Levara is the reigning beauty and belle of this sleepy little town," she added for Bonny's enlightenment.

"So even Pensacola has a belle," laughed the young New Yorker. "*Is* she not to be envied? But who, pray, is this delinquent Sidney, whose name I have heard mentioned by one or the other of you several times to-day?"

"Sidney's my second lieutenant," explained the captain, with an air of owning the said subaltern body and soul. "And," smiling condescendingly, "rather a pet of my wife's. Well, he does not come, and captains, you know, are not generally supposed to wait for their junior officers. I'll go and tell Duncan he can get under way." Having thus delivered himself, Captain Revere disappeared, leaving the two ladies alone.

There was silence for a moment, and then, from her post of observation on the top step at the cabin-door, Mrs. Revere called to Bonny, who had gone within to dispose of her late purchases. "Come here, my dear, and see this little negro boy turning somersaults on the deck of the schooner yonder. He looks like a human windmill."

Bonny obeyed, and, as the two stood by the rail, laughing at the antics of the ebony urchin, somebody hastily ran down the steps from the wharf and sprang on board. They had been looking in the opposite direction, and thus did not observe the new-comer until as he was landing almost beneath their very eyes. One hurried glance she gave, and then, with scarlet cheeks, Bonny had impulsively started back and retreated to the farthest end of the cabin. It was the "usurper,"—blue eyes, straight nose, brown overcoat, satchel, and all.

"Why, Jack!" Bonny heard Mrs. Revere cry, pleasantly (little exclamation of hers, indeed!), "so you did come after all. We had given you up, charging your breach of faith to Miss Levara, and the captain has just gone to order a start. Did you enjoy your little visit in Montgomery?"

"Very much, thanks; but my mind was filled with anything but gratitude towards your husband, Mrs. Revere, for denying me a longer leave. Two days more in Montgomery would have suited me down to the ground," replied a masculine voice, in tones well remembered and detested.

"You stopped at the Crarys last night, I suppose, after we met for that moment at the depot?"

"No; I didn't care to rouse the house at such an hour, although they had asked me. I went round there this morning, after breakfast at the hotel, and Mrs. Crary charged me with numerous messages for you. I trust I haven't forgotten more than half."

"I trust not; but I won't ask you to recall them just now. We are off, I see, so come inside," Mrs. Revere said, in a falling voice, that yet was audible to Bonny in the cabin. "I will give you an introduction to my charming friend, Miss Duane."

Then there was an ominous cessation of speech, and Bonny knew that they were approaching. What could she do? How could she calmly stand there through the ceremony of introduction to that detestable man, yet how was it possible to escape it? It would scarcely be worth her while to plunge headlong into the deep for the sake of accomplishing that purpose, and yet there appeared no other available method of effacing herself. The thing must be gone through with at some time, she supposed, so it was as well now as later; but how hateful it was to her!

She drew herself up, with head erect, and prepared, since meet the enemy she must, to meet him bravely.

At the last moment, however, some impulse bade her quickly turn

and gaze with rapt attention from a window, apparently so lost in reverie as to be unconscious of any presence until Mrs. Revere addressed her. "Bonny, here is that 'delinquent,' Mr. Sidney, of whom you were asking just now. Will you let me make you known to each other?"

Had Mrs. Revere's wonted tact and diplomacy all deserted her in the excitement of this critical moment, that she worded her introduction in such a clumsy manner as this? She knew—had divined, of course, from the first—that Bonny's fell "usurper" and Lieutenant Jack Sidney were one identity, and yet in Bonny's very presence she actually offered the *bête noir* the triumph of learning that Bonny had been *asking questions about him!*

In an instant Mrs. Revere saw her mistake and regretted it, but it was too late. Her "charming friend" had been transformed into an icicle. She bowed with an unseeing glance, that hovered rather in the region of the gentleman's irreproachable necktie than his face, as poor Mrs. Revere mechanically murmured her conventional "Miss Duane—Mr. Sidney," and turned once more to her contemplation of the waterscape framed in by the cabin window. She half expected to hear him calmly inform her that that was "*his* window," and to find herself in an abject and discomfited manner moving away, weak with the knowledge that just retribution had descended upon her; but nothing of the kind happened. There was an instant of embarrassed pause, when the silence seemed uncomfortably tangible, and then heavy footsteps made themselves audible, with the creaking of the boards outside. Mrs. Revere, whose face expressed a comical degree of misery, hastily murmured a few words of excuse, and departed to intercept and warn her blundering lord that by no inadvertent word should he render bad matters worse.

Thus Miss Duane and the "usurper" were left alone together, and to the former that moment was certainly a tedious one. At all events, the man was a gentleman, for neither by look, word, nor manner did he betray the faintest consciousness of having met the young lady before. "Miss Duane," he said, "as this scenery is new to you, would you not like to go outside, and take your leave of Pensacola?"

For this Bonny mentally thanked him, since he had spared her assuming the initiative (as she told herself she positively must have done otherwise); and were not Captain and Mrs. Revere outside?

She bowed, with an extra touch of frigidity, in token of assent (did not the heroines of certain novels invariably bow when a freezing dignity was to be expressed?), and in a moment there was formed a *partie carrée* on deck, in close proximity to where two large brown satchels stood amicably side by side. Sidney and Miss Duane simultaneously glanced at the leathery twins, and it is presumable that each had a thought in connection therewith that went too deep for words.

Once in a while Bonny, in spite of herself, found her eyes wan-

dering towards the face of Captain Revere's second lieutenant, Mrs. Revere's "pet," as she told herself how unlike a "pet" of any sort he seemed.

He was certainly distinguished-looking, even decidedly handsome, with his keen yet pleasant blue eyes, sunburned skin (that showed strangely brown in contrast to the broad forehead, from which the forage-cap was now pushed back), the Grecian nose, at which she had ventured to jest, and the firm, though not obstinate, mouth and chin, about which lurked an apparent suggestion that their possessor was not at all inappreciative of humor. The tall, erect form, and broad shoulders, above which the throat was so well set as to be especially noticeable even to a casual observer, made up a *tout ensemble* most good to look upon; and yet Miss Duane, having fairly resolved on detesting the man, clinched her resolution as she gazed at him.

The trip was not one of unmixed enjoyment, and it was with relief that three of the party at least hailed the appearance of a long, low-lying strip of land on their left, which Captain Revere informed his guest was Santa Rosa Island.

"There stands Fort Pickens, you see," he announced, with a gesture, indicating a grim, flat pile of masonry outlined against the sky. "It was occupied by our troops during the civil war, and a pretty peppering we got from the Johnny rebels who held Barrancas."

"And you were there? You fought during the Rebellion?" questioned Bonny, with a new respect for the pompous man growing in her mind.

"No, I—was not there. I—had not left civil life at that time," half stammered the captain, his heavy face growing a trifle redder than usual, for this was rather a sore subject with him; and the new respect was stifled at its birth.

At this moment Sidney made a diversion by pointing to the ruins of Fort McRae, lying straight before them, and looking, in the declining light, like the stately ghost of some old Moorish castle, with its many pillars rising from out the sea.

"There, on the right, and not so far off, is Barrancas," exclaimed Mrs. Revere, catching Bonny's arm, and breaking in upon her admiration of McRae. "Turn and look at what I hope for many months will be your home, my dear."

Bonny looked, and as she looked her breath quickened, and her eyes sparkled with an artist's pleasure.

This is what she saw, as the launch carried her rapidly nearer the land. A level stretch of glittering sand, white as drifted snow, showing in shining contrast with the dark green of live-oak and pine-trees, which grew all the way up the slope behind the beach. Above and beyond, the officers' quarters, mostly square frame buildings, painted an unobtrusive brown, and skirted on three sides by broad piazzas; the

soldiers' barracks, of light-colored bricks, and other buildings pertaining to an army post, all of which formed a half-square about the parade-ground, and straggled onward in a long street facing the bay. Farther on, the modern fort, which surrounded and shut out of sight the ancient Spanish structure, or original Fort Barrancas; and overhead, a sky so blue that it seemed to rob the ocean of half its cerulean hue, rounded in the picture with a noble frame.

"I shall like it. I do already," murmured Bonny, with a pleased laugh; while mentally she added, "'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.'"

CHAPTER III.

On becoming Mrs. Revere, and entering army circles, it had been, perhaps, the most ardent desire of Miss Louisa Fanshawe's heart to win a reputation as a woman of fascinations. If from a lack of some intangible ingredient of the requisite magnetism or ability she had not entirely accomplished this ambition, at least she had successfully established herself as a general favorite. Ever ready to oblige, to be amused, to listen, to laugh, or to sympathize, she had contrived to render herself invaluable in garrison society. Her house, besides, was invariably a pleasant place to go to. Very fair music could be had by the asking. There was always a supply of new novels and magazines, and one need not talk or be talked to unless one desired it. Her table, to which certain of her friends were sure of a welcome, was an exceptionally good one, and the captain's wine was superior to his company. But if Mrs. Revere was well liked, it was a different affair with "old Fuss and Feathers," as the captain was dubbed behind his back.

The man's forty odd years of existence had been a constant though fruitless endeavor to live down the crushing effect of his baptismal name, and to make a species of mute protest against it. This unfortunate title, which was Philander Adolphus, had seemed to him since earliest childhood a damning incubus, that *would* force him to appear other than he really was, or what was his cherished ideal of himself. He fain would have ranked as dignified, reserved, inscrutable, in a Napoleonic fashion which was at once his delight and his despair; yet, even if possessed of them, how could one adequately show off such qualities when everybody knew that after all one had started in life, and must go down to the grave, as a Philander Adolphus? If it had not been for the malign influence of this appellative brand, fixed upon him by the mistaken zeal of his parents; if, for instance, from the outset he had been strengthened by the consciousness that he was a George, or a Henry, or a William, like the rest of mankind, something more profitable might have been done with the rather unpromising material which he was made of.

He had always fancied that he should like an army life. There, at least, would be a certain number of individuals whom one could in a manner rule over; but he had not cared to encounter the hardships of a course at West Point, even had he stood the smallest chance of passing the necessary preliminary examinations, when of the proper age to enter. At thirty-five, however, he had managed to obtain a commission as second lieutenant (a few years after the war was safely concluded) through the good offices of the husband of the cousin of his aunt by marriage, who happened at the time to be a member of Congress, willing to oblige the public, when it assumed the form of a personal connection. Thus it came about (as it has many times before in similar instances) that without possessing a single one of the qualifications which go to make up an efficient soldier, with no talent for enforcing discipline or commanding respect, with no knowledge of tactics, and no application or aptitude for gaining it, Philander Adolphus Revere had become Lieutenant Revere, and, in due course of time, captain and commander of men. For the very reason, perhaps, of his ignorance he was jealous of his authority, and obstinate rather than strict in enforcing his system, or lack of system, upon those under him, and had in consequence succeeded in reaping a harvest of hatred from his men, and of half-pitying, half-scornful dislike, or, at best, toleration, from his brother officers. He had sprung from a good family, however, and had married a wealthy woman for a wife, so that at least a place in society was assured him; and of this place Mrs. Revere made the most that was in her power.

Now, she had been lucky enough to secure the beautiful Miss Duane as a guest, and she felt that new laurels would be hers, to bloom, at all events, throughout one winter.

The life at Barrancas was altogether a novelty and a joy to Bonny. She thought the place itself delightful, and the air from ocean and pineland was refreshingly grateful to her. She liked meeting the new people, she petted the children (whose name was legion in the garrison), and so won the hearts of all the fond mammas. Every masculine and disengaged heart would doubtless have been at the service of the Northern belle in any event, but she unconsciously won an extra amount of devotion by a charming display of unfeigned interest in all relating to the "profession" in general and "Ours" in particular. She learned the various bugle-calls by heart, knew whether an officer was summoned from her side by "drill call," "officer's call," or "tattoo," and played the notes upon Mrs. Revere's piano, accompanying them with her sweet, merry voice in the eccentric verses which the soldiers tacked to them. As, for instance, "dinner call" ran appropriately thus:

> "Soup-y, soup-y, soup, without a single bean;
> Pork-y, pork-y, pork, without a strip o' lean;
> Coffee, coffee, coffee, the meanest ever seen!"

She went to "dress parade" with Mrs. Revere in the evenings, manifested an interest in the drills of different descriptions, expressing a lively admiration of the discipline, and the erect, stalwart figures which advertised its merits, although to her rather near-sighted eyes the faces in all four batteries remained as blanks at the distance from which she invariably viewed them, and the soldiers took shape in her mind merely as remarkable human machines.

Every member of the garrison, both at Barrancas and at the Pensacola Navy-Yard, a mile away, speedily turned out in all the state that could be mustered to call upon the young lady at Mrs. Revere's, and for the first two weeks of her stay she found little time for anything save receiving and returning these visits. Then the bachelor officers, with the exception of Lieutenant Sidney, who dared venture on no such pleasant liberties in an atmosphere so frigid to him, would come into Mrs. Revere's charming parlor at almost any hour of the morning or afternoon, as is the unconventional custom at most army posts, and beg Miss Duane to sing some new song for them, or to bring her a book, or to borrow one, and then, perhaps, go away so preoccupied by a certain image as to forget all about it.

One radiantly sunny day, about two weeks after Bonny's arrival, when the balmy air seemed thrilled with an anticipation of the coming spring, the girl had attired herself in a snugly-fitting jacket and a close hat, with no feathers to blow about in the wind, and was established on the breezy piazza, with her sketching materials in her lap.

The Reveres' quarters faced the bay, and commanded a glorious view of dancing water, shining sails, far-off breakers (where a white ridge of crawling foam showed the dividing line between bay and gulf), with Santa Rosa Island to the left, and Fort McRae's broken pillars in the distance of the right.

On this shining day the scene formed a feast of color for beauty-loving Bonny, who mixed blues and greens, and soft grays and purples, to her heart's content.

She was painting busily, when, glancing away from her work with a sudden monition of human eyes fixed upon her, she encountered the liquid gaze of two large brown orbs set in the dusky face of a small boy, who leaned against the palings, and regarded her with guileless nonchalance.

After the first start of half-annoyed surprise, the maiden smiled upon the young invader. "What do you want, little boy?" she inquired, in an encouraging tone.

"Don' know," returned the imp, grinning, and showing a set of faultless ivories; then, after an instant's pause for reflection, "'less 'tis to see what yer doin' out yere."

"Doubtless you are a humble descendant of Paul Pry," laughed Bonny, "though I suppose you do not bear your illustrious ancestor's name?"

"Done got no sich a name as dat yere. My name's Sammy Minnicks, an' I'se gwine ter be a *page*, I is."

"A what?—a page? Come up here, and tell me if you would like to be a model as well."

Nothing loath, the little quadroon obeyed, and vaulting up the piazza steps with two springs of his bare, brown feet, sidled towards the young lady, and stared with ingenuous interest at the contents of her paint-box. He asked no questions, but his eyes grew large and round.

"Do you know what it is to be a model?" interrogated Miss Duane.

"Don' know ef I'se eber ben one. Cayn't say. I'se ben a-mighty heap o' tings, dough. Mass' Lootnent he done calls me a imp ob Satan, an' mammy she say I'se de debbil hisse'fs. Done s'pose a *moddle* ain't no wuss'n dem tings, is it?" grinning, and eying his entertainer with a comical twinkling appreciation of his own wit.

"You are not oppressed with an overweening timidity, are you, Samuel? But I will explain to you what it is to be a model, and you may judge whether it be worse than the things you have mentioned. It is to sit on a chair and eat—well, *cookies*, for example,—nice sugary ones,—and to keep as still as you conveniently can while I take my brushes and dip them in the paints and make a picture of you on this paper."

"Whah's de chah?" cried Sammy, without further parley. And his speaking eyes added, "Whah's dem cookies?" but, with true negro tact and politeness, his lips moved not upon that subject.

"I will get it for you," said Miss Duane, abandoning for the hour her project of landscape sketching. "And—the cookies; it wouldn't do to forget them, would it, Sammy?" With this hinted encouragement, she went into the house to procure a chair of the kind she wanted and to beg some cookies from one of the ebony presiding geniuses of the kitchen. Returning, she found her *protégé* just retiring from an eager yet furtive examination of her painting materials; and so, some days later, was not wholly at a loss in accounting for the mysterious disappearance of a particularly brilliant cake of orange.

"Now," instructed the young artist, when she had arranged her handsome little model to her entire satisfaction, and to his,—"now, you must not move about, but you may eat and talk till I come to your *mouth*, and then you must endure the hardship of keeping that shut up for a moment."

"What is yer gwine ter do ter my mouf wen yer does come ter it?" queried Sammy, with some curiosity; but the young lady having speedily satisfied him that her designs upon that feature were not malevolent ones, the child proceeded to the task of emptying his plate of cookies.

"Is your home at Warrington, Sammy?" Bonny questioned, presently, naming the village between Barrancas and the navy-yard, the majority of whose inhabitants came within the fifteenth amendment.

"Done got no home. Mammy, she libs down dar to Warrington, but I ain't got no paw. Dar ain't scasely none ob us hab down dat way. But sho! mammy whacks 'nuff fur mammy 'n paw bofe, an' she done say she want no shif'less niggah boys roun' her ole shanty, so I'se staying yere to de lootnent's. He's a-trainin' me up ter be his page; dat's wat he done say about it. But he don'" (giving a quick outward jerk of his bare feet and a glance down at them without moving his head)—"he don' 'low me ter go roun' de house, bein' a page, dise yere way. I'se got ter put on de shoes an' stockin's. Oh, Lordy, yes, de lootnent, he'd be turrible mad ef he done cotch sight ob me now."

"'*Lootnent!*'" echoed Bonny, mystified. "Pray, what sort of being is a lootnent?"

"Sho! ain't yo nebber heard wat a lootnent is, missy? A mighty good sort ob bein' dis yere one is. *Don'* yer know 'im? He libs jes' nex' door to yere" (pointing),—"Lootnent Sidney."

"Oh!" responded the maiden, faintly. "I believe I do know whom you mean. So your mother lives in Warrington, does she?" deserting the subject of Sammy's education with suspicious haste.

But Sammy was not yet through with it. It seemed to him one promising far greater profit and entertainment than that of his energetic relative. "He knows *yo'*," he went on. "I heern him an' Lootnent Pa'tridge talkin' 'bout yer, onct wen I'se done creeped under de sofy in de dinin'-room. Dey didn' reckon I'se dar, I s'pect."

"I dare say not. It isn't a good habit for little boys, who are being trained for pages, to creep under sofas. But about your mother——"

"I ain't gwine ter do dat no more, den, nohow. I'll done git behint de door instid. Shell I tell yo wat 'twas dey says?" with a twinkle of mischief in the innocently wide-opened eyes.

"By no means, Samuel," returned his protectress, with a severity that was heightened by her inward desire to learn all that had been said regarding her in that secret conclave assembled in Mr. Sidney's dining-room. Not that any of his remarks could be of the least possible interest or importance to her. Oh, no! But she *would* like to know if he had *dared* to make a jest of the parlor-car episode. Somehow, much as she disliked him upon principle, she hardly thought he had done that.

"'Twas somefin mighty bad, I s'pect," with tempting insinuation.

"In that case, perhaps I had better to listen to it. It is always well to know the sort of ground one is standing on," replied the young lady, the color upon her fair cheeks heightening perceptibly.

"'Twas de odder man dat begun it. He done says sumfin kinder

grand. Reckon it cum outen a book he had. Says he, 'Dat 'plies to de young leddy stoppin' nex' door. Wy isn't yo' ober dar no mo' dan yo' is, Sidney?'" With sprightly mimicry of Lieutenant Partridge's somewhat drawling accents. (The negro boy of Florida is nothing if not a mimic.) "Den says de lootnent a string ob varse 'bout wimmin bein' 'unsartin, coy, an'—an' darn hard ter please,' or somfin mighty like it, an' dat leddy bein' no 'ception. 'It's a heap too big task fur me,' says he; an' Lootnent Pa'tridge he lahfed (laughed). I ain't seed yo den, but tinks I, I'se gwine ter, ef I gits de chance. An' now I'se gwine ter tell de lootnent yo's a heap nicer den he tinks. But law! I done forgot! Ef I does he'll know I'se under dat yar sofy."

"Of course he will; and you must not *dream* of doing such a thing, Sammy," warned Miss Duane, with excited emphasis and a still rising color. "He would, without *any* doubt, punish you severely."

"Law!" ejaculated Sammy, giggling, and crunching a cooky with infinite relish. "Reckon he wouldn't do dat, would he? He's allers mighty keerful ob my feelin's, an' nebber done noffin' ter me, 'ceptin' onct. 'Twas dis las' week, or de week befoh. I tell yo' I felt kinder s'prised. He jes' shook me up *good.*"

"How cruel! A weak little creature like you!" Bonny cried, her righteous indignation proceeding perhaps more from the identity of the offender than from the enormity of the offense itself. In her present mood she would gladly have heard the gentleman in question convicted of all the sins in the calendar.

"I tought so den, too, but he done made it up ter me ahterwards. Yo' see, 'twas like dis. He cum back yere from way up ter Mon'gom'ry 'bout two week ago, I reckon, an' I done happen roun' wen he's oberhaulin' de tings outen he satchel. Dar was peanuts, an' dem he gibs ter me, an' some san'wiches, he gibs dem ter me, too. Dey was good, but not so good's dese yere cookies. Den, bimeby, 'long ob some shirts and slippers, an' brush an' comb, an' sich, he comes acrost a piece ob brown stra' paper. Dar was sumfin wrap' up in it, an' I looked putty hard jes' den. Wen he cum ter peek inter it, he lahfed an' lahfed a heap, an' says ter 'imse'f, '*Wonder* how *dat* cum in yere?' An' he kep' lookin' an' peerin' at it. 'Twas pie; apple, I reckoned. 'I b'l'eve I'll keep dis,' says he, ahter a while. 'It's a kinder *mementum.*' Den he done shoves it top ob de mantel-shelf, lahfin' yit. Dar it done laid for two, tree, or mebbe four days, an' I s'pected he'd clean forgot all about it. By dat time I'd eat de peanuts an' odder tings, an' I felt mighty holler, like I mos' allays does. So, wen he's gwine ter drill, I up an' eat dat pie, too. Leastways, I'se eatin' it, wen, sudden quick, he run in ter git sumfin he'd done gone off wif'out, an' ketch me at it. Jes' one minit he star'd at me, an' den he gib me a shakin'. 'Yo' 'founded little tief!' he says, 'didn't yo' done yere me say I'se

gwine *keep* dat pie?' Sho! his shakin' didn't 'mount to noffin ahter wat I used to at de shanty, but I roared mighty peart, an' blubbered out, 'No, I didn't yere him say no sech a ting;' an' den he was sorry, I s'pect, he'd shook so hard, and says, ahter all, he b'l'ved I'se welcome to dat yere piece ob pie, dough it wasn't perzacly his ter gib. 'Twasn't *it* he keered fur so much, as de way I tuk it. I must larn not ter tech wat didn't b'long ter me; an' den he gib me a dime."

It became impossible for Bonny to repress her untoward laughter at the burden and manner of this recital, but more especially as she contemplated the last adventure of her fatal piece of pie. "So you accepted the dime, and devoured the pie, too, did you, Sammy?" she inquired, when her amusement had slightly subsided. "Weren't you sick after eating it?"

"I don't remember dat it gib me no misery," returned Sammy, reflectively. "But it was kinder dry, an' tasted mos' like de paper dat was laid roun' it."

"Good! That makes me the less regret the loss of it," the girl responded *sotto voce*. But, in spite of her amusement, she began to look upon her impish *protégé* with a profound degree of awe. He was evidently a dangerous individual, and it behooved her in his presence to look carefully to the matter of her speech. "Now, I believe, I need not detain you any longer, Sammy," she announced. "I have finished coloring one sketch of you, and can do the other one I have without you. The finished one I will give to you to remind you of this afternoon. You may show it to your mother, and ask her if she thinks it like her little boy."

"It's me, sure 'nuff," giggled Sammy, wriggling off his chair to gaze. "An' ef you've done wif me, I reckon I'd better go. Goo'-by. I'se eat de cookies, an' I s'pect de lootnent ain't done his dinner yit. He won't keer 'case I wasn't dar to wait on de table wen I tell 'im yo' done kep' me."

"Why didn't you let me know that you were wanted at home, you mischievous fellow, and then I would most certainly *not* have kept you one minute?" questioned Miss Duane, with pardonable acerbity.

"Oh, 'case I wanted ter stay," was the prompt reply. "*You* needn't keer. He won't say nuffin' to *yo'*, nohow, an' *I* ain't afeerd. Would you like," still lingering, "ter hab me cum agin some odder time, in two, tree days, mebbe, an' sing a pa'cel ob my songs for yo'? I'se got a heap. De lootnent fotches me in de room sumtimes, ebenin's, fur ter sing de songs fur de cump'ny. You'd like 'em, I s'pect."

"Yes, yes; come again by all means," Miss Duane hastily assented; "but go away now, this very minute, or I will never, never give you another cooky as long as you live."

With this direful threat sounding in his ears, the imp took his departure, waving his counterfeit presentment between his sugary fingers;

and in a moment Bonny had the satisfaction of seeing him leaping in an eccentric manner up the piazza steps next door, and presently disappearing round the house, to face the possible wrath of the "lootnent."

That same evening, as shortly after dinner Mrs. Revere and Bonny, with their crewel-work, sat before a perfumy little blaze which glowed in the Southern-fashioned fireplace, a decided knock upon the door startled them from their low-toned conversation. The front doors in most of the officers' quarters opened, with no preface in the shape of hall or entry, directly into the drawing-rooms or parlors, and Captain Revere's was no exception to the rule. On this door there was a bell as well as a knocker, but the person outside, having evidently heard the sound of voices within, had chosen to employ the latter.

"That is Jack Sidney's knock, I fancy," said Mrs. Revere, rising and proceeding herself to answer the summons; then added, as the door opened, "Jack, you have been rather a stranger of late, and yet, you see, I recognized your tap."

"I have been unusually busy," returned Sidney, unblushingly, as he entered; and Mrs. Revere widely suffered no doubts of his truthfulness to appear in word or manner.

It was an attractive picture that Jack Sidney looked upon, half dazzled, after his walk through the moonless darkness outside.

The cheery room, with brown-and-gold papered walls decorated by numerous well-chosen pictures, dainty china-filled cabinets, and plaques (Mrs. Revere would vex her husband's soul by dragging about all sorts of breakables from post to post), with here and there a bunch of brilliant peacock-feathers, or a fan, or a trail of Florida moss. Soft-hued Turkish rugs, with a small uncovered space of polished floor, numerous distracting little tables littered with bric-a-brac or magazines, and a plentiful array of inviting-looking chairs, sofas, and embroidered foot-cushions to trip up the unwary. These things were familiar, and all more or less dear to the present beholder; but the very heart of the picture was new to him, and strange to fascination. A beautiful girl, in a Watteau dress of pink and creamy materials, bending her flower-like face and amber hair over a mass of colored silks in her lap, while the ruddy firelight, as it leaped and fell, cast alternate rosy lights and tender shadows over the bright head, the white neck slightly exposed by the low dress, the exquisitely-rounded figure, and the slender, quickly-moving hands, whose rings flashed as they toyed nervously with their pretty work. This goddess of the hearthstone appeared a widely-different being from the vision suddenly resurrected before Sidney's mental eye, of a tall sibyl in a tight-fitting costume of gray cloth, towering over him, to ruthlessly demand his position, his property, his all. Could it, indeed, be the same creature? One glance from the dark, unrelenting eyes assured him that it was, and the pleasure he had vaguely anticipated, and very nearly expected, from this visit vanished

instantly into thin air. He began to feel as though it were somehow considered incumbent upon him to apologize for rather an unwarrantable intrusion on his part.

He had fancied, from a certain thing which had occurred in the afternoon, that Mrs. Revere's guest had decided upon recovering from her mysterious resentment, and forgetting that anything remained for him to forgive in her conduct. In this conjecture he, of course, displayed his small knowledge of the sex in general, and Miss Duane in particular; for, had Mr. Sidney been the party in fault in their little misadventure, it would have seemed much easier for her to forgive than to know herself the one to be forgiven. Indeed, it is a question if it be not always rather pleasanter to forgive than calmly to submit to being pardoned.

In this instance the woman alone had been the aggressor; afterwards, willfully, the *trans*gressor; the man's sin had been that of passivity. For this she found it passing hard to accord her pardon.

Her greeting to Mr. Sidney this evening was very cold, and she turned from the genial firelight with a politely half-concealed, half-revealed air of making herself a martyr for his benefit, which was less cheering than if she had turned her back upon him.

Even Mrs. Revere appeared to find the manufacture of conversation an unusually difficult task, with an aggrieved young woman on the one hand and a passive young man on the other; but, after the interchange of a few commonplaces by all three, an explanation of her husband's unavoidable absence, and so on, she flattered herself that she had hit upon a harmless and rather entertaining topic.

"How do you progress in the mental and moral training of that handsome quadroon acquisition of yours, Jack, and what is his 'latest' in the way of mischief? It is really quite a source of enlivenment to the garrison, I assure you, Bonny, to hear Mr. Sidney tell of that wonderful Sammy's pranks."

"My progress is slow, but I flatter myself sure," returned Sidney. "I hope soon to have taught him at least a nominal respect for the eighth commandment, which will be something of a triumph when you consider his origin and bringing up. Speaking of the redoubtable Sammy," he added, after an instant of what seemed like hesitation, "I received a most glowing description from his lips of an interview you honored him with, Miss Duane. And, I assure you, words fail me to express my obligations for what you so generously sent me." He had been toying with Mrs. Revere's crewels on the table beside him, but raised his eyes to the girl's face as he addressed her, keeping them there steadily for a second.

"I beg your pardon," Miss Duane said, in a tone which belied the deceitful humility of her words. "I really am at a loss to understand you."

"Surely you won't refuse to be thanked for the lifelike portrait of our—of my friend Sammy, which you kindly allowed him to bring me."

"He told you—that I—sent it—to you, Mr. Sidney?"

"He told me so. Was he mistaken?"

"Decidedly mistaken. I gave him the sketch to take to his mother. It was odd he thought, as he has appeared to, and—and," in a low, hurried tone, "odd that you *believed* him."

"Odd, certainly, that he should have confused me in his mind with his maternal relative, as we are assuredly not strikingly similar in manners or appearance," Sidney said, with a constrained smile. "But please have no fear, Miss Duane. The sketch shall be delivered to its rightful owner. We army people are not in every respect above reproach, unfortunately, but, at all events, we enjoy a just reputation for honesty. Do we not, Mrs. Revere?"

His tone was so manly, and so free from the vexation he had a right to feel, that even naughty Bonny, with a faint pang of something like self-reproach or mortification, relented a trifle, and wished that she had made her manner less abrupt. She even felt a little ashamed of herself, and that, with the spoiled and petted Miss Duane, was rather a novel sensation.

She took a long red stitch, which should have formed a section of a strawberry, directly across a newly-completed daisy in the centre of her work, and never noticed her mistake. "You may, if you like, keep that sketch, Mr. Sidney," she said, mildly; "that is, if you think Sammy's mamma will not seriously object."

Mrs. Revere looked up at her gratefully.

(To be continued.)

THE CONDOTTIERI OF THE THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIES.

THE GREAT COMPANY—FRA MORIALE.

"The Black Bands came over
The Alps and their snow,
With Bourbon, the rover,
They pass'd the broad Po.
We have beaten all foemen,
We have captured a king,
We have turn'd back on no me
And so let us sing!
* * * * *
With Spain for the vanguard,
Our varied host comes;
And next to the Spaniard
Beat Germany's drums;
And Italy's lances
Are couch'd at their mother,
But our leader from France is,
Who warr'd with his brother."

BYRON'S "*Deformed Transformed.*"

WHOEVER will turn to Webster, Unabridged, and look up the word CONDOTTIERE, will be surprised to find that the definition given, on the authority, Milman, is "a Brigand." This necessitates turning back to see what Brigand is defined, viz., "a lawless fellow, who lives by plunder." Perhaps this, or "Land-Pirates," is the truest signification of CONDOTTIERE, one of those literally lawless men of capacity and courage, who were governed by nothing but the laws which they made for themselves, and who depended for their existence on the maintenance of their "followings" by plunder.

George Alfred Lawrence, who made this subject a careful study, embodied the result in his historical romance, "Brakespeare, or the Fortunes of a Freelance." This bears the same relation to the Condottieri as "The Legend of Montrose" to such "Officers of Fortune" as Major Dugald Dalgetty. Lawrence remarks, "Little, indeed, is known accurately concerning the military economy of those famous Companies; for no annalist ever rose among themselves, and even JEHAN DE FROISSART'S

zeal would scarce have tempted him within sight of their camp-fires. Nevertheless, something we may infer. Division of booty in certain proportion was substituted for regular pay; and the Freebooters came and went as it pleased them, enlisting for no definite time of service. Yet that there were differences of rank fixed and maintained is clear. The lowest grade were the *coutilliers*, or spearmen, lightly harnessed and imperfectly armed, who performed the duties of grooms or pages to the *full* lances; above these last were certain squadron leaders, answering to the knight-bachelors and bannerets in the feudal army, while the movements of the main body were directed by one or more chiefs, answering to our generals of brigades." Lawrence had not gone so deeply into his subject as have the Germans, who in the "Geschichte des Kriegswesens" have furnished many particulars, which will be presented hereafter.

General Bardin, in one of his articles, enters at length into the etymology of this word Condottiere. He assigns its origin to the Italian, and says that it originally meant nothing more than a "Conductor, Leader, or Guide," and, by technical extension, "Chief of a Band of soldiers." Theoretical writers have confounded Adventurers and Condottieri. The former constituted the Troop, the latter the Captains, of the mercenary bands which in the Middle Ages were maintained in the service of different Italian States. Venice had them in pay already in 1143. England hired these mercenaries, under "Chiefs of Adventure," in the thirteenth century. France subsidized Italian archers, or rather *Cross*-bowmen, such as the Genoese, who suffered so terribly at the hands of those they served at Crecy, 26th August, 1346, when the French chivalry cut them down without mercy, because their bow-strings having been slackened by the rain of the previous night, they could not face the volleys of the English *Long*-bowmen. About the same time the Italians employed German troopers in full or *plate*-armor to do their fighting. Bardin does not hesitate to say that the Condottieri who bore arms in Italy were the original models of the troops in Switzerland and in France, not under the consideration of their merit as soldiers, but under that of their system of organization, of which until that time there was not the slightest idea anywhere, in modern times.

And yet, bad as were these "Captains of Adventure," how many of the greatest conquerors who have filled the earth with their renown were nothing better than CONDOTTIERI on the grandest scale! For instance, Pyrrhus, Alexander the Great,[1] Hannibal in one, but by no means

[1] 'Zschokke, in one of his astonishingly instructive historical novels, entitled "Kleine Ursache" ("Little or Insignificant Reasons"), demonstrates how the actions of the lowest in position, if possessed of beauty and intelligence, can influence the mightiest and determine the fate of nations. This was eminently shown in connection with the Seven Years' War. In the same way moral stories may serve to illustrate characteristics better than diffuse biographical treatises. In

in every sense, Sforza, Freundsberg, the Constable Charles de Bourbon, the most notable Generals of the Thirty Years' War, especially Wallenstein, Bernard of Saxe-Wiemar, Königsmark, Wrangel, and, perhaps in that the majority of his soldiers were mercenaries, Torstenson, who

"Evenings at Home," by Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld, there is a Conversation which is most pertinent to this consideration. It is entitled "The Two Robbers," who are respectively Alexander the Great and A Chief of Brigands, who had been captured by the Macedonians.

"ALEXANDER. What! art thou the Thracian Robber of whose exploits I have heard so much?

"ROBBER. I am a Thracian and a soldier.

"A. A soldier!—A thief, a plunderer, an assassin, the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

"R. What have *I* done of which *you* can complain?

"A. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

"R. Alexander, I am your captive. I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. . . . I will reply like a free man.

"A. Speak freely. . . .

"R. I must, then, answer your question by another. How have *you* passed your life?

"A. *Like a* HERO. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave I have been the bravest, among sovereigns the noblest, among conquerors the mightiest.

"R. And does not Fame speak of me too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? . . . You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

"A. Still, what are you but a *robber*,—a base, dishonest ROBBER?

"R. *And what is a* CONQUEROR? Have not you, too, gone about the earth, like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry, plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district, with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is, then, the difference, but that, as you were born a king and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier *robber* than I?

"A. But, if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

"R. I, too, have freely given to the poor [exactly the Argument of Fra Moriale and Italian Brigand Chiefs since] what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever repay to the world the mischiefs we have done it. (*Exit Robber.*)

"A. . . . Are we, then, so much alike? Alexander, too, a robber? Let me reflect."

If ever words were penned which present so strikingly the resemblance of Fra Moriale to Alexander, to Pyrrhus, or to Napoleon, it would be difficult to find them. The "Grand Company" of the Condottiere was not less "grand" in comparison to the forces it encountered than the armies of the great Grecian War-Dilettante and of the Corsican despot to the opponents whom at first they overthrew, and by whom they were finally overthrown.

has been styled the modern Hannibal; almost all the conquerors of India prior to the advent of the English; Christopher Bernard, Bishop of Munster, in the seventeenth century; and most recent and most renowned of modern robbers, Napoleon Bonaparte, who for fourteen or fifteen years planned and directed "the plunder of Europe by a body of disciplined savages."[2] He was the Brigand *par excellence.*

Myers, in his Biographical Sketch of Mazzini, furnishes a corroboratory paragraph: "It has been remarked that the proclamation [1796], in which Napoleon held out Italy to his troops, *not as a nation to deliver, but as a prey to seize,* marked the first step in the metamorphosis of the soldiers of the Republic into the soldiers [the "savages" of Knox] of the Empire."

King as he was, and one of the greatest of kings, Louis XI. of France was a sort of hyper-royal-condottiere. "He did not want mere men in his army, but soldiers; no more Franc-archers, robbers, who disbanded at Guinegate; Gentry even less. He said to his people and nobility, Pay instead of serving, and stay at home. "No more people nor nobles;" and the people, feeling that one day or another this huge "Company of Adventure" might beat those who paid them, "cursed the king who had (as they averred) disarmed France" [the worthless French militia].

Although every man who chooses to stick Professor before his name has undoubtedly a right to assume the title according to the primary definition of the word, yet, nevertheless, comparatively few have the privilege to appropriate it in the grand scientific meaning which always did, and still should, invest it with honor and influence. In the same way that the title of Professor has been degraded by indiscriminate use, the word Philosopher was formerly applied, in rare instances, to but few, and then to shining lights of human intelligence. It has now become of such general application that many a man is honored as a "philosopher" who has no claim to the designation except an assumption which ranks with the solemn gravity of an owl, or is equivalent to the curious expression of "an Ass in spectacles." The real and observant philosopher, the Thinker, who has studied and reflected upon the extraordinary phases and problems presented by human progress; its successive days of almost cloudless brilliancy and of a darkness so dense as almost to realize the expression, "Darkness that could be felt," must admit the truth of St. Paul, that the Creator has never allowed a complete, even temporary, disappearance of those forces which were necessary to the development of His endless plan. There have

[2] This is the language of Knox, the ethnologist, and a recent English traveler in Egypt, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, puts a pertinent question: "Were the architects who built magnificent Thebes savages, and [were] the [French] *soldiers who played ecarté amidst its ruins, and stuck up a placard inscribed 'to Paris' on its most stately pylon, civilized men?*"

been "Dark Days" and "Cold Years," but not continuous. . One of His grandest titles is the "Lord of Hosts" or "of Armies," and terrible, as it is true, War is one of the indispensable elements of Progress. Ram, in his "Philosophy of War," declares, "*The great soldier who has also the brains to be a great civilian and the heart of a good man, is the highest of human beings.*" Bayne, in his "Essays on Biography and Criticism," Series ii.; "Wellington," v. 149, also observes:

"Among the many wonderful phenomena of human history, War holds a prominent, if not the most prominent, place; in the web of human destiny, it has marked itself by a deep and continuous stain of red; it has directed every national development, it has called forth every human emotion, it has entered into the composition of every language. It is, withal, a phenomenon whose meaning is extremely difficult to read, and of which, we must make bold to say, the readings have been extremely unsatisfactory. To discern that War is essentially an evil, demands no singular amount, and no extraordinary exercise, of penetration."

In accordance with these ideas War, the necessary evil, of which the "Carrying-on" is in many respects an *exact*, although in many others an UN*exact*, science, has never been without exemplary professors, practical or theoretical, throughout all time and the world. When it was a flickering and almost extinguished rushlight in one quarter, it was an electric light in another, and, strange to say, those countries which are now almost altogether deprived of its beams, possessed its full illumination at the very time when Western Europe, the present seat of the highest scientific development in every direction, was, to use the words of the poet,—

> "All fighting without order, without method,
> A weary, wasting, *desultory* war."

It is under this view of the case that the careers of the in many respects execrable, Condottieri, proper, or pure and simple, are worthy of study, because they seemed to be the connecting links between the scientific military organizations of the Eastern Empire, like the notes of the bugle-horn used as an illustration by Tennyson,—

> "Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
> And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying!"

and their gradual revival and re-birth as the present acknowledged system, first under Louis XI. of France, and afterwards under Coligni, Maurice of Nassau, and Gustavus Adolphus. Had it not been for these Condottieri the art and science of war would have been lost at the West. Here another terrible truth presents itself, that the basis of all human development is greed, the often accursed thirst for money. This was the great inducement of these Condottieri to organize their

bands, to perfect their discipline, to improve their material, to select their *personnel*, and to convert a mob into an army, whether smaller or larger, which, in itself, was a weapon irresistible for their purposes; was an object of horror to the thrifty and industrious,—was at the same time a training-school to transmit military ideas and educate officers.

Lord Macaulay,[3] in the first chapter of the unfinished fifth volume of his "History of England," devoted some pages to a series of admirable remarks to prove the superiority of *professional* over *occasional* soldiers however brave or willing.[4] It would seem as if this problem

[3] See his Critical and Historical Essay on Machiavelli in regard to Condottieri and the Transition State of Armies.

[4] "Lord-High Chancellor SOMERS [Baron of Evesham], who had studied ancient literature like a MAN,—a rare thing in his time [reign of William III.],—said that those instances [of Militia, not Militia pure and simple, but troops in a measure acclimated to battle, defeating more regular organizations] refuted the doctrine which they were meant to prove. He disposed of much idle declamation about the Lacedæmonians by saying, most concisely, correctly, and happily, that the Lacedæmonian commonwealth really was a *standing army* which threatened all the rest of Greece. In fact, the Spartan had no calling except war. Of arts, sciences, and letters he was ignorant. The labor of the spade and of the loom, and the petty gains of trade, he contemptuously abandoned to men of lower caste. His whole existence from childhood to old age was one long military training. Meanwhile the Athenian, the Corinthian, the Argive, the Theban, gave his chief attention to his oliveyard or his vineyard, his warehouse or his workshop, and took up his shield and spear only for short terms and at long intervals. The difference, therefore, between a Lacedæmonian Phalanx and any other Phalanx was long as great as the difference between a Regiment of the French Household Troops and a Regiment of the London Train-bands. Lacedæmon consequently continued to be dominant in Greece till other states began to employ *regular* troops. *Then her supremacy was at an end. She was great while she was a Standing Army among Militias.* She fell when she had to contend with other standing armies. The lesson which is really to be learned from her ascendency and from her decline is this, that the *occasional soldier* is no *match* for the *professional* soldier.

"The same lesson Somers drew from the history of Rome; and every scholar who really understands that history will admit that he was in the right. The finest militia that ever existed was probably that of Italy in the third century before Christ. It might have been thought that seven or eight hundred thousand fighting men, who assuredly wanted neither natural courage nor public spirit, would have been able to protect their own hearths and altars against an invader. An invader (HANNIBAL) came, bringing with him an army small and exhausted by a march over the snows of the Alps, but familiar with battles and sieges. At the head of this army he traversed the peninsula to and fro, gained a succession of victories against immense numerical odds, slaughtered the hardy youth of Latium like sheep by tens of thousands, encamped under the walls of Rome, continued during sixteen years to maintain himself in a hostile country, and was never dislodged till he had, by a cruel discipline, gradually taught his adversaries how to resist him.

"The more minutely we examine the history of the Decline and Fall of Lacedæmon, the more reason we shall find to admire the sagacity of Somers. The first great humiliation which befell the Lacedæmonians was the affair of Sphacteria. [General von Kausler in his "Worterbuck der Schlachten," etc., assigns this "Siege of Pylos and Island of Sphacteria" to B.C. 426, in the Seventeenth Year of the Peloponnesian War, agreeing with Thucydides; Diodorus says B.C. 425.] It is remarkable that on this occasion they were vanquished by men who made a trade of war. The

was a self-evident one, and yet it would also appear as if it is as difficult to beat the fact into the heads of popular political representatives as to reduce the Jewish proverb referring to a natural impossibility, into practice, and make an ass mount a ladder. Exactly what the *oc-*

force which Cleon carried out with him from Athens to the Bay of Pylos, and to which the event of the conflict is to be chiefly ascribed, consisted entirely of mercenaries,—Archers from Scythia and Light Infantry from Thrace. The victory gained by the Lacedæmonians over a great Confederate army at Tegea, retrieved that military reputation which the disaster of Sphacteria had impaired. Yet even at Tegea it was signally proved that the Lacedæmonians, though far superior to *occasional* soldiers, were not equal to *professional* soldiers. On every point but one the Allies were put to rout; but on one point the Lacedæmonians gave way, and that was the point where they were opposed to a Brigade of a Thousand Argives, *picked men*, whom the state to which they belonged had during many years trained to war at the public charge, and who were, in fact, a *standing army*. [General von Kausler styles this conflict the Battle of *Mantinea*, B.C. 418, in the Fourteenth Year of the Peloponnesian War. The victors buried their dead at Tegea, whence the application of that title. Just so the Prussians style the great Blücher-Wellington victory of 18th June, 1815, "*La Belle Alliance*," the English "WATERLOO," and the French "*Mont St. Jean.*" This fight at Tegea reminds the military reader of Sir Henry Carey (Lord Hunsdon)'s engagement with fifteen hundred Berwick harquebussmen, *professionals*, against the fanaticized hordes of Lord Dacres, in 1570, on the Gelt, a feeder of the Irthing, near Naworth, and in the mountain border, between Northumberland and Cumberland, in Northern England. The trained marksmen with their deadly volleys shattered the Militia, and a single squadron of horse then slaughtered them. Nevertheless, though thus promptly whipped, the Militia were no cowards. Their victor said of them, 'They gave the proudest charge I ever saw.' Still IN*discipline* could not avail against the *professionals*, for whom the Germans have a term which is most expressive,—*Kerntruppen*, *i.e.*, Soldiers all, that is, best and culled with care, "The Kidney of the wheat" as the Bible reads,—*corps d'élite.*] After the battle of Tegea, many years elapsed before the Lacedæmonians sustained a defeat. At length a calamity befell them which astonished all their neighbors. A division of the army of Agesilaus was cut off and destroyed almost to a man; and this exploit, which seemed almost portentous to the Greeks of that age, was achieved by Iphicrates [(who was a general at twenty-five) in B.C. 393] at the head of a body of *mercenary* light infantry [or "targeteers," so styled from their improved and less weighty shields, armor, and equipments]. But it was from the day of Leuctra that the fall of Sparta became rapid and violent. Some time before that day the Thebans had resolved to follow the example which had been set many years before by the Argives. Some hundreds of athletic youths, carefully selected, were set apart, under the names of the City Band and the Sacred Band, to form a standing army. *Their business was war.* They encamped in the citadel; they were supported at the expense of the community; and they became, under assiduous training, the first soldiers in Greece. They were constantly victorious until they were opposed to PHILIP'S *admirably-disciplined phalanx* at Cheronea; and even at Chæronea they were not defeated, but slain in their ranks, fighting to the last. It was this Band, directed by the skill of Great Captains [Epaminondas and Pelopidas] which gave the decisive blow to the Lacedæmonian power. It is to be observed that there was no degeneracy among the Lacedæmonians. Even down to the time of Pyrrhus they seem to have been in all military qualities equal to their ancestors who conquered at Platæa. But their ancestors at Platæa had not such enemies to encounter."—*History of England*, by Lord MACAULAY, vol. v. pp. 11–13, 1861, with explanations and additions in [—] etc., by J. W. DE P.

casional Soldiers have always been to *Militia* and *professional* Soldiers to the best *occasional* Soldiers, the Great Companies under the distinguished Condottieri were to Civic Militias and Feudal Arrays of the countries in which they sprang up and flourished.

It is worthy of note that even the Roman Legions, who were as much veterans as were our volunteers at the end of the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," were no more a match for the gladiators of Spartacus, B.C. 73, trained to killing as a business, while there was anything like an equality of numbers, than they had been competent to oppose the professionals of Hannibal. Indeed, it was not until Crassus had collected sufficient forces to swarm them out that the bands of Spartacus were crushed, and not even then until dissensions between his lieutenants had thrown open the gate of victory to the Romans and delivered up the hitherto victorious bands to their oppressors.

Vegetius declared that the Roman military system in its highest development was so perfect that it must have been the result of Divine inspiration. Its apogee, according to the Chronological Tables of one of the most careful of military critics, the German General von Hardegg, occurred in the time of Cæsar. From that period it began to decline, at first slowly, afterwards with terrible rapidity, until it set in that era of darkness,—so dark that it was the general belief that the world was coming to an end. It endured after Cæsar, as the military light of the world, over one thousand years,—endured in even such still existent force that Finlay asserts and demonstrates very clearly that while superficial historians attribute to Charles Martel, "the Hammer" or "Hammerer," and his Franks the arrest of the Moslem menace of universal dominion, the old Roman discipline, in appearance effete, still possessed such innate influence and might that "the Byzantine armies had stopped the *full force* of the torrent before Charles Martel encountered one of its *minor rills*."

This is very strong language, but in effect it is true, and equally true that when the Byzantine Empire was extinguished in blood, and almost totally consumed in fire, and with it the wrecks of the discipline which New Rome had learned from Old Rome, the necessity of the times seemed to evolve a new form of the same force that showed itself under the Condottieri, which, although not strictly recognized under that category, nevertheless since they took their rise in Byzantine territory, they not only transmitted these ideas, but transported their effects into Italy. Thence and there grew up those great real Condottieri, who, in the fourteenth century, gave such fearful significance to the title, and with their cruel iron *discipline* and oneness of purpose literally smashed the IN*discipline* which sought to oppose itself to their organization as a glass vessel is shivered by a hammer. From their infernal selfishness came the germ of the modern system of war. In the endeavor to make the fact clearer, this article is intended to demonstrate

that the war-seed collected in various lands, and selected with care, which resulted in the blossoms and fruit of an organization, administration, and discipline, which had carried the Roman ensigns over the whole known world,—farther, in many directions, than modern investigation has yet discovered;—that seed buried in the subversion of the Roman Empire, which still existed in Byzantium centuries after Rome itself had lost its pre-eminence; that seed was rescued, and dug up and resown by these Condottieri, first in Greece, whence the shoots transported into Italy, and transplanted there. This occurred in the same way that Greek learning emigrated from Constantinople, after its final fall, into Italy. The new shoots taking root again, sprouted into the Condottieri of the fourteenth century. These leaders served as connecting links between the military science of the ancient world, which was expiring when they sprouted, and the military science of recent times, which was reborn and began to develop itself as soon as its parent disappeared.

The Byzantine Empire fell to pieces long before Constantinople was taken by the Turks. For over a century all that remained of the empire was the vicinage of Constantinople.

In scrutinizing closely the careers of these military kinglings, the Condottieri, with their ambulating seats of government, their habits, manners, regulations, modes of operation, it is impossible not to recognize in them an important link in the endless chain of ages. It is like studying the life and habits of some species of a genus of animal life that has disappeared, like the Great Auk, the Dodo, or the Gigantic Moa, which existed long after we had more accurate and scientific records than have yet been discovered in regard to cause and effect five hundred years ago. Men at that day, and prior to it, accomplished in a great many different directions, with far inferior means, marvels which the Present can imitate, but cannot surpass. Look at a globe, and mark those waving lines which encircle it. How in one place they bulge towards the equator, and in another they curve toward the poles. If human enlightenment could be represented in a similar way upon a globe, the same kind of irregular lines would encircle the sphere. The Ages styled "dark" were of different shades in different regions. At that very time in the midst of the darkness there was light, and brilliant light, somewhere. The Middle Ages, which are about equivalent to the Dark Ages, were the interval between the *positive* Decline of the Roman Empire and the *pronounced* revival of learning in Europe, generally stated as from the eighth to the fifteenth century. They were in respect to the Science and Art of War very dark, especially in regard to organization and discipline. Without such general obscurity aggregations similar to the Spanish or Catalan Grand Company, whose leaders showed extraordinary generalship at the battle of the Cephisus in March, 1311, and the Great Companies —which about ruled Italy for half a century—could not have held

together except for the moment, whereas they were acknowledged as existences, and powerful ones, holding the balance of power for centuries. They may be said to have ruled the hour in one quarter or another from the capture of Constantinople by the Franks, 12th April, 1204, down to the close of the career of Sir John Hawkwood in 1394, in Italy, and the assured sovereignty of Henry IV. in France about 1600. "Our countryman (according to the English "Penny Cyclopædia"), Sir John Hawkwood, is said to have been the last, as he was beyond comparison the most eminent for his skill in military affairs. Sir John died at Florence in 1393, at an advanced age, and was buried with great pomp by the Florentines. There is a cenotaph to his memory in the church of Sible Hedingham, Essex [England], where he was born."

Among the many leaders who rose and fell, some to the establishment of permanent princely houses and some to miserable ends, there was none grander in design and greater in individual capacity, courage, and a certain chivalry than the Chevalier de Montreal, and withal scarcely one more unhappy in the manner of his death. He became neither drunk with power, pride, place, nor wine, and the man who sent him to the block with all four. Were the whole truth told of Rienzi and of Montreal, the latter would prove the better and braver man. Rienzi dreamed a dream, and like a dream its impression was evanescent. Montreal lived a life, and the impression he made lives to-day, because he comprehended that Discipline is the Soul of an Army, and the very discipline he taught and enforced is to-day a living thing, which has grown and fructified with finer and larger fruit ever since. He clearly recognized that even as with the loosening of the bonds of discipline the force of the Roman system dwindled and departed, even so with the replanting of it by him, it was to grow and develop and bear fruit abundantly, until again suffered to wither and perish through neglect and ignorance.

There is a proverbial expression that "truth is stranger than fiction," and with equal justice it may be asserted that there are very few novels which deal apparently in the wildest exaggerations that have not been exceeded in strange and marvelous incidents by the lives of very many individuals. For instance, take the careers of the majority of military leaders in Italy, known as Condottieri, of whom this Montreal was one of the most eminent.

It is almost impossible for people in the present high condition of civilization to conceive how a few thousand men could act their pleasure, commit every species of crime, and literally eviscerate difficult countries filled with fortified cities and inhabited by a population accustomed more or less to the use of arms. Some idea of what damage can be done by such, can be reached by recalling the rebel raids in Pennsylvania in 1862 and 1863, in the latter of which Chambersburg was

burned, or that of Morgan in Indiana and Ohio, July, 1863. Neither was arrested by any effort of the population, but solely by the pursuit of more or less trustworthy troops. Had there been none of the latter, there is no telling how far these ravages might have extended. Recall the ubiquitous courses of the Prussian Hulans in France in 1870–71, and that even the new government of Italy cannot put down brigandage in Sicily, and in the Calabrias (ancient Bruttii, so long the citadel and recruiting ground of Hannibal), since the people favor them.

In the fourteenth century the citizens of the Italian municipalities who had grown enormously rich through commerce and manufactures had sunk their patriotism in selfishness, and destitute of true manliness, were willing to pay lavishly for foreigners to do their fighting. One excuse they did have. The quarrels in which they were expected to risk their lives were not their own, but those of their feudal lords, or the temporary despots who had acquired their authority by the vilest practices of guile, force, and even assassination. At all events, the rich were willing to pay to escape immediate peril, only to fall into greater dangers at the hands of those whose services they so foolishly bought. Had they followed the example of the great traders of antiquity and maintained permanent organizations of mercenaries,[5] they

[5] There is in truth nothing new under the sun. David, who introduced the Prussian Landwehr System, THE Military System of the old world to-day, likewise saw the paramount advantage of having a Body-Guard of Foreigners who had no sympathy with the nation; the will of whose king was their sole recognized director.

"There was one important body of foreigners in the service of the Kings of Judah from the time of David [1056–1049 B.C.] downwards. David instituted a Body-Guard [conjectured number five hundred], Kerethim (*Cherethetes*) and Pelethim (*Pelethites*), or, rather, of Cretans [famous as Light-troops] and Philistines (2 Sam. xv. 18), to whom the Hebrew of 2 Sam. xx. 23, adds a name which has been obliterated in our English version, the *Carians*. These foreign soldiers were a sort of Janissaries attached to the person of the sovereign, after the common fashion of Eastern monarchs, who deem themselves most secure when surrounded by a band of followers uninfluenced by family connections with people of the land. The constitution of the Body-Guard appears to have remained unchanged to the fall of the Judean state. The *Carians* are again mentioned in the Hebrew text of 2 Kings xi. 4, and the prophet Zephaniah, writing under King Josiah [642 B.C.], still speaks of men connected with the court, who were clad in foreign garb, and leaped over the threshold. To leap over the threshold of the sanctuary is a Philistine custom (1 Sam. v. 5), and when the prophet adds, that these Philistines of the court fill their master's house with violence and fraud, we recognize the familiar characters of Oriental Janissaries (Zeph. i. 8, 9).

"The foreign guards, whom we thus see to have continued to the days of Zephaniah [637 B.C.], are unquestionably identical with the uncircumcised foreigners whom Ezekiel [590 B.C.] found in the Temple. For the guard accompanied the King when he visited the sanctuary (1 Kings xiv. 28), and the Temple Gate leading to the Palace was called 'The Gate of the Foot-Guards' (2 Kings xi. 19). Nay, so intimate was the connection between the Temple and the Palace that the Royal Body-Guard were also the Temple Guards, going in and out, *in courses*, every week (2 Kings xi. 9). It was the Centurion of the Carians and the Foot-Guards who aided Jehoiada in setting King Jehoash [877 B.C.] on the throne, and 2 Kings

would have been far better off than by affording such opportunities for the after-oppression of villains not even bound for a certain term of years, but simply hired by the job.

The Chiefs of Adventurers, or Condottieri, were nothing more nor less than a species of Contractors who, when any trouble was brewing, put in their bids, sealed or open. If the contract was awarded to them by favor, policy, or fair commercial dealing, they underwent the sufferings, did the fighting, and exhibited factitious patriotism as proxies for the cowardly or unwilling citizens. Having underbid one another to obtain a profitable job, they at once pursued a course quite common with contractors for other kinds of work or supplies. They either demanded increase of pay for inferior work, or resorted to false measurements of quality and quantity, or undertook to augment the stipulated emoluments by robbery and rapine. Again, when the job was completed, they were unwilling or unable to get rid of their followers or co-laborers and return to private life and honest courses until something else advantageous should turn up, and in order to keep their bands organized or together they were obliged to fight and to spoil without regard to whom the sufferers were. Thus they gradually became a perfect pest, from which there was no escape nor any method of relief. The unfortunate population exposed to their visitations were, as a rule, without recourse or remedy until the complete ruin and waste compelled their persecutors to "move on." Each band was to some municipality or state a perfect "Old Man of the Mountain," from which the exhausted Sindbad could not relieve himself, because the persecutor, in fact, was always on his guard; whereas the tormentor, in fiction, forgot himself and became drunk and lost his senses. There is more than one city in the United States which is subject to Harpies like the Condottieri, who plunder it, *not* by force of arms, but through contracts just as ruinous as the practices of the "Chiefs of Adventurers" in Italy in the fourteenth century. Wickedness and matter always continue to exist; they only change form.

Moreover, there was a sort of common understanding between the very Condottieri who were opposed to each other, and to this, while fighting under different colors, they were far more faithful than they were to their employers by whom they were hired to fight. It is asserted that their fighting, as a rule, became more or less a sham; bloodless barring accidents. Prisoners of their own class and calling they simply plucked and plundered and let them go. Captives of all other sorts had to pay as large ransoms as could be squeezed out of them. In France it would seem they were much more given to killing and being killed. So it was in Italy in the fourteenth century. In the fifteenth the campaigns of the Condottieri against each other were little better than the summer manœuvres of modern troops, except that the peaceable and industrious were in every case inevitably at the mercy of both bands of adventurers.

"To demonstrate that their wars in the fifteenth century were frequently mere shams, at a great battle near Zagonera (1423) there were only three men killed. Again, in 1467, a battle was fought near Molinella between the Condottieri of the Pope and those of Naples, in which there was not even a single man hurt. At last

xi. 11, 14, pictures the Coronation of the young King while he stood by a pillar, 'according to custom,' surrounded by the foreign Body-Guard, who formed a circle about the altar and the front of the shrine in the holiest part of the Temple court (compare Joel ii. 17). Thus it appears that as long as Solomon's Temple stood, and even after the reform of Josiah, the function of keeping the ward of the Sanctuary, which by Levitical Law is strictly confined to the House of Levi, on pain of death to the stranger who comes near (Num. iii. 38), devolved upon uncircumcised foreigners, who, according to the law, ought never to have been permitted to set foot within the courts of the Temple."—"*Old Testament in the Jewish Church*," by W. Robertson Smith, New York, 1882, pages 249, 250.

they became the most faithless and treacherous of men. Not unfrequently they changed their allegiance on the very field of battle when they were offered better pay by the enemy, nor did they hesitate to double or treble the price agreed upon after every real or sham victory."

As early as 1225 Genoa took the Sovereign Count of Savoy into pay with two hundred horse. Florence retained five hundred French lancers in 1282. After the expedition of the Emperor Henry VII. in 1310, many soldiers of fortune remained in the service of Milan, Florence, Pisa, and other states.

Besides the profit which they gained through the ransom of their prisoners, their pay, according to the value of money then, appears to have been high (assuming them to have been as well paid as the other troops, and that of the private soldier to have been at a far higher rate in proportion to the commanders and officers than in modern times). At the siege of Calais, in 1346, Edward, Prince of Wales, for himself and retinue, for his wages of war, had 20 shillings ($5) a day. The pay of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, for his "wages of war," was 6*s.* 8*d.* a day; 11 bannerets, 4*s.* a day; 193 knights, 2*s.*; 512 esquires, 1*s.*; 46 men-at-arms and 612 archers on horseback, each, 6*d.* a day. From the known rapacity of these mercenaries, it is not likely that they would have accepted lower terms than the other troops engaged in the same enterprise. According to Villani, they frequently demanded and received double pay, with a premium or bounty-money of a month's pay on their engagements. It is difficult to state what was the exact amount, but it is conjectured that the pay of a private cuirassier was more than that of a subaltern officer of the present day. But their chief inducement to serve was the plunder of the towns or castles which they took, the contributions they levied, and the ransom of the prisoners. From this motive they were induced not only to spare their own men as much as possible, but to give quarter to their enemies. This, as before mentioned, rendered some of their battles nearly bloodless. A ludicrous instance of this occurred when Piccinino advanced to attack Florence with several thousand men. The place was defended by Capponi with another body, principally composed of mercenaries. The two armies engaged at Anghiari, a short distance from Florence (ten miles northeast of Arezzo). The battle lasted four hours. Piccinino was totally defeated, and fled to Borgo San Sepolcro (on the Tiber, sixteen miles northeast of Arezzo, formerly strongly fortified), with about a thousand men. The rest were made prisoners. Only one man was killed, and this owing to the accident of his falling from his horse and being trodden under foot. Capponi, however, was unable to follow up his success.

The Condottieri bad as they were in France were worse in Italy, and grew worse and worse. With the exception of Fra Moriale, in the fourteenth, and Sir John Hawkwood the Englishman in the fifteenth, century, they were as notorious for their bad faith as for their rapacity; nor did their cruelty to outsiders fall short of either. So dreaded did their visitations become that great states and princes were willing to pay large sums of money simply to bribe them not to march through their territories. This, however, was not only the case in regard to these adventurers, but even in respect to regular armies down to very recent times. The cold-blooded Turenne, who was opposed to the outrages of his soldiers, not because they were criminal, but because it affected discipline, has been highly praised for refusing such a bribe, because he did not intend to follow the route which passed through the place of which the inhabitants had raised the money. Otherwise, he was a specimen of a Condottiere, for he changed sides as his interests

dictated until he had attained a loyal position which could not be bettered.

"After the invention of gunpowder, of heavy artillery, the consequent introduction of the new method of carrying on sieges, and of modern tactics, a strong arm and a brave heart no longer guaranteed success in the battle-field, but the experience and discipline of regular troops. Corps consequently formed under experienced leaders, which, like the armed Societies of the Ancient Germans, were governed by their own laws and made war their profession. They had no fixed abode, only for a certain time serving those who gave them highest pay; after which they were free, and would not unfrequently enroll themselves beneath the standard of their late opponent. They regarded war as a means of livelihood, without regard to its cause or object. They had their private treasury, their private tribunal that passed sentence of life or death, and, with their women and children, formed a petty migratory force, that partly recruited itself, their children and the boys that attached themselves to them becoming in their turn soldiers. The notorious *Black Guard*, which, for almost a century, maintained its full numbers and served under almost every prince in Europe, was a band of this description. On the gradual decay of the power of the aristocracy and of the cities, and on the opening of the Reformation, when the mass throughout Germany was in a state of strong fermentation, the mercenary, particularly the foreign troops, afforded a convenient means to the princes for keeping their refractory estates or rebellious subjects in check and the people under subjection. They were consequently retained during peace as body-guards and household troops and as garrisons in the fortresses formerly defended by the nobles or the citizens. This foreign soldiery brought foreign terms into use during the Thirty Years' War. The various troops were formed into companies under a captain, a certain number of which composed a regiment, commanded by a colonel. Several of these regiments were again commanded by a general, and the generals were, in large armies, in their turn subordinate to the field-marshal, or generalissimo. The interior economy of the army, the courts-martial, etc., also required a crowd of especial officers, such as master of the ordnance, quartermaster-general, provost-marshal, etc., whilst its spiritual wants were supplied by military chaplains and a chaplain-general.

"The first Mercenaries (in modern Europe) were Swiss, and merely consisted of infantry, that generally advanced to the attack in a wedge, armed with jagged clubs (*morning-stars*), and with extremely broad, double-handed swords. They were succeeded by the German Lancers, who bore immensely long pikes, at one end of which was a hatchet (halberds, partisans). To these were shortly afterwards associated the Arquebusiers, who used the first guns, which, on account of their weight, were rested upon forks for the purpose of taking aim. The Spanish Arquebusiers were the most celebrated. Gustavus Adolphus introduced a lighter gun, the musket, which has ever since been used by the infantry. The Croatians in the imperial armies first distinguished themselves as light infantry for skirmishing and for harassing the advance-guard and the rear flanks of the enemy. In the cavalry the ancient knights and squires were succeeded by the troopers, or cuirassiers, who still retained the armor and helmet. The dragoons, without armor, with a hat instead of a helmet, armed with the carbine, a species of light cavalry, that could also serve on foot, were first introduced by Mansfeld, and were more systematically organized by Gustavus Adolphus. To these were finally added a body of light cavalry for outpost duty and skirmishing, the Hungarian Hussars and the Polish Cossacks (Hulans), in the imperial army. The artillery at first bore great affinity to the gigantic and awkward catapult. The first light artillery was introduced by Gustavus Adolphus. Maurice, Prince of Orange, brought the art of sieges to greater perfection. The first routine in tactics was practiced by the Swiss, who also introduced the square, as affording the best protection to infantry against the cavalry.

Gustavus Adolphus laid at first great, perhaps too great, weight on military science, and in his tactics decidedly favored attacks on the enemy's flanks."

Among the most celebrated of the Italian Condottieri was Francisco Bussone, better known as Carmagnola, born of obscure and poor parents in 1390. His merit elevated him to the dignity of General-in-Chief to the troops of the Duke of Milan, and envy alone caused his disgrace. He was then employed by the Venetians as Generalissimo, commanded their armies, and with them humbled his former master. In 1432 the Venetian authorities accused him of treason and he was beheaded. His biographer claimed that his only crime was the remark, impolitic however true, that "the majority of the Venetian nobility were arrogant braggarts in peace and cowards in war." Another of the same sort, but more fortunate, was Giacomuzzo Attendolo, better known as Sforza. He was a poor, hard-working peasant of the Romagna, who staked his fate on a throw of his coulter, or wood-cutter's axe, or mattock; exchanged this implement for a sword, soon transformed that into a general's staff, and within twenty-five years after his death his natural son, Francesco Alessandro, transmuted both sword and baton into the sceptre of a monarchy, which, although small, was as rich, comparatively, as any in the world at that period.

"Francesco Sforza entered [Milan] in 1450 and was proclaimed Duke, . . . the great Condottiere . . . possessing the substance did not care for the external show of monarchy. He ruled firmly, wisely, and, for those times, well, attending to the prosperity of his states, maintaining good discipline in his cities, and losing no ground by foolish or ambitious schemes. *Louis XI. of France is said to have professed himself Sforza's pupil in statecraft, than which no greater tribute could be paid to his political sagacity.* In 1466 he died, leaving three sons, Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, the Cardinal Ascanio, and [the most unfortunate] Lodovico, surnamed Il Moro." [Who was ruined by the same forces and measures by which his grandfather rose.]

The last Condottiere who won celebrity in Italy was Sir John Hawkwood, who was really a general of extreme courage and discretion and possessed of the highest military dexterity. A number of Italian Condottieri or Generals took him as their model, and developed sufficient military talent to displace the foreign chiefs after the death of Hawkwood. Among these national or Italian Condottieri who became illustrious besides the two already mentioned, Carmagnola and Sforza, was Brancaccio, or Andre Braccio de Montone, a nobleman of Perugia, who, with his native place for its capital, created a principality for himself. Nor must his master, Alberic, Count of Barbiano, who restored honor to the Italian arms, be forgotten. He was also the master of the Sforza, the Ugolotto, and many other famous captains of this epoch. Nicolas Piccinino, the pupil again of Braccio de Montone, became a general of high repute, but the glory of his prime was succeeded by such reverses that he died of chagrin. His son, Francesco, experienced

almost exactly the same contrasts of fortune as did his sire. Another son, Giacomo, was general-in-chief of Venetian armies and opposed to Sforza, Duke of Milan, and beaten by him. Then he became a Condottiere, proper, organized a company of adventurers, hired himself out to a succession of masters, finally took service with Ferdinand of Aragon, who paid him with extensive estates, and a pension, enormous for the time, of ninety thousand florins. When Ferdinand had gained his ends, about two years subsequently, he cast Piccinino into prison and had him strangled in his dungeon. This list of examples might be greatly enlarged, with interesting sketches, but it must close with an allusion to one who was a contemporary of the hero of this sketch, Fra Moriale, viz.: Arnold von (or Arnoul or Ernoal de) Cervole, who put the Pope Innocent VI. to ransom in or about 1357, in Avigno. To get rid of him and his brotherhood, his Holiness paid two hundred thousand francs, a vast sum at that era, sent a Cardinal to shrive these grisly penitents, and exclaimed, "I will not only give them full absolution with one hand (the Pope blesses with only one hand), but with both hands, if they will immediately evacuate the Comtat," the country around the papal residence.

This allusion leads to a consideration, however, of the French Condottieri, and the story of some of their evil yet gallant doings is not without absolute interest in its very strangeness,—moroseness, assigning the primary signification to the latter word, "properly, excessively addicted to any particular way or habit." Very pertinent, for these rascals were particularly given to the way that leads in civilized communities to the gallows, and to the habit of helping themselves to whatever took their fancy.

It was during the reign of Louis VII., the Young (1137–1180), that certain bands of Adventurers made their appearance in France. Although this title originated in Italy, the English word Adventurer influenced its orthography as adopted by the old French writers, because the English army, being superior to that of France in the fourteenth century, set the fashion to the latter. Brantome and Rabelais wrote "*Adventurier*," an expression which borrows at once from four languages, English, French, Spanish, and Italian. These bands were recognized by fifty different names, of which the best known were those most generally styled Aragonnese (or Catalans), Armagnacs, Bandits, Brabancons, Brigands, White Companies, Grand Companies, Free-Lances, etc.

To each one of these different bands belongs a story peculiar to itself.

Generally these Adventurers were gatherings of men from all nations, who constituted the basis of the Militia of the Middle Age which were not properly feudal. According to some writers, these different bands were formed as sequels or resultants to the Crusades.

All the knights who were in search of adventures who had taken part in the first of these religious expeditions had sold their domains, hoping in Palestine to acquire, by conquest, kingdoms, principalities, or, at least, vast and rich signiories or manors, but these dreams proved delusory. Those who returned home, poor, without money or refuge, having little or nothing but their own swords, too proud to lose caste by renouncing the noble profession of arms, hired out to the lords, who, better advised, had remained on their properties and contented themselves with fighting their neighbors.

There is no difference in the importance or the celebrity of any military leaders except what they derived from the renown, extent, and duration of the success they owed to their troops. The ability shown—as demonstrated by the results of their victories—won for the chiefs of these Adventurers titles of dukes; for robbers, that of conquerors; and for their soldiers, those of knights and regular armies. Always and everywhere, historians have too frequently been flatterers and false guides. "Whoever will write under the inspiration of independent conviction," says Pascal, will one day agree or concede that "the Conscription of Bonaparte was a menacing nursery of adventurers."

Philip Augustus was the first of the French kings who availed themselves of the services of troops like these Adventurers. He, however, only followed the example of Henry II. of England, who, in extremity, levied an army of bandits and adventurers in 1173, and made them very serviceable against France.

According to French writers, England had no confidence in its army except that portion of it comprising a strong corps of mercenaries styled "Brabancons," bandits during peace, changing sides without hesitation, certainly as brave as the national levies of the times. As they were especially expert in surprises and in partisan war, they were employed to intercept convoys, fall upon isolated detachments, and surprise strong places which were negligently guarded. France was the greatest sufferer, especially the central districts, which these Adventurers insolently characterized as "their chamber" (living-room?). They lived by plunder, reaped the harvests, and tortured the population in a thousand different ways. Louis VII. of France was obliged to levy an army against two of their chiefs, Pons, Viscount of Polignac, and William, Count of Avergne. The former was finally converted by an old monk, submitted to a public flagellation by a priest in a church which he had pillaged, laid aside his armor, and became a monk himself. Such was the end of one of the first of these French Condottieri.

Richard the Lion-Hearted let loose a division of these brigands upon France, who laid waste the country. At Carhaix, in 1197, they were cut to pieces by a corps of Breton knights. The majority spoke a language which was incomprehensible to the natives and lived like

miscreants. As soon as they took the field, they committed abominations which imagination can scarcely conceive.

The English John had a number of these Brabancons in his service, an appellation derived from the fact that they were, as a rule, natives of Brabant. One of their captains, Lupicaire, displayed such ability that John gave him the chief command of his armies in Normandy. When Philip Augustus had apparently reduced them to extremity, he was so convinced of the probable result of their fierce desperation that he allowed them to capitulate and go free upon surrendering their stronghold. Philip, likewise, had in his pay a corps of these Adventurers, under a chief named Cadoc. This band must have been very numerous and capable of rendering important service, since their daily pay, accorded by the king, was one thousand livres, an enormous amount for the time. It is well known that Philip Augustus had been economizing for a long time in order to be able some day to enlist their services. Having dismissed them after the conquest of Normandy, to which they had powerfully contributed, he was obliged, in 1187, to march against them at the head of his whole army. He defeated them near Bourges, in the very centre of France, but this reverse did not prevent them from penetrating into Aquitaine and Burgundy, where they pillaged churches and dwellings alike, flayed the priests, ill-treated women of all ages, without regard to decency, and seemed to take a delight in doing everything which could outrage every feeling of respect for religion or decency.

Thereupon, in the south of France, religious and popular Brotherhoods were organized to get rid of all these bands. Such patriotic associations, styled "Brotherhoods of Peace," actually exterminated seventeen thousand of the Adventurers, and might have crushed them out had not the great lords paralyzed their efforts by converting their castles into asylums for the wrecks of the Grand Companies. Then, finding their good intentions frustrated, the Brotherhoods of Peace, originally industrious mechanics, who had left their business and homes to destroy the brigands, becoming in turn habituated to a life of adventure, themselves turned Bandits as formidable to society as those they had risen up to put down, and soiled with all the crimes of the latter, which had excited the popular indignation.

A few years later appeared William Caillet, a native of Mello, in the Beauvoisis, at the head of an uprising of the peasants, known in history as the Jacquerie. Their object was to exterminate the nobility and military classes, who oppressed them. They gave battle at once to the Dauphin of France and the King of Navarre, burned the gentry in their mansions, impaled some, roasted others before slow fires, and compelled others again to eat the flesh of their own wives and daughters, after having dishonored them before cutting their throats. Caillet came near surprising the Castle of Meaux, in which the Dauphin and

over three hundred ladies of quality had taken refuge with a mere handful of troops to protect them. These women of highest degree were destined to the same horrible treatment above mentioned, when, at the crisis, the Count de Foix and the Captal der Buch, although the latter, personally, was an enemy to the Dauphin and in the service of England, actuated by the purest spirit of chivalry, did not hesitate to attack the thousands of miscreants with a few, some hundred or two of knights and men-at-arms. The slaughter of the Jacquerie was tremendous,—it is said seven thousand were killed on the spot,—and Caillet was captured and perished on the scaffold. The noted novelist, G. P. R. James, has made this Insurrection the subject of a novel, in which this affair of Meaux constitutes one of the most interesting incidents. There is no doubt whatever that the peasantry had just reason for their uprising, but they ruined their cause by the savageness of their revenge. The nobility made them pay dearly for their momentary triumph, and, without distinction between the innocent and guilty, committed such reprisals that the evils inflicted upon the country were so terrible there was no need for the English invasions to complete the destruction of the kingdom. The English inroads never could have done the damage which its own nobility did to France.

The "Companies of Adventure" continued to augment in number, force, and importance. At Poictiers, 19th September, 1356, John of France opposed Adventurers, foreigners, to the Adventurers of Edward of England, the Black Prince, so that the two armies were chiefly composed of this class of troops. After this battle, inexpressibly terrible to France, the English Companies formed themselves into new bands under the name of "Late Comers," which surpassed in ferocity all the preceding. Finally, after devastating the richest provinces of France, they all united under a French gentleman, John of Gouges, to the number of seventeen thousand, and fell upon provinces which had, until then, in a measure escaped similar visitations. One result was the principal Condottieri organized themselves into a sort of confederation, which constituted a state within the state. King John became so dismayed that he levied a national army of ten thousand men, to which he was fortunate enough to win over Ernoul or Arnold de Cervole, who had distinguished himself at Crecy and Poictiers. This chief brought over with him a reinforcement of about four thousand Adventurers, styled the "Brotherhood of Booty." This was the Ernoul already referred to, who, known as the Arch-priest, about this date put Pope Innocent VI. in Avignon to ransom. With the aggregated fourteen thousand men, "occasionals" and "professionals," the Constable of France, James de Bourbon, attacked the united Adventurers at Brignais, 2d April, 1362, and was totally defeated. In a measure his troops were exterminated, Ernoul was wounded and taken prisoner, and the Constable and his son and nephew wounded to death. After this vic-

tory, John of Gouges had the audacity to proclaim himself "King of France," and assumed the motto "Friend of God and Enemy of Humanity." Very much as Werner had done in Italy. It would take too long to relate what followed except in general terms. The Adventurers ravaged pretty much the whole southeast of France and invested Avignon, the seat of the papacy. Pope Innocent VI. bought them off with sixty thousand florins in money, complete absolution for their sins, and an entertainment of the principal chiefs at his own table, when, as formally stipulated, before they would accept the papal invitation they were treated according to the ceremonial accorded to guests of sovereign rank. During the feast the Pontifical palace resounded with the profane songs of the Condottieri. Then they burst into Italy, carrying with them what was even worse than human cruelty, if anything could be, *i.e.*, the plague; they grew rich amid the general misery with the plunder of new districts, and then, for reasons best known to themselves, made their way back into France. Seguin de Badifol, who compelled every one to salute him as "King of the Companies," formed one band, into which no one was admitted who could not prove gentle birth. After having plundered and put the rich provinces of Auvergne and Languedoc to ransom, he marched against Charles the Bad, King of Navarre. Charles was even too "bad" for the Condottieri. He poisoned the King of the Companies, and then made a better bargain with the latter's followers.

In 1365 the celebrated Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France, succeeded in inducing the French Condottieri to follow him into Spain. These "Black Bands" now assumed the title of "White Companies," on account of a large white cross sewn upon their dresses, under the pretext that they were about to make a crusade against the Saracens. To prove the sincerity of their Roman Catholicism these thirty thousand Adventurers in passing squeezed the Pope in Avignon, extracting two hundred thousand crowns from the pockets of the Prince of the Apostles, and his absolution properly engrossed upon parchment and under seal. At first, du Guesclin was completely successful in Spain, but his triumph excited the jealousy of the English Black Prince. As soon as the latter appeared, a large portion of the Adventurers who had once served under him deserted du Guesclin to take service under the Prince of Wales. To cut the story short, du Guesclin was completely beaten at the battle of Navarette and taken prisoner. The Adventurers who had escaped the disasters of this war then re-entered France and formed new associations, at the head of which the greatest nobles of France were not ashamed to place themselves.

Sometimes as Robbers, sometimes as Mercenaries in the Royal service, these Adventurers continued to exist and live by brigandage through reign after reign. When the League was arranged against the crown of France, these rascally organizations again assumed the guise of

champions of religion and legality. One association under the Marquis de Trans, nephew of the Count of Five, private secretary of Queen Catherine de Medicis, was composed of impoverished young scions of noble families. These made a business of carrying off rich heiresses and compelling their relations to give them as wives to their ravishers.

Compelled, as usual, by want of space, the rest of the narrative must be passed over in seven-league boots. Henry IV., as soon as he became sovereign of France, determined to purge out from the kingdom the last symptom of the bands who had come to be known as "Brigands of the Mountain" and Sparrows (perhaps Sparrow-hawks). His desire to free the country from their presence may have been dictated as much by vengeance as by policy. They had been the chief support of the League which had kept him so long from the throne. It is a fashion of historians to laud Henry IV. in the same way that they abuse Louis XI., whereas the latter was by far the best king of the two,—that is, the best king for the best interests of the kingdom. Henry was far more debauched and selfish than Louis, but he was more gallant, affable, and good-natured, qualities which always please the masses. As to wisdom, foresight, and far-sight, there is no comparison. Louis was the king Thucydides indicated, "The man who could see the present and foresee the future." Henry was a soldier and Louis was a general, and perhaps no more sagacious monarch ever sat upon the throne of France than the latter, as will be shown hereafter. However, Henry IV. proclaimed the Adventurers to be assassins and simple robbers. The "Mountaineers" dispersed at once. The Sparrows took service with the Duke de Mercœur, chief of the League in Brittany. In that province they intrenched themselves solidly in a position which they had caused to be fortified, doubtless by the forced labor of the peasantry, in the midst of a wood, whence they sallied forth to plunder. Upon all the guide-posts of the roads around their citadel they set up inscriptions, "Peace to the Gentry; Death to the Provosts and Police; The Purses of the Traders." Henry dispatched against them a division of five thousand men, who laid siege to the strong fortress of the Sparrows. They defended themselves with the courage of despair, for they knew that Henry IV. had appointed seventeen Provosts to execute all who were captured. At length their works were beaten down with cannon and then carried by assault, whereupon the survivors of the garrison were put to death.

Such was the end of the last recognized organization of the Adventurers in France.

Before returning to the Condottieri in Italy, it may be interesting to know how national troops were paid, since the pay of the Adventurers was regulated on the same basis. King John of France, by ordonnance 30th April, 1351, just about the time that Fra Moriale

commenced his career as a grand Condottiere, regulated the pay. But it must be borne in mind that a cent in the fourteenth century would buy many things, or more than a quarter of a dollar will purchase to-day. A Banneret received forty cents a day, a Knight twenty cents, a Squire ten cents, a Valet (or private) five cents; but each of these had to provide himself, and own and maintain a proper horse, clothing, armor, arms, and equipments.

About this time the monthly pay of a German footman was four (two dollars), and of a trooper eight (four dollars), florins or guilders, which involved the providing clothes, arms, equipments, etc. Officers received more, according to their commands and responsibilities. The English pay was much higher, and emphasized as relatively high for the time. A Banneret received per day four shillings, about a dollar; Knights, two shillings; Esquires, one shilling; Troopers, sixpence; Footmen, threepence; privates, artificers, who might rank with our Sappers and Miners, from threepence to twelvepence a day. This was twice and a half as much as the stipend of officers and men in the French service, and a little more than the rate at which German mercenaries were paid.

It is next to impossible to draw any comparison between the pay in the fourteenth century and that in our own, because in the former case what a soldier daily received in money would buy a sheep, which now on an average costs four or five dollars, and everything else was in proportion. It is said that Constable du Guesclin's ransom of twenty thousand dollars in 1367 was equal to two hundred thousand dollars in 1852; and it is very questionable if one million dollars would buy as much to-day in the United States as twenty thousand dollars, cash in hand, would have purchased or commanded five hundred years ago in France.

Returning now to the Condottieri, who won great reputation in Italy, there is none perhaps more generally known than Walter de Montreal d'Alba(r)no. His career as a supreme commander-in-chief did not last over two years. Still, his importance cannot be measured by this short time, but rather by the extent of his influence, his ability, and the vastness of his plans,—plans which deserved success, and came so near their realization. He is the only one of his class who is worthy of being elevated into a hero of romance, for he still retained much that was noble, and displayed traits of humanity uncommon among his peers and contemporaries. He lost his life nearly half a century before Sforza became prominent. He shares with Rienzi the interest of Bulwer's most brilliant novel, "The Last of the Tribunes." Although the portraits of both these noted men are painted in glowing colors, there is perhaps more solid truth in that of the soldier of fortune than in that of the leader of the Roman democracy. Nay, more, it is questionable if the dispassionate reader will not lay down the romance referred to

with a decided conviction that Montreal was the finest and intrinsically the noblest of the two principal characters. There were, indeed, very many mean streaks in Rienzi's character; and yet he flashes out in the brilliancy with which it has been invested by poetry and romance, until it resembles the revolutions of the sun, with their flaming eruptions of inconceivable extent, the cause and effect of which we know nothing. Just so with Rienzi. Fra Moriale was a recognizable *man* in all his strength and weakness; Rienzi is a popular myth, as are all the idols of the people,—even Washington, and most particularly that apostle of the Democracy, Jefferson. The last was anything but what the masses believe him to have been, either in action or opinion.

FRA Moriale was so entitled because he was originally a Brother, or Knight, of the Order of Rhodes (afterwards of Malta), or St. John of Jerusalem. "Deodato de Gozon, Grand Master of the Order,—1346–53,—not being able to check such private adventures of his knights,—as, for instance, this one of Moriale,—resigned his office in disgust." This was the Gozon to whom tradition assigns the destruction, by the help of English bulldogs carefully trained for the encounter, of the monster or dragon which was devastating the island of Rhodes, or Orpheus, Isle of Serpents. The skull of this reptilian terror—larger than that of a horse—was displayed over the Ambrose Gate of Rhodes as late as 1829; and Gozon's monument, erected thirteen years after his decease, bears testimony to the fact that he slew an enormous serpent, a feat attributed to his "Skill [or Ingenuity], the Conqueror of Force." Finding that his knights, away from his immediate supervision, like Fra Moriale, violated his edicts and the Rules of their Order, he twice applied to the Pope for permission to resign, and the second time it was granted. Gozon died of apoplexy the very year and season the recalcitrant Fra Moriale was at the summit of his power. Walter de Montreal d'Alba(r)no, this knight of Malta, was by birth a gentleman of Provence, and born at Narbonne. After quitting the Order of Hospitalers, he entered the service of Louis, King of Hungary, and at the head of a troop of mercenaries he distinguished himself in that monarch's Neapolitan Wars, 1347–51.

When peace was effected, through Clement VI. (1350), and Louis evacuated Naples, and when all the other commanders under him had entered into treaties with his adversary, Queen Joanna, Montreal remained faithful, and refused to deliver up Aversa (some six miles north of Naples, famous for its sparkling wine, often palmed upon travelers as champagne), where Andreas, the husband of Joanna, and the brother of Louis, was strangled on the 8th September, 1345. The invasion of Naples by Louis, in which Montreal participated, and won so high a reputation, was the consequence of the crime referred to. Occupying Aversa with a small army of Brigands, styled "Company of Adventurers," or "of Adventure," which afterwards grew into

"The Great Company," Fra Moriale made himself formidable from the start. He had learned to reduce brigandage to a system, and yet maintain a high degree of discipline among soldiers to whom every crime was familiar, and thus, by knowing how to combine regulation with license, he assembled a regularly organized and administered force, which, from Aversa as the centre of his operations, rendered him redoubtable in Southern Italy.

It must not be supposed that Montreal originated this "Devil's Following," but he made it the perfect military machine which lives in military annals as an evidence of his genius. After the fall of the great adventurer, Walter de Brienne, Duke of Athens (who, first throned in Athens, then became Gonfaloniere of Florence, and fell at Agincourt, Constable of France), another arose, a German named Werner, of Urslingen, known in Italian history as Duke Guarniero, who adopted a motto somewhat like his contemporary in France, Ernoul, and styled himself "the Enemy of God, of Pity, and of Mercy." This appalling title he wore engraved upon a silver plate or gorget, and, at the head of two thousand gensd'armes ("Barbute," helmeted men, or men in complete armor, thoroughly equipped horse-soldiers, as opposed to *Masnadieri*, Footmen), miscreants, principally Germans like himself, he ravaged Northern Italy, until his followers having for the most part been bought off from his service, he returned to Germany. To Werner's plan, but not his peculiar company, Montreal succeeded about 1st April, 1353.

Queen Joanna, of Naples, to rid herself and kingdom of such a pest as the Fra, subsidized and sent Malatesta, Lord of Rimini,[6] against Montreal, and besieged him in Aversa.

The Malatesta Vecchio of the times of Dante and his son, Malatestino dell' Occhio (the one-eyed), were styled from their ferocity the

[6] There were several noted Branches of the Family of Malatesta (*Wicked head*), but the principal ruled at Pesaro and at Rimini, where it flourished for over two centuries, sometimes the enemies and sometimes the allies and trusted friends of the Popes. As a rule, these Princes exemplified "*Hereditary Genius*," and displayed marked military abilities. Sigismund, who won the greatest reputation, was born in 1416. He was not only one of the most celebrated commanders of his time, but a philosopher and an historian. His good qualities, however, were counterbalanced by others and very bad ones. Impious, in fact destitute of religion, he denied the immortality of the soul, and violated every rule of right to satisfy his ambition. This conduct embroiled him with the Popes, and Pius II. (1458–64), excommunicated him. This rendered him more tractable. For years he was at war with his neighbors, and became much dreaded; then he commanded the troops of Venice, served in the Morea, took Sparta and other places from the Turks, and, on his return to Italy, he was made General of the Siennise and Florentines. He afterwards made war against Pope Pius II., and died 1467. Dante refers to him in the "Inferno" as

"that one-eyed traitor
(Whose realm, there is a spirit here were fain
His eye had still lack'd sight of)"——

"Mastiffs of Verruchio," one of their castles. This MALATESTINO, however savage and perfidious, was a great soldier, and was said to have married and murdered the celebrated FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, who for nearly six centuries has been the most lovable heroine of prose and poetry, of painting and the drama. According to one account, her father, Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, was the friend and generous protector of Dante in his old age. Other accounts say it was Francisca's nephew of the same name. Time has not sufficed to solve the problem.

There this Condottiere was reduced to such straits that, to save himself, he submitted (1352) to the restitution of all of his rich plunder, and agreed to quit the Kingdom of Naples. With a small company (four hundred horse), which remained faithful to his fortunes, he took service (September, 1353) with the Prefect John, of Vico, Lord (or Tyrant) of Viterbo and Orvieto (Towns of the Patrimony of St. Peter), and Lieutenant for the Holy See. Even in this state of dependence "Montreal nourished the vastest projects," says Sismondi. He had written to all the "Constables" in command of professional soldiers throughout Italy to offer them a fixed pay and stipulated service as in regular organizations, and to assure them at the same time of every license which was enjoyed by members of any "Companies of Adventure." By this promise he attracted to his standard fifteen hundred gensd'armes, which, estimating this force according to the understanding of the times (although the term "Lance" was not introduced in Italy until some years later), gave him, most likely, nine thousand horsemen,—*i.e.*, fifteen hundred completely armed Troopers, heavy; four thousand five hundred Mounted Archers; fifteen hundred *Coutilliers*, or Esquires of the body; fifteen hundred Pages or valets, light cavalry; and two thousand Footmen. No sooner had he organized this band than he determined to serve no power in particular, but to make himself feared by each and all. He first led his little army against Malatesta, Tyrant of Rimini, to revenge himself for the previous overthrow of his own fortune by that despot at Aversa, in 1352. In November, 1353, he entered the territory of this prince and spread desolation far and wide. In a few months he was master of over forty castles. But even this devastation was a matter of calculation. Montreal "had given a regular government" to his "famous Great Company," which was admirably constituted and thoroughly organized. He appointed four Captains of Cavalry, of whom three were Germans, and four Constables of Infantry, all Italians. These eight chiefs formed the Superior and Secret Council, which, by the addition of a General of Finance and forty captains and lieutenants, resolved itself into the Grand Council. This is one account. Another states he appointed a Treasurer, Secretaries, and Councillors, which last were, in fact, spies as well, since, selected from various independent cities and communes, they kept Montreal informed of the con-

dition and resources of each. With these Montreal deliberated on the common interests of his little army. They were in an inverse sense what the Venetian Deputies were on the staffs of their generals (as a rule foreigners), whose actions and very thoughts they were sent to supervise, and what the Dutch Deputies were in the camp of Marlborough, and the Carthaginian "Envoys" were on the staff of Hannibal. Montreal, however, instead of submitting to the scrutiny of any one, subjected every one to the secret police of his confidential agents. Justiciaries maintained peace in his camp, and compelled the soldiers to exercise a rigorous justice among themselves. Meanwhile, against the inhabitants of the different states into which he carried his arms, every species of license was permitted. The booty was distributed between the officers and soldiers—like modern prize-money—according to a regulated system; then it was sold to the merchants, who, under Montreal's personal safeguard, followed the army to purchase the plunder. "In consequence of this discipline abundance reigned in his camp."

In regard to the tactical arrangements of the armies of these times [thirteenth and fourteenth centuries] we have but little information. The following remarks are translated from the *Geschichte des Kreigswesens.*

Cavalry was still, as ever before, the chief arm. Although the towns, for the most part, still did their fighting as footmen, yet the horse always possessed a decided superiority to their arm in the field. The cavalry was generally divided into bands, each of thirty-two full-armed lancers, who followed a particular small flag,—PANNER BANIER, PANNER WANNYR, BAHN. Five such bands made a company, each of which had its Captain, Standard-bearer, Lieutenant, the proper number of Marshals,[7] and a clerk (Adjutant?). Four such companies formed a Schwader (the modern Squadron, whose leader was called Herr-commander (Colonel). Not only the horse-soldiers composing these bodies, but their attendants and servants, were armed with *Platten* (Plate-armor), *Schossen* (Chain-armor), *Blechhosen* (Greaves or Leg-armor), *Lippeisen* (Gorgets), dwindled to mere ornament, and even lately worn by officers abroad. In the middle of the fourteenth century, however, these articles of plate-armor were less common, as the scale-armor, or flexible coat of mail and steel cap began to come into use. These garments, which were close-fitting, were carefully covered with such iron scales sewed on, and these naturally allowed much more freedom of motion. The law ordered, further, that the horse-soldier should be well mounted. His horse must be of at least average height. Properly, however, he should have a battle-stallion (*heriperedum*). On the march, or when necessity obliged, a lighter horse—*Ors*, ambler, or pacer (hobbler?)—was used for rapid journeys.

[7] Marshals (Marschalks) had the supervision of twelve horses. This term is still existing among the French in Maréchal des Logis (Quarter-Master of Cavalry).

For the rest the offensive arms of this period were almost precisely those of the period preceding, with the exception, however, that they were already made of less weight. Commonly these bands of horse formed very deep, as for a long time previously seems to have been characteristic of the Germans. Some light horse, chiefly mercenaries from foreign nations, Hungarians, and Slaves, composed almost always the advanced guard. If these were driven back, then first the heavy-armed horse (cavalry of the line) came into action. From the time that plate-armor began to be disused, Pikes or Lances played a more prominent *rôle*. These did not shiver in the first charge, and were, therefore, more frequently used, especially by the light cavalry. Intervals appear to have been taken only between squadrons, but this is not certain. When the heavy horse had made a successful attack the light horse followed up the pursuit, after they had been (not unfrequently) used during the fight for demonstrations against the flanks of the enemy. Experience and military knowledge appear to have given modifications to these tactics, for we often find differences in the accounts furnished of them.

The Foot-soldiers of this time were divided into bands of one hundred men, for this reason called "hun-schafts." Since each of these had a Van (Flag, Fahne), they, at a later period, were called Fahnen. Another name was Companies. The commander of such a band was called Hovetmann (head-man, captain). An Under-captain, Ensign, Sergeant, Lance-sergeant, Corporal, and Clerk assisted him, or were at his disposal. Eight such Fahnen, or Companies, formed a Haufen (Battalion), which assembled under its own color again. The principal weapon of these footmen was a ten-foot-long spear. According to rule each footman should be provided with a cuirass, or else with a coat of scale-armor. Their formation appears to have been generally ten deep, and in little groups of two hundred men. It appears also that two feet front was reckoned for each man.

We often find mention of a kind of wagon as attached to the foot-troops of the cities, of which they made use for moving their heavy-armed soldiers. These were called *worst-wagen*, because the seat on which the men in armor sat was stuffed out like a "wurst" (sausage). If like the wurst-wagons or the wursts of the Austrian flask-trails gun-carriages (*Cavallerie, Geschutze, Laffete*), the soldiers sat astraddle on padded cushions, like as on a saddle, with rests for the feet replacing stirrups. Six armed soldiers commonly sat on one wagon,—*Burgerglefen*.[8] They seem to have been specially used for rapid movements of the heavy-foot, whose armor did not allow them to march quickly. Many towns had from sixty to eighty such wagons in readiness. This presents a provision and prevision imitated on a far grander scale by

[8] A glefe was the name given to the ten-foot spears mentioned in a former paragraph. It also was given to five fully equipped men armed with such spears.

Napoleon, when he hurried forward his troops in vehicles by post from the English Channel to the Danube in 1805, to Ulm, to Vienna, and to Austerlitz. The *Rüst-wagen* (equipment-wagons) and *Herr-wagen* (army-wagons) were different. To the former belonged a wagoner furnished with iron flails, shovels, and other necessary tools; to the latter, one arquebus, two axes, two shovels, two tire-dogs, two shot-ladles, two scythes, two sickles, a quantity of horse-shoes and nails, some palisades shod with iron, and, finally, a quantity of victuals.

The organization and equipment of these troops were not so bad, considering the times, as has been generally supposed.

"Throughout the Italian peninsula military men talked of nothing but the riches to be acquired in his [Montreal's] service (Sismondi), and from every quarter they flocked to his banner." Bulwer, in Book viii. of his "Rienzi," has drawn no exaggerated picture of Fra Moriale himself, nor of his surroundings. He had become "the terror of Italy." What is more, he had founded that system of perambulating principalities (*royaumes ambulants*), in which the Condottieri, like himself, were reigning sovereigns. On a small scale it was Napoleon carrying his court, and even his theatrical corps, into his camp, and making that, wherever he might be, the centre of control, even regulating the affairs of the Theatre Française, at Paris, from amid the flames at Moscow, some fifteen hundred miles distant, "an audacious quackery in a stage rescript," dated from "His Imperial Head-Quarters in the Kremlin."

Having ravaged the territory of Rimini and satiated his vengeance, in addition, Moriale obliged his old enemy, Malatesta, the lord of this city, to pay him a very heavy ransom, ten thousand florins, equal of gold to twenty thousand dollars, or of silver to five thousand dollars, which, considering the relative value of money then and now, represents ten times either sum. Thence he turned to menace the Tuscan "Communes," or Republics, which had united against him. By his diplomatic address he detached Perugia from this League, and made an alliance with it himself, because he wished thus to secure a basis in case of reverse, and an asylum in case of a complete defeat. Then (1354) he swooped down upon Sienna, Florence, and Pisa with an army of seven thousand gensd'armes and fifteen hundred picked infantry, and, besides, a troop of irregulars (*gougats*) and ruffians, who, nearly twenty thousand in number, were very useful to the regular troops as "bummers" for supplying them with provisions.[9]

Sienna saved itself by ample contributions of rations and a free transit, Florence by a payment of twenty-eight thousand florins (fifty-six thousand dollars), and Pisa by one of sixteen thousand florins. After this, Montreal took service for four months and a pay of fifteen thousand crowns (gold florins?) with a Lombard League against the "terrible" Giovanni Visconti, Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan (died

[9] Compare Napier, "Florentine History," vol. i. ch. xxiii. page 199, etc.

1359), one of the most powerful of the Italian "kinglings." The time had now arrived when things seemed ripe to Montreal, who contemplated the establishment of a permanent dominion, *perhaps even a sovereignty*,—everlasting dream of conquerors of the Italian peninsula, first realized in modern times in 1870,—*with Rome for its capital.* He left his "Great Company" under the command of his lieutenant (self-styled Count), Conrad Lando, a Swabian, and traveled with an escort weak in numbers to Perugia, and thence to Rome. His pretext was the arrangement of his private affairs, but, in fact, to perfect his intrigues in the south of Italy, whither, in the Spring of 1355, he intended to move with his terrible following ("*Gefolge*"). On his arrival at Rome, however, Colas de Rienzi, notwithstanding he had experienced notable favors and great assistance in recovering his Tribuneship from the brothers of Montreal, Arimbaldo, styled a Jurisconsult, and Brettone, a Knight, arrested all three, and sent the great Condottiere before the High Court of Justice in Rome.

Fra Moriale was accused of having attacked without provocation the cities of the Mark (Comarco, country around Rome itself), and of the Romagna, of having carried sword and fire through the territories of Florence, of Sienna, and of Arezzo, and of having commanded a troop of brigands foul with every imaginable atrocity. When to these and other like notorious facts Montreal (like Alexander) pleaded nothing but the inherent rights of war, and knightly desire for glory and consideration, Rienzi's tribunal declared that the title of "general" did not extenuate such crimes as were punishable in any other malefactor, and condemned Montreal to be beheaded. Villani and other Italian authorities have extracted from the career of this able organizer and commander, and even diplomatist, "the life of a robber and the death of a hero." One of them, moreover, declares that "*since the time of Cæsar, Italy had never known so great a captain.*" The night before his execution, Montreal exhorted his brothers to "love one another, and to live valorously as I have done,—I who compelled obedience in Apulia,—*i.e.*, Naples,—Tuscany, and the Marches," the States of the Church.

His head, the cradle of vast plans, was struck off on the 19th (29th) August, 1354, at the instance of one (Rienzi) among the few who owed him a debt of gratitude. This "Last of the Tribunes," however, did not profit much by his ingratitude. Of Montreal's enormous riches—he had money in all the banks of Italy, sixty thousand ducats (equal to over two million dollars to-day) in that of Padua alone—the Pope sequestered much. The greater part of his treasures found in Rome came into the possession of Gianni de Castello.

Rienzi, who hoped to get all, got very little, and "then, perhaps, he repented having committed so base an action for so small a reward."

Thus perished Fra Moriale, worthy to be cited as one of those

instinctive military organizers and disciplinarians who kept alive the Art of War at a period when it had sunk as such to the lowest ebb. He was a realization of von Clausewitz's remark in regard to War: "The Thought is Knowledge, but the Deed (or Execution of a consummate Plan) is Art or Science." It has been justly said that to these Condottieri, whatever may have been their crimes and consequent waste, is due the maintenance of that link which connected the swift decline of the military discipline of antiquity with its slow regeneration under Charles VII., but more particularly under Louis XI.[10] of France.

[10] A French work—"Louis XI. et Le Plessis-les-Tours." Par MM. le Ch^er W. H. Louyette et le Cte R. de Croy, Tours.—Paris. 1841—which recently fell in the hands of the writer of this article, does full justice to the character of Louis XI. The author says if the life of that wise king had been prolonged, he would have given to France a portion of those institutions to which its people owed the prosperity which they enjoyed in its most flourishing epoch. He first organized Town-Militia, and armed the citizens for the defense of their country. If these offered a brave resistance to the enemy, and repulsed them, their principal citizens were rewarded by being ennobled, and he attached them to him by the esteem which he publicly testified in acknowledgment of their fidelity. He conceded valuable franchises to a majority of the towns; organized a Postal-service; established a unified system of Weights and Measures; encouraged industry and commerce. He absolutely formed the Diplomatic Science; in fact, was its inventor, and as a general administrator showed himself active, foreseeing, and far-seeing. While he was the first in modern times to create a Regular army, comprising twenty thousand native infantry and six thousand Swiss under the highest conditions of discipline, and provided with the first real field artillery worthy the name, with every Branch or Arm of the service admirably furnished and equipped, the whole under excellent selected officers, while he expended large amounts in maintaining and improving the national fortresses, he did not permit his military designs to divert his attention from the best interests of his people. He spared no outlay in constructing bridges, opening canals, improving the navigation of rivers, and making grand roads, which traversed the country in every direction. Century after century has repeated the calumnies which have been invented by the partisans of the Feudal interests, which he crushed that the public good might flourish on their ruins. This class of writers have imagined the most odious accounts of this king; they have gathered up all the sorry jokes and absurd stories about him, and circulated them among the people, always credulous and easily imposed upon. The courage and persevering energy of Louis XI. reduced the nobles as well as the masses to obedience; his vigorous hand was equally powerful to oppose the dismembering of France, upon which so many powerful princes had resolved, and banded themselves to accomplish; every day his authority became more and more consolidated; and he not only maintained, but enlarged, the limits of his country. Success justified his resolution, and Providence crowned all his enterprises with triumph. In the midst of all these majestic enterprises, he, like Frederic the Great, found time to devote to literary pursuits. To him is attributed a military treatise entitled the "Rosier des Guerres" (a title which might be translated Anthology of Warlike Instructions), full of wise and useful maxims, for the benefit of his son and successor, Charles VIII.; and to this selection he added an epitome of the history of France, so arranged that the young Prince might find it in every precept illustrated by an example, and therein learn to know and love the people whom he was to govern and should render happy. Many writers have endeavored to represent Louis XI. as the Tiberius of France; he was much rather, and in many respects, its Augustus!

The "Geschichte des Kriegswesens" (to translate) observes, That, in spite of "ap-

They kept alive the sentiment of true interior discipline, which was scarcely understood beyond their jurisdiction, and if any of the effi-

pearances good and correct views of war were existent is shown by a little Essay of the time, entitled "Le Rosier des Guerres," which by some historians is ascribed to Louis XI. himself, by others to a certain Stephen Porchier. It first appeared complete in one volume, folio, in 1523. In 1616 it was republished by the President d'Espagnet, but mutilated and deprived of all the second part, and of the three last chapters of the first part, as Godfrey in his edition of the works of Comines declares. This Rosebush, or Anthology, of Wars [Warlike Maxims] for the instruction of the Dauphin Charles, consists of two parts, an ethical and a historical."[1] Some extracts from this work may come in here, in order to prove how correctly war was then judged, and how little precept and practice were harmonized.

"A nation can never be conquered whose king is himself an energetic and experienced warrior (*i.e.*, understanding the art of command,—Ritterschaft). The selection of the soldiers must be carefully made. In their exercises pains must be taken to accustom them to all emergencies which may occur in war. The Romans conquered the world because they were diligently prepared for all the exigencies of war. The leader, previous to decisive combats, should harangue his troops, remind them of the glory of their forefathers, call up before them the disgrace and shame of defeat, and inflame their courage and pugnacity. He himself should exhibit confidence and courage in his demeanor. The order (Schlacht-ruf) for battle should follow his words, and he should, with solemn pomp and with his own hand, distribute the colors. No prince should betray anger against his generals, who understand more of war than he himself. A prince should make his tactical divisions on the decimal system.[2] Let him appoint for his military objects 4 captains-general, under each of these 10 vicars, under each of these 10 captains, under each captain 10 Decurions, and, finally, allot to each decurion 10 Men. Let him so arrange the service that he has to do only with the commander of that division from which he is about to order troops. A battle is the most dangerous (ticklish) thing in the world,—any fault committed in other things admits, commonly, of being repaired,—on the contrary, a fault in battle can never be remedied: its punishment follows on the instant. Be always striving to do what profits you and injures the enemy. This is the final object of all fighting. Do not trust young people (new officers) too much when they wish for fighting. Battle is only sweet to those who have never tried one, and often he who cries out to be led to the combat is, in his heart, more inclined for running away than for fighting. It is better to have good reserves behind one's line of battle than to extend it too much. Field-works strengthen the line of battle. He who scatters his troops and heedlessly pursues the enemy will turn the victory over to his conquered opponent. Courage counts for more than does number."

These short remarks, taken from the "Rosebush of the Wars," will make it sufficiently evident that its author understood war well. Although much of the work may be considered a copy of Vegetius, we may gather from it on what grade of military development Louis and those immediately about him stood. What he did for his army, and in what condition he left it, proves his efficiency in this portion of his new (political) creations, the safety of which was identified with its goodness. It required a Louis just such as he was—just so cold, faithless, astute, cruel, despotic, skillful, calculating, active, and reflecting—to come triumphantly

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[1] Duclos, in his "Histoire de Louis XI.," gives (vol. iii. p. 383, of the Amsterdam edition of 1746) an extract from the "Rosier." Ziegler in his translation of Machiavelli's "Art of War," p. 286, has given a translation of the principal parts after d'Espagnet's edition, so far as we know the first German translation of the work. Rocquancourt, in his Cours Elementaire d'Art et d'Hist. Milit.," is in error when he says, vol. ii. p. 389, that the "Rosebush" became known towards the end of Henry IV.'s reign.

[2] The heading of this section is, "How the prince may so divide (and group) his soldiers as always to have present the number he desires."

ciency of the organization of Rome and Byzantium still survived it was in their camps.

While admitting (BARDIN) the perfidy of these Condottieri, likewise the atrocious policy which led them to perpetuate hostilities, and the cowardice of their frequent defections, it is impossible not to concede that they fostered the progress of the evolutions of the military art. To them must be attributed the impression which the idioms of every people have received from the military language of Italy. Perhaps to them is due the supreme idea of CADRES, or Skeleton Staff Corps, the maintenance of the frame or skeleton of officers of experience, however often the rank and file changed,—a perfect skeleton dependent on the skull, shrine of the brains, representing the commander, each bone the type of a more or less important member of the military hierarchy;—the renewal of the military exercises for so long a space of time abandoned; the cadenced step, the ordering of rank and file, certain combinations in the method and forms of promotion, etc. Hallam indicates this when he says, "The most famous Condottieri finding themselves distributed among different belligerent powers, each of them was obliged to oppose the efforts of a rival for glory, and consequently was compelled to exert every resource of art and experience, and profit by each and all ameliorations in tactics and the use of arms, to obtain some advantage over a rival. The inevitable result of this was progress in the Art of War."

Military critics have styled Hannibal a Condottiere *of the highest exceptional class*, and even Alexander, justly considered and as hereinbefore shown, sinks into this category. This becomes an even better classification, if we recall that when Alexander started on his Persian campaign, he bound his subordinates to him by a lavish distribution of gifts, his whole treasure. Asked by Parmenio what he retained for his own share, he answered, "My hopes!" nothing more: Hopes of personal aggrandizement and ambition. Hopes of vengeance, unselfish and patriotic, led Hannibal into Italy. Covetous, selfish hopes lured Wallenstein on to greater and greater renown.

These were bandits, indeed, on the grandest scale. Careful readers of history can turn back to the note portraying the interview between the captured robber and Alexander, in which the King has to acknowledge the resemblance in the careers of captor and captive, although there is so little other parity in the circumstances of their relative positions.

out of a contest with his opponents, who equaled if they did not excel him in all wickedness, in treachery and cunning, and who were behind him only in skillful energy, and, finally, to reign, unrestrained, from Roussillon to Guelders. That which his successor undertook in Italy found the means collected and prepared by him, and the astonishment with which the Italians looked at the army of Charles VIII., on its appearing among them, speaks equally for the talent of Louis XI. in creating and disciplining such an army as did the injudicious handling of it for the incapacity of Charles in the using of it.

Von Clausewitz, the celebrated Prussian General, Chief of Staff, military historian and critic, in his famous work, "On War," has the following remarks upon Condottieri:

"The farther we go back the less useful becomes military history, as it gets so much the more meagre and barren of detail. The most useless of all is that of the Old World.

"Although we know very little about the tactics in the battles between the Swiss and the Austrians, the Burgundians and French, still we find in them unmistakable evidence that they were the first in which the superiority of a good Infantry over the best Cavalry was displayed. A general glance at the time of the Condottieri teaches us how the whole method of conducting war is dependent on the instrument used; for at no period have the forces used in war had so much the characteristics of a special instrument, and been a class so totally distinct from the rest of the national community." Indeed, they were kingdoms within kingdoms, whose monarchs—absolute and more powerful than the legitimate rulers—were chieftains of the highest merit, like Fra Moriale.

"Just so peculiar in their way are the wars of Alexander. With a small army, but distinguished for its intrinsic perfection [due altogether to his father, Philip X.], he overthrew the decayed fabric of the Asiatic States; without rest, and regardless of risks, he traverses the breadth of Asia, and penetrates into India. No Republics could do this. Only a King, in a certain measure his own Condottiere, could get through so much so quickly.

"The feudal system condensed itself by degrees into a decided territorial supremacy; the ties binding the State together became closer; obligations which concerned the person were made subject of composition; by degrees gold became the substitute in most cases, and the Feudal armies were turned into Mercenaries. The Condottieri formed the connecting link in the change, and were, therefore, for a time, the instrument of the most powerful States, but this had not lasted long, when the soldier, hired for a limited term, was turned into a *standing mercenary* [a *professional*, as Macaulay justly styles him], and the military force of States now became an army, having its base in the public Treasury.

"It is only natural that the slow advance to this stage caused a diversified interweaving of all three kinds of military force. Under Henry IV. (of France) we find the Feudal contingents, Condottieri and Standing Army, all employed together. The Condottieri carried on their existence up to [and actually throughout] the period of the Thirty Years' War; indeed, *there are slight traces of them even* in the eighteenth century."

With the fall of Montreal fell the fortunes of the "Great Company." Neither Conrad Lando nor his brother, Lucius, enjoyed his

fortune nor possessed his abilities. The first was defeated, wounded, and made prisoner by the mountaineers of the Apennines at the Pass of *Le Scalille*, or "*The Traps*," a dangerous and difficult defile along the bank of a torrent, an affluent of the Lamone from Biforce to Belforte, the latter place about twenty-three miles northeast of Florence, north of the Appenines, some five miles southwest of Marradi, mid-way between Florence and Faenza. His escape from death was due to his bribing his captors or by the payment of a formidable ransom, 24th July, 1358. Nevertheless, he rallied the fragments of the "Great Company," and in 1359, with twenty thousand men, he marched again against Florence. The campaign came to nothing, and in 1363 he was killed in an engagement near Novarra.[11] His brother, Lucius, hitherto his lieutenant, with what remained of his force, undertook purely mercenary service, and rendered great assistance to the Florentines in their contest against the Pope, in 1376–77, styled the "War of Liberty." Thus the "Great Company," which sprung up like a mushroom on the congenial soil of Italy under Werner, withered with Montreal, and disappeared with the Landos. Future periods saw weak imitations, but never anything like its majestic although savage equivalent.

Reading over the exploits and expedients, of the avarice and ability, the courage and conduct, the success and succession of these Condottieri, the air seems resonant with the rude verse sung by the Spanish mercenaries in honor of their leader the Bourbon, which is equally apposite to Fra Moriale:

> "Calla! Calla! Julio Cæsar, Annibal, y Scipion
> Viva la Fama de Bourbon!"
>
> Be silent as to Hannibal, to Cæsar, and Scipion,
> For louder Fame exalts the praise of Constable Bourbon!

[11] Symond's "Renaissance in Italy," 2d Chap., "The Age of the Despots," refers to Condotteri.

J. Watts de Peyster,
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CHRONICLES OF CARTER BARRACKS.

No. 2.

EVERYBODY recognizes how worthless good intentions are so long as they remain unrealized. Proverbial philosophy is full of the popular estimate of this material, finding it useless except as cobblestones for the very lowest of all pavements. But so common, too, is moral myopia, that the good intent, when projected, falls wretchedly short of its object, and we confess weekly that we are miserable sinners, and that there is no good thing in us. Oh, heavens! to think how the wiseacres flatter themselves they have outgrown Christianity, and yet how "old men are given to lying" and old and young to picking and stealing, in spite of both science and the catechism! There is a great moral to be drawn from the fact that trustees make away with our savings and agents pocket our rents, therefore lay not up your treasures for consumption by these vermin, but spend them as fast as made. Put them into books and beefsteak at once, digest them both, and be wise.

Colonel Peppercorn had the "Siege of Saragossa" by heart. He could take up the story at any point and go on as smoothly as though it were a *conspectus* and he himself a medical officer just waiting for his majority examination, with no letter of introduction, and old Thumbscrews himself on the board.

Macaulay could not have done better with "Clarissa Harlowe," which he was wont to read every six months, and, it seems to us, might have made a much wiser use of his time.

And yet Colonel Peppercorn was very much dissatisfied with himself. In presence of a great crisis, like the Russian occupation of Merv, or an outbreak of cholera in Asia Minor, it is quite possible for us to maintain the most unruffled serenity of temper, but the careless discharge of some minor duty at our own hearth, or a fancied infringement of official authority, breaks over one as suddenly as the white squall of tropic seas, and in one moment wrecks a spiritual frame-work that we had begun to believe was almost worthy of Marcus Aurelius.

There were some six general prisoners at Carter Barracks, and the officer of the day and the post-quartermaster seldom could agree as to

their disposition. One wanted them for the various purposes of post-police, and the other was never happy unless as many men as possible were pottering about his store-houses, which resembled death itself in the readiness wherewith they took in everything and let nothing go out.

Now Colonel Peppercorn disliked discussion as thoroughly as a bishop, and cut his way athwart all differences of opinion by orders to which he required a prompt obedience. Out of patience with the wrangling about the prisoners and their use, instructions had been issued by the colonel which peremptorily assigned four daily to the post-quartermaster and left two subject to the control of the officer of the day.

And Colonel Peppercorn gave a sigh of relief as he thus added another to the long list of obstacles overcome by a mere stroke of the pen. It would be easier and far more soldierly to dispose of offenders by a sharp sabre and a swift *moulinet*, but it was only in the blessed days of good Haroun-al-Raschid that such police was possible. In this law-ridden country the subjection of the military to the civil power is so complete that the mere accessories of our trade are made so-called murder, and no rust more vital than mulled cider is allowed to tarnish our swords. Our forts, like the Confederate currency, are picturesque mementos of past value, our guns are obsolete, our powder innocuous, and therefore our most effective weapons are the furniture of the scribe. Pens and inkstands we have, issued quarterly on requisition, and the latter at least we can use as did Luther.

But, unfortunately, no form of words, whether in the Pragmatic Sanction of an emperor or in a will upon which the law has exhausted its tautology, is sufficient to the exact intent of the writer, neither more nor less. Conditions spring up which have to be met by provisos and further provisos, for there is no finality in anything, from the nebulæ to the Falls of Niagara, to say nothing of the distortion due to the perverseness and stupidity of men.

So, on this morning of the 6th of June, 18—, Mr. McQuills, post-quartermaster at Carter Barracks, presented himself to Colonel Peppercorn, with that corrugation of brow which testifies to constant struggle with professional impediments. "Colonel," reported he, "my sergeant says that he is unable to go on with his work to-day for want of men. I would like a detail of at least four."

"Four besides your prisoners?" queried the colonel, with a very interrogatory accent.

"I have no prisoners, sir," was the abrupt response.

"How is that, sir?"

And then the quartermaster fell back upon his usual formula without that precise investigation into facts which men of more leisure would have made, and said, "The officer of the day has them all, sir."

"Very well. Orderly."

A bugler appeared at once with the invariable salute, destitute of any grace, but strictly according to tactics.

"Give my compliments to the officer of the day," said the colonel, "and tell him to report to me."

This gentleman, as the colonel recollected after a moment, was Captain Plussmore, from whom nothing could be expected but the strictest construction of orders, as he understood them,—an excellent quality in connection with a hospitable understanding, but otherwise leading to complications worse than those of a modern dress-pattern. Generally, the mere mention of the captain's name was enough to compel immediate reference to the text and thoughtful study of its possibilities. The action of his mind was excellent as a test of how many variations of meaning could be compressed into the shortest phrase, wholly independent of the one most obvious to less gifted intelligencies.

And there are men who concentrate themselves with such intensity upon doing what it pleases them to consider their duty that they become as insensible to reason as a terrapin. They could be kept very usefully employed if provision were made in due time for their bite. Once they have taken hold, however, they must be let alone, at least until the digestion of that particular mouthful. Frequently it happens that these people make themselves very disagreeable, but it does not arise from any malice so much as a constitutional torpor that takes no account of surroundings, and is actually unable to realize how small a proportion one person is to the rest of mankind.

Certainly sounds exist, and colors, too, of which the eye and ear take no note because too coarsely organized for their appreciation. But motives are fully as much withdrawn from observation. He who undertakes to comprehend and account for their play in any one soul deals with problems more intricate than those offered by the three balls of the pawnbroker or the three bodies of the mathematician.

But Captain Plussmore gave himself very little trouble about gravitation or metaphysics. He was a man for facts and not theories. He believed not in expedients but in principle, and his principle was that whoever differed from him must be wrong.

And it also happens that some men—but no women—*innocently* and perpetually succeed in setting the teeth on edge as thoroughly as would the file of a dentist, and men there are—and plenty of women—whom it is a delight simply to have in the vicinity, for whether they are lighting the lamps or arranging the table, brushing a coat or folding a cloth, whatever they do, so they do something, as motion is essential to the charm, this indirect testimony to their presence permeates the senses with a ripple of tranquil pleasure, which one wishes might flow on forever like the Tennysonian brook. It is more soothing than an opiate, without any of its subsequent revenge.

But in the presence of Captain Plussmore, though you might not

feel like buttoning up your coat as if suddenly thrust upon a sacred concert, you did feel very much like taking it off unless hampered with the conviction of no biceps to speak about. A mere statement of facts from him no more resembled a statement of facts from other folks than vinegar resembles liquorice. He seemed to be saturated with a penetrating aggressiveness pungent as the atmosphere of a livery-stable.

Meantime the captain has arrived and stands before the colonel, who, for the reasons we have tried to set forth, has grown more rigid and curt than usual. In fact, he is wrapping himself up in a sort of moral Mackintosh before the expected storm, fully determined to condense matters and finish the business with as little consideration as Congress gives to heavy guns.

"Captain Plussmore, you will send to the post-quartermaster the four men required by post orders."

"But, colonel——"

"Obey the order."

"But allow me, colonel——"

"That will do, captain." And the colonel turned to his work.

Under excitement some men grow red and some white. Probably it depends upon the relative contractile force of heart and arteries. If the heart is the stronger there is an instantaneous extravasation of the blood throughout the cuticular superficies, while, if the arteries are stronger, there is a centrifugal hæmatic regurgitation instead, at least so Post-Surgeon Tourniquet explains it.

Anyhow, Captain Plussmore was scarlet, and the colonel's color was fading. But the captain wheeled about and marched out of the office. On the walk ouside he stopped a moment to get a good grip on the situation, and then inspired for the first time in his life, instead of going back and having it out, he passed into garrison tradition with a perennial bloom that many a brighter man might envy.

As the officer of the day disappeared, to "obey the order," of course, the colonel felt something like Wellington when he saw Massena finally filing northward from the lines of Torres Vedras. He had vindicated discipline and enforced authority with that quiet energy which should characterize the work of all good machinery. There had been no clatter nor friction, always absent from that genuine control which has but to say *do* and, behold, it is done, which has its type in the nod of the centurion rather than the declamation of the town-meeting. And underneath the satisfaction of the colonel with the brevity of his campaign, there was also a mild stirring of surprise after all that the enemy had withdrawn so quickly. His antecedents pointed towards a far more elaborate defense of explanation, excuse, expostulation, and all the other x's with which conceit attempts to demonstrate its value.

Reprimands had very little effect upon Captain Plussmore, even when they fell upon him from far above, telling him as usual what a

nice fellow he had been, by way of delicate reminder that the moral barometer was falling. Arrest was a familiar experience with him, and endured as a just tribute to his independence of character, as measles go hardest with the strongest boys.

Courts-martial had tussled with him in vain, and he was a bachelor, too. Everybody cheerfully admitted that he was pervaded by a conscience, and tried to hope that this virtue might in time cease to irritate him and subside like an old shoe. So, when necessary, his judges tormented themselves to find verdicts that should hit the offense and miss the offender, a sort of marksmanship more difficult than any taught at Creedmoor.

On the whole, it was natural enough that Colonel Peppercorn should feel as though he had been a credit to himself and the service under somewhat trying circumstances. He had indeed proved that while one may deliberate on many occasions with all the gentle slowness of April showers, there are contingencies that must be met with the decision of a July thunder-clap, and simultaneously, strange to say, Captain Plussmore was glowing with self-approbation like a clock-face under the new luminous paint. For, after some reflection, he had called up the sergeant of the guard. "Sergeant," he said, "you have only two prisoners?"

"Only two, sir."

"They are out on police, are they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am ordered to send four to the quartermaster. Confine four men more and send them at once."

The sergeant was slow to adjust himself to this emergency. It was opening out his field of operations beyond anything laid down in Regan or the Regulations. "You understand, sergeant," repeated the captain; "send out a patrol and pick up the first four men you find."

A glance of intelligence began to penetrate the sergeant's interior, and in due time was reflected, and appeared, in that honest face. He saw his chance, and improved it to the best of his ability, which, when aroused, was by no means contemptible.

Colonel Peppercorn was sitting in his library. Through the window came the shrill tones of Mrs. Lieutenant Featherfoot of the next house, as she plaintively strove with the police-sergeant for the kindling-wood and shavings *en route* to the kitchen of the officer of the day. Mingled therewith was the twitter of caged birds, punctuated by the explosions of musketry from the distant drill-ground. But the colonel heard nothing of it all. He was busy with the story of the wonderful man who won Rossbach and Leuthen in the same month against enemies from opposite points of the compass, outnumbering him two to one. "That *was* war," quoth the colonel. "A real general, like a real blacksmith, does very little indiscriminate hammering." But just then he

laid down the book, for some one had knocked rather emphatically at the door.

Post-Surgeon Tourniquet was shown in. The doctor looked like a man from whom the human interior could hide no secrets, and its misbehavior need expect no mercy. At this time, moreover, he seemed eager, impatient, indignant. He spoke in that sort of strained tenor common to men striving with a temper well towards boiling-point. "Colonel, I must report, sir, the confinement by the officer of the day of my hospital cook, sir, for no reason whatever, sir; I hope you will direct his release, sir."

The colonel failed fully to fathom the gravity of the crisis as disclosed in the manner of the doctor, but replied that he would give the matter prompt attention. Surgeon Tourniquet declined to take a seat, and departed, evidently to sulk in his tent until Patroclus should be avenged.

The colonel, aware that the world has found at least three answers to almost every possible question in history or speculation from Homer to Schopenhauer, *yes*, *no*, and *perhaps*, and that not even a point can assert itself objectively without evolving at least four sides, it being reserved for the most exact of all sciences to deal with the most impossible of all existencies as its fundamental data,—aware of these incentives to the polygonal consideration of all matters, and that it is always better to be right than to be—in a hurry (the last member of this comparison, as usually made, really possesses too little force to render its further use advisable by our more sensitive citizens), the colonel, who is, after all, the subject of this sentence, which reminds us of Choate himself, whose nominatives were generally "on detached service," if not lost, though the orator, together with Father Taylor, are both safe enough now, and anybody who wants to know what Father Taylor has to do with it can apply to the nearest intelligence-office, for we have no time to stop here, though the story is very *à propos*,—the colonel was about to return to his office when Captain Traum is introduced, still in that state of calm repose which was a religion to him. From his neck-tie to his gaiters, always black and always spotless, the captain seems an embodiment of that peace which belongeth to Paradise. It was said that he read A. P. Sinnett and studied Madam Blavatsky, and was a Buddhist. It was known that once when shipwrecked he had simply resigned himself to the waves, and was found the next morning just above high-water mark, with a handful or two of sand thrown over himself for propriety's sake, looking dreamily out to sea, waiting, it seemed, for the tide to bring him his wardrobe.

Summoned once to a reported mutiny, the captain, on arrival, formally adjusted his eye-glasses, saw the ringleader with a loaded musket at the *ready*, walked quietly up to the man, begged his pardon, took him by the ear, and led him to the guard-house. He had even

been known deliberately to encounter a church fair, saunter from table to table, buy nothing, and yet leave each sweet trader madly in love with him.

Captain Traum bows to the colonel, sits down, as invited to do, and asks after the health of Mrs. Peppercorn. The host fully appreciates his visitor, and leaves him the lead in the conversation. Presently the captain says, "I am very sorry to trouble you, colonel, but it appears that this morning my company clerk was confined. I have not succeeded in ascertaining for what offense, and as the man is at present quite busy with the company papers, I would be glad if an investigation could be had as soon as may be agreeable to you."

"Certainly," said Colonel Peppercorn; "I will look into the matter right away." And after a remark or two on the last chess problem of the *Gamester's Gazette*, Captain Traum retired, with that ambient grace which is peculiar to yachts on Saturday afternoon, to the moon on a cloudy night, and to the girls of Boston always.

The colonel was still under the charm of that illustrious soldier who so thoroughly disposed of both Russians and French, though here came these petty cares dragging him from the serene heights of strategy down into the dust and dirt of the guard-house. "Why cannot some of these gentlemen be more considerate," thought the colonel, "and not allow themselves to run into so much of this trifling complication?"

The colonel determined not to wait for lunch. He never liked to transact business except where it belonged—in the office, and had reached his door on the way there, when Mrs. Peppercorn appeared, flushed and hurried. "Really, Howard," said the madam, "I think you will have to get rid of that orderly."

"Why, what is the matter with poor Speed?"

"He certainly is drunk again. I sent him up to the commissary two hours ago, told him to come back at once, and he is not here yet."

"Well, well," said the colonel, "I will see about it." And he shut the door smartly behind him, being much averse to the female habit of iteration when laboring under a grievance.

But perplexities were indeed gathering about the colonel. He reached the gate only to encounter Captain Boomer. To say that this gentleman was excited was to fall far to the leeward of the truth. Mere excitement was his normal condition. He knew of no trifles. The ordinary events of the day assumed the proportions of a presidential convention. Triplets in the next village, or a mistake in the grocer's bill, absorbed so much attention, that the epochs of a century, perhaps of a millennium, found him already bankrupt. He was a peripatetic exclamation-point, and any rumor, probable or unlikely, if only traced to Boomer, was dropped at once as worth even less than the assets of Grant, Ward & Co.

At present the captain was breathless. "Colonel," gasped he,

"they have confined old Poppleton; more than twenty years in service; never in the guard-house in his life."

"Why, what in the world has Sergeant Poppleton been doing?"

"Nothing; never did do anything," which was truer than the captain intended.

Old Poppleton, known as "the sergeant," had wandered into the service some lustrums previously, and remained there as the best thing he could do, though certainly a man without a mission. Put into the company's garden, he hoed with the greatest industry from morning till night, making no discrimination between infant peas, pig-weed, potatoes, or parsley, cleaning out the field before him, and the company fund as well. Put into the kitchen, he salted the coffee and sugared the soup and peppered the pudding, until finally the company held a mass-meeting, and unanimously resolved that Poppleton for his services be made a corporal. He was inducted into office that very night, so far as it could be done without the regimental warrant, and within the limits that tattoo imposed upon the uproarious ceremony. At last word was received from general headquarters to send up a reliable, intelligent, sober man for orderly to the garrison gas- and water-works board. Poppleton was sent, but came back next day with a curt note from the recorder, who stated he had no time to devote to Poppleton's education, and intimated that if the man was a fair sample of the intelligence of Carter Barracks that post better constitute itself an annex of the nearest district school.

But by dint of a good constitution and a temperate life, and the persistence of a succession of graduates, who flung themselves into his drill with all the energy of youth, to whom Poppleton was merely an obstacle like the polar mysteries, to be ultimately subdued, he managed, towards the close of his enlistment, to possess himself of the manual, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two of the more complicated movements, through which he had to be carried on a wave of reproach from the officer in charge and the muttered vituperation of the file-closer. So he was allowed to stay in the service as a useful field of operations for any second lieutenant who might happen not to be "in love, in debt, or in doubt about the Trinity," and therefore with time to tackle minor problems.

But one night when Poppleton was on guard a fire broke out in the stables over which he was posted. His duty was to discharge his musket and call the corporal. Exactly what happened nobody ever knew, possibly not even Poppleton. His story was that he suddenly saw a light through the window in the south end of the building, that he did not think he had best fool away time, but rushed to the spot, broke in, found the floor on fire under the hanging lantern, and put it out with anything he could get hold of. The facts were that the relief coming round saw nothing whatever on post No. 3 but Popple-

ton's musket, and later discovered this individual lying just outside the stable-door in a very dazed condition, with face, hands, arms, and legs somewhat burned, the door broken down, and inside a torn blanket, an empty water-bucket, a shattered lantern, and a broken pitchfork.

A board of survey was ordered, which met and pondered the circumstances for days, but reported at last that they were unable to develop any satisfactory explanation, although the junior member had just written a prize essay on the "Actual Proportion of Probable to Necessary Truth, with Practical Applications," etc.

Poppleton went into hospital, and upon emerging thence was immediately seized by the company and declared to be worthy of further promotion. So they made him a sergeant over at the sutler's store, who furnished all the essentials, and it is safe to say that no commission could have been more thoroughly moistened had it hung on the end of the Secretary's fishing-hook.

But as there were those who brought railing accusations against Job, as Agamemnon had his Thersites, and the Great Republic its Griffin, so some of the baser sort were envious of Poppleton's fame and rank, and insinuated that the whole affair had its origin simply in his longing for a surreptitious smoke. This ungenerous fiction continued to be cherished by one or two of the harpy tribe, and was not snuffed out by the contemptuous comment of the old drummer, that Poppleton could not tell tobacco from tar. In fact, like stupid men generally, he never was guilty of anything but the most monotonous propriety, and had no more use for a pipe than for a musket.

But this made no difference to the scientific mind. That must have its explanation. For it the tree of knowledge bears no fruit whatever except a *raison d'être*.

The intelligent reader will readily have perceived why the confinement of Sergeant Poppleton was an event in the history of Carter Barracks, and why Captain Boomer was breathless with the news.

But Colonel Peppercorn was not a little puzzled at these repeated appeals for his interference. Perhaps a party had been caught off limits, or more likely some obsolete restriction had been revived by the officer of the day, who, like the second auditor, loves to demonstrate a zeal such that

> "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
> Its infinite variety."

It must be confessed that the little details of office-work were rather vexatious to the colonel. A man who spends his lifetime in scrutinizing tactical variations and morning reports is apt to get lost whenever he leaves a military reservation and finds he can no longer lean upon the Articles of War and the customs of service. He ought, therefore, to change his mental diet occasionally, or, as the colonel would say, were

be living nowadays, he should study Tidball and Tyndall together, and dilute the ordnance notes with a chapter from the "Sentimental Journey." He should feel thoroughly at home with a sea-coast howitzer, and also with the skeptics of Tübingen, for artillery and theology are very much alike in the matter of danger strains, premature explosions, unexpected recoil, and large quantities of noise to very small fractions of damage.

There is no reason why a man should always smell of blue-books in these progressive times, when aniline dyes furnish such a bewildering assortment of colors.

Did not the veterans of England find the Greek of their college studies most useful for a cipher in the perilous year of the Sepoy mutiny? and did not the supreme Napoleon turn from the glories of Jena and Austerlitz to the charms of Ossian? and did not Froude's finest man of his time, even Cæsar himself, occupy his winter evenings with getting up a grammar, and invent not only the Rhine River bridge but also the "ablative" case?

At present, then, when war has become so much a matter of watches, and five minutes' start wins a capital, and we are no longer granted the leisure to spend a forenoon in rectifying a battalion front, or to struggle with movements by inversion, or to work limber and caisson through the intricacies of "Fire to the left; change front to rear on right piece," we can take the hours that belonged to the third volume of Scott for Shelley, or for Dr. Hammond's last novel, and sandwich heavy artillery drill with the economic theories of Professor Sumner and Mr. George, particularly as we can sympathize with the professor in the desire to get our books and brandy duty free, and have no especial interest in developing the manufacture of Russia-leather pocket-books, while we need not quarrel with Mr. George about the propriety of saddling all taxation upon the land of which we own so little.

Already in the times of which we write, when the colonel stood before the battalion at parade and saw some two hundred uniforms fixed square to the front, like so many dummies, and the band pacing down the line, twenty of them, puffing away at their pipes and horns, with a drum-major in front, solemnly tossing a stick skywards and catching it again, the drummer behind soberly pounding out his monotonous refrain, he was really tempted to ask, "Is this a right sort of work for men with immortal souls, heaven far off and Satan close by?"

And once when the colonel stopped for a moment under the shadow of Trinity Church and looked down Wall Street, where he said to himself so much of the world's real work was done, he sighed to think how little of it had fallen to his share, for 1861 was not then within the vision of the discontented soldier.

He walked down to the Stock Exchange and entered the gallery for the first time.

That evening the colonel commanded the parade with a much lighter heart. A fifteen minutes' survey of this Babel of money-changers had satisfied him that his drum-major—plume, bearskin, baton, and all—was much nearer the angels than were the demoniacs into which he had seen his ideal business heroes turned. And surely the epaulette is a better passport to St. Peter's gate than rehypothecated securities.

Something of this sort characterized the colonel's fancies as he walked up to the office and sent for Captain Plussmore. That gentleman soon appeared, but with no trace of belligerent intentions upon his countenance. On the contrary, there was a calm impartiality of expression from which nothing positive could be inferred, any more than from a page of Hegel or a flirtation at Newport. Nevertheless, the colonel went cautiously to work. "Captain," said he, "I wish you to give me a list of any men that may have been confined to-day."

That official withdrew. It was not expected of course that he would burden his memory with ordinary incidents of this nature. In due time he laid upon the colonel's desk the names, "Poppleton, Company I; Speed, Company B; Caustic, Company C; Wafers, Co. H."

"Why, Captain Plussmore," said the colonel, glancing over the paper, "this is most extraordinary. I see my orderly, Speed, here. How came he to be confined? What have these men been doing?"

"I will inquire," replied the officer of the day. But he went no farther than just outside the door, where he drew a long breath and endeavored "to rise to the height of his great argument." Returning, he saluted the colonel, and said, "These, sir, are the four men that were confined by your order this morning."

"By *my* order," repeated the colonel; "there is certainly some mistake about that." The officer of the day prudently declined further affirmation, and the colonel was silent, passing in review the forenoon's procedure to see if he could discover any support for the assertion so confidently made, and it began to seem as if the laurels with which he had decorated himself for so expeditiously stamping out incipient rebellion were fast losing their bloom.

"Bring me the guard-book," said he, at last, with more than official brevity. It was brought, and showed a total of six prisoners. Closer search disposed of these. Two were marked "Sick, excused from duty," one released by expiration of sentence, and one by special order. The two remaining were out with the police-sergeant, and the quota for the post-quartermaster was made up from the recent confinements not yet entered.

All this the colonel studied out for himself, quite well aware of the pleasure the officer of the day would take in going into details, and fully as resolved not to extend to him that opportunity.

Now the initiative is not always so very desirable. The colonel was undetermined how most gracefully to retreat, when his subordinate,

afraid he might lose the advantage of position, actually began to explain, or, in fact, to show how clever he had been.

"That will do," interrupted the colonel, promptly. "You will at once release these four men and return them to their former duties."

"Very well, sir," said Captain Plussmore, and retired, feeling a good deal like the worthy father who asked the pope to make him a toddy and woke up before the sugar was brought. But, as the captain passed off the office porch, he declared to himself in a judicious undertone, "Well, at any rate I reckon the old man next time will give me a little more room."

It must be confessed, however, that the colonel withdrew in good order, bands playing and colors flying, like General Taylor at Buena Vista. He knew how to wait. Every man may not have his price, but every man has a certain length of rope, and finds the end of it in due time. Some, like Bill Sykes, in this world, and some, like Dives, in the world to come.

"This is the result," reflected the colonel afterwards, in the comfortable seclusion of his study, "of getting into careless habits with routine duties. If I had examined the guard book, instead of glancing at it, when the officer of the day first reported,—it would have been better for Sergeant Poppleton."

It will now be understood why our story found Colonel Peppercorn turning again to the lessons of Saragossa instead of continuing the glorious career of the great Frederick.

But later the colonel concluded that he had extracted from this particular episode all the nutriment it was capable of yielding. "Evidently," said he, "we need another tonic. We will discharge Napier, send for Dr. Macaulay, and try what the 'Siege of Londonderry' will do for our complaint."

H. W. C.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

INCHKEITH, a rocky islet in the Firth of Forth, first taken possession of and fortified by the English in 1547, afterwards retaken by the French auxiliary forces, and finally dismantled in 1567, after lying unprotected for three centuries, has recently been refortified by the erection of three barbette batteries mounting four 18-ton guns, placed in a circular turret-like inclosure of concrete, and commanding a lateral sweep of nearly a semicircle. All the magazines are casemated and bomb-proof; the covered ways and chambers in the forts are substantially built of masonry, brick, and cement, and the forts themselves are surrounded by strong earth-works. The guns are capable of firing a projectile weighing four hundred pounds, with force sufficient to pierce a 12-inch wrought-iron plate at one thousand yards' distance, and the missiles used are common shell, shrapnel, and Palliser- and case-shot. In a "battering" charge seventy pounds of pebble gunpowder are expended, and a "full" charge represents forty-four pounds. Rifled muzzle-loaders, the guns are constructed of wrought iron, with a steel tube. They are mounted on wrought-iron sliding-carriages on an iron platform, and are turned to the right or to the left by means of two winch-handles. They are easily elevated or depressed by the use of worm-wheel elevating gear, and their recoil is checked by hydraulic buffers secured to the platforms.

Here, on the 7th, 9th, and 11th of August, were made some gunnery experiments of a novel and interesting kind, in which one of the three batteries was subjected for several hours to a fire of shot and shell from one of the most powerful ships of the royal navy, the "Sultan," the object being to ascertain the effects of fire from machine- and quick-firing guns, and also from shrapnel-shell fired from heavy guns on a heavy gun, and its detachment, in a barbette emplacement. By way of preparing the battery for the experiments the internal conditions were made as like those of actual warfare as possible. Three wooden "dummies," intended to represent the men necessary to fire the gun in sight of the enemy, were set up in the positions they would occupy under these circumstances, while a charge of powder was fixed in the muzzle, out of which it projected some distance, with the view of realizing the result that would accrue from the bursting of a shell

while the operation of loading was going on. Of the "dummies" above referred to a large number were at hand, but, as it turned out, very few of them were required. They were composed of wood about three-quarters of an inch thick, and they presented the man facing the enemy. A signaling party from the "Sultan" were stationed on a commanding position on the island, and kept up communication between the ship and the fortifications during the day.

For the purpose of closer observation a couple of officers occupied a trench on the brow of a precipice and carefully noted the bursting of the shells and the effect of the fire. Steaming to within one thousand yards of the battery, the "Sultan" began the series of experiments by opening fire with four Nordenfelt four-barreled 1-inch guns, the vessel being under way. This was followed by a two-minutes fire from four Gardner and two Gatling .45-inch guns fired from the decks, then two Gardner's, .45-inch, fired from the tops, and finally the Hotchkiss 37-millimètre gun. Fire on each occasion was sustained for two minutes, and at the expiration of each series the gun and emplacement were minutely examined and a record made of all damage done. While the machine-gun firing was going on, the heavy guns of the ship were fired with blank charges at half-minute intervals, to render the conditions of firing as nearly as possible similar to those which would exist in an actual engagement as far as smoke and noise go. The next series consisted of fifty rounds from the Nordenfelt 6-pounder rapid-firing gun at a range of about fifteen hundred yards. This completed the machine- and rapid-gun practice. Shrapnel-shell were then fired from the 10-inch gun at ranges of three thousand five hundred, two thousand five hundred, and fifteen hundred yards, five rounds being fired at each range. Some damage was done to the gun and battery, and several of the dummies were hit, but the result of the machine-gun firing was on the whole disappointing, and the conclusion was arrived at that two minutes was not a sufficiently long period to give a fair estimate of their capabilities. On the following day practice was prevented by a fog. On Saturday, the 9th, the several series of machine-gun firings were repeated, with the difference that fire was sustained in each case for five minutes instead of two. An additional series was also carried out, which consisted of all the machine-guns which could be brought to bear being fired simultaneously for ten minutes,—the first five with the gun end on, and the second with it broadside on. The firing was very good, and the result showed a marked difference to the first day's practice. The observation party on the island signaled, after examining the results of the various series, "Emplacement much knocked about;" "Very hot, four numbers killed, bullets all over the place, twenty or thirty hits on gun and carriage;" "Three dummies hit, and gun hit all over;" and at last, "Effect so good that it will take a full hour to record damages." On receiving the last re-

port the committee decided to stop operations for the day and inspect the battery. On Monday, the 11th, the shrapnel-shell firing from the heavy guns was carried out. Five rounds were fired at three thousand, two thousand, and one thousand yards respectively, and it had been intended to fire five rounds of common shell afterwards; but the result of the shrapnel fire proved to be so damaging to the gun and works, and so deadly to the gun numbers, that at the expiration of it it was decided that nothing further could be learned by going on with the common-shell series, and that an unnecessary amount of damage would be likely to ensue, so the experiments were brought to a close. The shrapnel fire was very accurate; several of the shells exploded so close to the gun that, viewed from the ship, it was for the time quite hidden. Many important lessons will doubtless be learned from these experiments, as the fullest possible notes were taken by the various members of the committee.

Two conspicuous instances of what we think may justly be esteemed liberty of the press degenerated into license have recently been and are now being exhibited in the newspapers. We refer to the scandalous stories affecting the private lives of the men nominated for the Presidency by the two principal political parties, and the allegations of cannibalism on the part of the Greely colony at Cape Sabine. As to the former, it is manifestly a case of fouling our own nest to circulate and propagate these scandals. If the stories be true, so much the worse. One or the other of these men will in all human probability become President, and if he be married, his wife must figure as mistress of the Presidential mansion and be first lady in the land, as the phrase goes. Not even the rancor of party spirit can be held to excuse or justify such an invasion of private histories as these scandals involve, and the most casual reflection on the after-effect of circulating them ought, it seems to us, to prompt their suppression.

So too, with the allegations respecting the Greely party. That men situated as they were should, in the dire extremity to which they had become reduced, have recourse to human flesh for food is neither a new nor in itself a criminal proceeding. Instances of it have occurred in Arctic exploration before, and on our Western plains, and at sea. It is emphatically a last resort, and carries with it its own justification. A case of it would, it seems, be sufficiently suggestive of antecedent suffering in those resorting to it to call forth in their behalf the kind of sympathy that charitably buries in oblivion such happenings, rather than prompt the parading of their details in the public prints, panoplied with head-lines and all the elaboration and amplification needed to make the mess a savory offering to the depraved taste which delights in the prurient and sensational.

FROM the disgusting details to which we have referred it is refreshing to turn to Lieutenant Greely's reception by the British Association at Montreal, which was most flattering and appreciative. The men by whom it was accorded were eminently fitted to estimate at their true value both the personal qualities and the work of their honored guest. The occasion was a trying one to Lieutenant Greely in his yet incomplete convalescence, but he bore himself well, and won sincerest homage from his distinguished entertainers. Our opinion of the value of the best possible results to be attained by Arctic investigation as compared with their cost in life and money has been more than once expressed in these pages, and nothing that we have thus far learned of the results of the Greely expedition has seemed to justify any higher estimate of such results. This fact, however, does not prevent us from recognizing the interesting character, especially to scientific men, of the several points covered by Lieutenant Greely's brief paper read at Montreal.

ON the 9th of August the National Guard of Pennsylvania brought to a close its annual encampment, held this year on the historic field of Gettysburg. It was throughout a most successful affair, and gave gratifying evidence of the continued progress of officers and men in all that belongs to soldierly excellence. Since the reorganization of the Guard in 1880 it has constituted a single division, comprising three brigades of infantry, three batteries of artillery, and two troops of cavalry. A great reduction in the number of general and staff officers has thus been effected, and the Guard as now organized is a compact, homogeneous, and efficient body. It is still behind the Guard of some of the States in respect of equipment, but well-grounded hopes are entertained that in this particular it will soon be placed on an equal footing with the most favored of its rivals. By orders from the War Department, Colonel H. M. Black, Twenty-third United States Infantry, attended the Gettysburg encampment to observe and report upon its administration and the quality of its military exercises, and Captain Hamilton, Second United States Cavalry, was a guest at Governor Pattison's headquarters. The encampment was visited also by the Secretary of War, and the Guard was reviewed by General Sheridan, accompanied by Colonels Sheridan, Volkmar, and Gregory of his staff, and by Colonel Lacey Goddard, Inspector-General of Pennsylvania, who was also formerly a staff-officer of General Sheridan's. All these officers agree, we understand, in according a high degree of excellence to the tactical evolutions of the Guard, and to the discipline, police, and general administration of the camp. It was a happy thought to locate this encampment on the storied field of Gettysburg, and so enable the younger members of the Guard, who have come upon the stage of active life since the war, to draw inspiration from the heroic associations with which it abounds.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

In his book entitled "Operations of the Army under Buell from June 10 to October 30, 1862, and the Buell Commission," published by Van Nostrand, General James B. Fry has made another valuable contribution to the literature bearing upon the history of the war between the States. It is a lucid presentation of facts, and cannot fail to convince any who may have hitherto been in doubt respecting the subject that General Buell was most unjustly treated, and, like more than one other of our most deserving generals, fell a victim to political machinations and the arbitrary will of Secretary Stanton.

Through the courtesy of Lieutenant L. E. Fagan, U.S.M.C., we have received several numbers of *The Brooklyn Eagle* (South African edition), published on board the United States flag-ship "Brooklyn," Lieutenant W. H. Beehler being editor and Mr. C. M. Cartwright publisher. It is a small two-column eight-page sheet, devoted to interesting chronicles of the cruise of the flag-ship and to information respecting the various ports and countries visited, and is highly creditable to all concerned in its production.

Errata.—In the article on "Grog," in the September number of The United Service, page 245, third line from the bottom, for "Kitty" read Kelty, so that the text will read, "the late gallant Commodore Augustus H. Kelty. On page 235, erase "however" from the paragraph beginning, "We fail, *however*, in these ultra temperance times," etc., so it will read, "We fail in these ultra temperance times." Page 234, fourth line from the bottom, for "That's not" read "Not that."

Cost in Life Insurance.—"Have you noticed that various assessment societies undertake to furnish life insurance below the cost of legitimate, old-line companies?" "Yes, I have noticed the promise, but I yet fail to see the performance. The fact is, it is impossible. Life insurance is a continuing contract extending through the whole period of a man's life, if it be forty or one hundred years; and, in the aggregate, every dollar that is paid out by a life insurance company must, in some way, be paid into it. Temporarily, while the death-rate continues low, and for a few years at best, these assessment associations can apparently make twenty-five cents do the work of a dollar. After th[illegible] they collapse, and another crop springs up to repeat the same experience. No, it [illegible] dollar for dollar all the way through, and that must be clear to any man who considers it, for there is no magic in connection with it. True, the legitimate companies do not use quite the entire dollar, for they have a large source of income from interest improvement upon their accumulated assets. So much is this so that such interest-incomes have, in the experiences of nearly all good companies, more than sufficed to pay all taxes, expenses of management, salaries, agents' commissions, etc., and has contributed largely to the surplus of the companies, the possession of which, by the way, is one of the best evidences of the security the system offers.

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"Granting that in the vast majority of instances this large aggregate is made up of small sums which would never have been placed at interest, then it is clear—from the record of this company—that the insurance of its members has cost them less than nothing by this sum. This exhibit invites comparison with larger and older corporations, and is believed to be unsurpassed in the evidence it furnishes of the administrative skill and ability which have marked the conduct of this institution."

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NOVEMBER 1884.

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.[1]

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE MILITARY OPERATIONS AND INFLUENCE OF THE SWEDES.

"WALLENSTEIN. And he [Oxenstiern] thinks *so?* He judges like a Swede,
And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
Fight for your Bible. You are interested
About the cause; and with your *hearts* you follow
Your banners. Among *you*, whoe'er deserts
To the enemy, hath broken covenant
With two Lords at one time. We've no such fancies.

"WRANGEL. Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here
No house and home, no fireside, no altar?

"WALLENSTEIN. I will explain that to you, how it stands:—
The Austrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,
And has good cause to love it; but this army,
That calls itself the Imperial, this that homes
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;
This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing, except the universal sun."

SCHILLER'S "*Death of Wallenstein.*"

[1] The writer must apologize for a want of finish, in fact, many short-comings, in this article, in consequence of a serious accident. Riding full speed through the woods, his favorite black mare encountered a newly-placed barbed wire fence,—the suggestion of Satan,—received among others a ghastly wound, and hurled her rider over her head on to a stone or stub, occasioning the fracture of one or more ribs on the right side, severe bruises, and other injuries. The secretary who had charge of papers and books in connection with article, at same time "came to grief," and so the MS. had to be sent off in a crude state, in order to be placed in hand at stipulated date. The facts like mosaic stones are all there, but the setting is not done in a thoroughly artistic manner.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE first idea of preparing this article was suggested by the publication of a "History of the Thirty Years' War," by Professor A. Gindely, of Prague, translated by Professor A. Ten Brook, of Michigan, whose introductory chapter and summary are in some respects the most satisfactory portions of the book. The "Thirty Years' War" has sometimes been styled "the Jesuits' War," and the latter is by no means an inappropriate title. Michelet observes, in chapter viii. vol. x. p. 113, of his "History of France," "The [Jesuit] educational machine was organized throughout Europe with immense proportions,—in Germany from 1550 to 1570. It was to be supposed that after the death of Ferdinand [I.], who founded their first college, they would go ahead more slowly. His son favored them but little. The daughters of this son, however, to make up for lost time, belonged to them, and introduced the Jesuits even into the recesses of the Tyrol and throughout every part of Southern Germany. *Thus they were able fifty years in advance to lay the foundations of their principal work, the Thirty Years' War.*"[2]

Without knowing to what persuasion the original author belongs, it is scarcely unjust to infer from his conclusions that he does not belong to any Evangelical Church. While he does justice to Gustavus Adolphus,—and who, without condemning himself, could fail to do so? —he does not extend the same equity to others almost as fully deserving of praise.

While very few books have received such commendation of late from the press as the one under consideration, yet it has been far surpassed by other publications of the same class. With regard to the contents of the first volume, it is not so easy to judge as of the second, because the author of the original claims to have had access to authorities new and important. When it comes to the second volume, which covers the fighting, either he has given less attention to that portion of the subject, or else he is ignorant of the care with which it has been investigated, especially in Germany. As the battle plans or pictures are taken from the *Theatrum Europæum*, which is not by any means unknown in this country, it is fair to suppose that he has made a careful

[2] "The infamous Bull *en Cœna Domini*, which, anterior to the Reformation, condemned all those disagreeing with Rome, added the following anathema, under URBAN VIII., during the Thirty Years' War: 'Excommunicamus et anathematizamus ex parte Dei omnipotentis, etc. Quos cunque Hussitas [Bohemian], Wichlefistas [English], Lutheranos [German], Zwinglianos [Swiss], Calvinistas [Swiss and French], Ugonottos [French], etc. Item excommunicamus et anathamatizamus omnes ad universale futurum concilium appellantes. Item excommunicamus et anathamatizamus omnes Piratas, cursarios et latrunculos maritimos.' *Lutherans, Calvinists, and pirates were thus classed together!*"—Page 399, MENZEL'S "*History of Germany*," vol. ii. London, 1856.

examination of that valuable original authority; if so, it is impossible to excuse some of his contradictions and mistakes.

The military portion of the book is certainly the weakest, and yet to any one who has studied the subject closely it is unquestionably the most important. In regard to the political and religious considerations, as the German author alleges that he has investigated fresh sources of supply, it is impossible, without access to them or to similar documents, to criticise compatibly that division of the work.[3] He certainly does not expose as fully as should be done the bigotry, cruelties, and wickedness of the Romanist party. If wrong was subsequently done on either side, the evil example was set by them. They sowed the wind and the innocent reaped the whirlwind. That they were beaten at their own game is ably shown by the American translator.

"It would almost seem, indeed, as if Providence had allowed this conflict between freedom of religious thought and thought in general on the one hand, and the subjection of all thinking on the other, to a process like that wrought by the implements of the artificer, to come on at a time when the artificial system was under the lead of the most perfect organization ever formed, and the party of free thought was in disintegration, in order that it might appear in which of the two systems humanity's strength, and destiny, and the divine order of development, lay."

No one could have expressed the truth better, and nothing better

[3] The following opinion has been received from one of our regular generals, who is one of the closest students of military works and histories in the country. Moreover, although he is indolent in recording his ideas, no one can be clearer or more capable when he does choose to express them in writing:

"30th July, 1884. In regard to Gindely's book, I think his statements of the diplomatic affairs is at least, to me, new and informing; as far as those affairs influence military movements, instructing. As a describer of military movements, except as to their results, he is of but little account.

"The Thirty Years' War was in its origin a simple contest for ascendency between Catholicism and Protestantism in Germany. The Catholics were united, and directed by the Society of Jesus. The Protestants were divided into two hostile sects.

"The rulers of the larger political organizations were principally on the Catholic side. The Protestants held the free towns, the smaller principalities, and the great mass of the people. They were without organization, and their two principal powers hostile. With Gustavus a new idea was born,—perhaps not until after Leipsic,—that of German unification. Had he lived Germany would have been unified,—Protestant, liberal, and strong, under his house,—the first power in the world. That idea went down with him, for there was none but he that could carry it out. It was Gustavus, not Sweden, that could govern Germany. *Had your favorite Torstenson been the heir to the throne, he could have realized it, and carried it into effect. As a general he was the first of the age, more than equal to Gustavus.* Banér, Bernard, Horn, Tilly, and Wallenstein were able generals, but not generals of the first order. Mercy was good; Condé bold, daring, with a natural inspiration for war; Turenne skillful, able, and sound. *But there was a boldness of conception and a rapidity of execution about Torstenson's movements only found in the world-renowned generals.*"

on the subject need be said. Glory to Professor Ten Brook, if he had written nothing more for himself.

Professor Gindely's opinions of Wallenstein can never be accepted by an impartial critic. As a soldier he was savage but very capable; as a politician he was astute; he saw through the crimes of the Priesthood, especially the Jesuits, and he perished not in consequence of what he did, whatever evil can be proved against him, but because the Jesuits were perfectly certain that if they did not get rid of him, he would most assuredly do all that he could to purge "Middle Europe" of them, as causes of the evils done as well as of the worse evils they intended to do. As for the Protestants in the majority of cases, they were like a party at the North, who are willing to condone *in toto* the sins of the secession States provided they can attain power through the assistance of a "Solid South," which is exactly to the nation what the Roman Catholics were three hundred and fifty years ago in Germany. Wallenstein was a remarkably far-seeing and foreseeing man; unscrupulous where his interests were concerned, but still very sagacious in perceiving that if he did not regulate the action of the sect to which he belonged, there was no sensible solution of the great question which lay at the bottom of the conflict, whether by arms or through diplomacy and reorganization.

Since Gindely's work appeared in an American form, Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I., has written the "Battle-Fields of Germany from the Outbreak of the Thirty Years' War [1618] to the Battle of Blenheim" [1704]. It contains a great deal of interesting information and also a number of inexplicable errors, especially in regard to the battle of Janikow. The maps attached to it are beautiful, especially that of "Germany at the time of the Thirty Years' War, 1618–1648," which furnishes plans of ten noted battles. These, except that they are on a very small scale, are elegant specimens of such illustrations. Colonel Malleson makes a remark which corroborates the views assumed as correct in this article: "The victory of Breitenfeld [2d September, 1631] had given Catholic Germany into the hands of Gustavus. With the remnants of his beaten army Tilly had retreated [first on Halle, westward] into Westphalia, and *between Leipzic and Vienna there was no other army to oppose the progress of the conqueror. Had Gustavus marched directly from the battle-field to the capital of the hereditary states of the house of Austria, he might then have dictated terms of peace alike to Ferdinand and Maximilian.*" [So say I.—J. W. de P.]

The Thirty Years' War in Germany was not the first war for religion, nor has it been the last. It still constitutes an open festering wound, which may eventuate in a cataclysm. The conflict of 1618–48 is perhaps still to be fought out on this very continent, as was observed with perspicacity by Major-General John Wolcott Pheps in 1861. He is credited with an observation to the effect that the "Slaveholders' Re-

bellion, terrible as it seemed, was after all a conflict between Freedom and Physical Slavery, but that there was a still more terrible conflict impending on this continent,—that between Free Thought and Spiritual Slavery," of which latter the champions and exponents are exactly the same as planned, engineered, occasioned, and carried on the Thirty Years' War.

In many other respects than the foregoing the parity between the circumstances of the Thirty Years' War and of our own—The "Slaveholders' Rebellion"—are very remarkable. In the former, the Romanists were exactly represented by the Rebels in that the latter were bred up to the use of fire-arms, especially in Bavaria, the taking of life wantonly, and an utter disregard of what might be termed human rights, except for a privileged class, whereas, just as one of their political leaders remarked prior to the outbreak of hostilities, "Oh, you Northerners are not educated to killing." Just so it was during the Thirty Years' War. The Romanists were united, aggressive, earnest, ferocious, implacable, from the very beginning, and so continued till they were taught by an experience brought home to their own bosoms through destruction, suffering, and in fire; until they came to know by grim force that there were two sides to the game; and that the longer that they persisted in trying the chances of inflicting suffering the more they, themselves, would be inevitably made to suffer. Again, while all the major Protestant sovereignties, and several of the minor sovereignties, were self-seeking and lukewarm, there were a few in the latter class who lived up to their convictions, and were willing to stand or fall by them. The seat of feeling of the majority of these "dough-faces" and time-servers was simply in their pockets, and it was not until their treason to everything that man should respect and hold most dear had thrust the enemy's hands again and again into their purses and wasted their properties almost to desolation, that they either desisted from their criminal and, worse, unmanly subserviency and selfishness or threw in their lot with their actual foreign deliverers, the Swedes. Gustavus entered Germany very much as Hannibal invaded Italy, with a handful compared to the organized military strength he had to encounter. When the former landed he had but twenty thousand five hundred men at his disposal to encounter, between Imperialists, Leaguers, and Spaniards, between one hundred and ten and one hundred and twenty-five thousand soldiers, the majority veterans under leaders esteemed of distinguished ability and life-long experience. The course and phases of the two wars were likewise very similar. What the Baltic was to the Swedes, the Potomac and the Ohio were to the loyal North. Again and again the Swedes flowed Southward, like a "bore," or tidal-wave, or a torrent, just as our loyal volunteers carried the Northern arms forward to the Tennessee and to the James, as did the Swedes to the Rhine and the Danube, only to be followed with reflux after reflux, which left the intervals wet

with our blood and strewed with our wrecks. After Gustavus and Wallenstein and their discipline had disappeared, it was a mere question of mutual exhaustion, until a general arose, Torstenson, who, like Rosecrans, saw the road to success, and followed it as Rosecrans unfortunately was not able, or was not permitted, to do. Rosecrans stated early in the autumn of 1862 that "it was his firm belief that if the forces recently sent to Chattanooga had been ordered there before, the backbone of the rebellion, ere this, would have been broken."

Early in the Great American Conflict, the writer observed that, through the meddling of politicians and the incompetency of improvised generals, the Union would be saved as the devoted soldier preserved his comrades from being destroyed through the explosion of a mine, by soaking the train into incombustion with his blood; and that success would eventually inure to the North by the extinction of the Rebel fire as lights are often extinguished in the tropics, swarmed out by insects that perish in the flame, which they finally quench with their lives.[4] Geijer records a similar prophecy by Gustavus from on board the fleet which bore him and his army of deliverance from the harbor of Elfsnabben, in Sweden, to the island of Usedom, off the mouth of the Oder. Gustavus wrote, 2d June, 1630, to Oxenstiern,—"'It appeareth to me that this whole war will be long drawn out, and rather be ended by the delay and weariness of it than by impulse or force.' The prediction, that it would be terminated only by the fatigue of the combatants, came true." What makes this parallel still more striking is the interference of the French in German affairs. It is true that in the seventeenth century they did actually afford armed assistance to one party which they were restrained from doing by England in the nineteenth. Still, in both cases their intentions were the same, and they commenced by operating around the edges, as they did by their intervention in Mexico. In our case they would have proceeded further had they dared to act as they did two hundred years previous, and had not the "Slaveholders' Rebellion" collapsed so soon, comparatively, as it did when it was put down in 1865. This nibbling, meddling, slicing off evoked the threat made by Banér to the French minister, Beauregard, in 1636, which was realized in 1814–15, and especially and immediately in 1870: "If it ever occurs that I [representing the Northern Teutonic element] and the Germans [proper] should fight together against your king [the French], by ——! we will not be very

[4] "A very intelligent correspondent closes a private letter with the following striking words: 'The war will terminate as the poor wounded soldier saved his comrades from being blown up by a mine. He crawled bleeding over the sausage and soaked the powder with his blood. We Northerners will soak the South into incombustion with our blood, and swarm them out as sand-flies swarm a light.'

'Still o'er their drowning bodies press
New victims, quick and numberless.'"

—*Army and Navy Journal*, vol. i., No. 51, page 841, third column.

slow to cross the Rhine!" Gustavus himself gave a similar rap over the knuckles to another French ambassador, de Breze, in 1631, in reply to a haughty remonstrance.

If there is one thing that Colonel Malleson does show, it is by demonstration that the real objectives of the whole war were Vienna and the Austrian Hereditary States. At page 50 he presents at length the reasons of Gustavus for not doing so, while admitting that Oxenstiern was right in his arguments. "On to Vienna!" Again, at pages 83–84, between Nuremberg and Lutzen, the colonel states that Gustavus himself never doubted that he could reach Vienna before Wallenstein would be able to do so; that sound policy dictated the seizure of that centre. Again, before Nordlingen, Bernard of Saxe-Weimar might have tried at least to go to Vienna. The discreet Horn, who lost Nordlingen by over-caution, saw, nevertheless, that success was simply the base or stepping-stone to place the Swedes "in a position to march on Vienna." That the Imperialists expected such a home-thrust is shown by the exclamation of Cardinal Pasman, Imperial Ambassador to the Pope. When the intelligence of this memorable exploit was received in Rome, he cried, in accents of despair, "Actum est!" "Then, all is over!"

That the quick-witted or dextrous (*der gewandte*) Torstenson,—"as brave a general as ever lived,"—"so celebrated for heroic exploits," from the very first, while he was still second in command to Banér and immediately after he became commander-in-chief, perceived that the real objectives of the war were Vienna and the Austrian Hereditary States, the enemy's seat of sensibility, and struck for them, proves how great a general he actually was. With all his manifold virtues, Gustavus was self-seeking, ambitious, within the bounds of principle; Duke Bernard was ambitious beyond those limits; Banér was very selfish; Torstenson, a God-fearing, in every sense a religious man, alone never seemed to think of self, but only of his country, conscience, and consequents. The Wrangels, father and son, were always looking to the main chance. That Gustavus considered Torstenson all that has been claimed for him in this and all other books and articles is proved by his saying, "This man is fit to command everything, everywhere," and corroborated by another eulogy from the same lips,—"My Lennart, however, is the best stuff of all them." This was uttered as the king stood among a crowd of heroes, whom he successively regarded, until his eyes rested affectionately on his favorite, who

> "Had great natural abilities, had Fortune in his Counsels,
> . . . Safety in War, Victory beneath his banners;
> He kept his Confederates within bounds——."

Johannis Loccenius (1676) has summed up the matter most satisfactorily, in his "Historiæ Svecanæ" (History of Sweden), in a few short

sentences. They are given in the original that no one may presume to charge exaggeration in a translation. The concluding sentences also demonstrate that until Vienna, as herein claimed, was captured, and until the Austrian Hereditary Domain were made to feel the horrors and exhaustions of the war by Torstenson, there could be and was no lively or living hope of peace: "Donec in defuncti Bannerii locum eligeretur Linnartus Torstensonius, inter arma educatus, et ad virtutis militaris usum ac fortunam non parum erercitatus. Etiamsi vero adversæ valetudinis excusatione frustranteretur, tamen Regis Gustavi Magni de se judicio permotus, præfecturam militiæ tandem in se suscepit. Qvum enim ab hoste captus esset, Rex Cancellario [Oxenstierno] in mandatis dedit, *ut Linnartum qvibus posset modis è captivitate liberaret. Se enim scire, talem esse eum, qvi vel solus* TOTUM EXERCITUM *regere posset.* Qvod Cancellarius in Senatu retulerat. A Senatu et Ordinibus regni Svetiæ in Comitiis decretum est, in posterum arma longius, præsertim in hæreditarias Cæsaris ditiones transmovere: ut hostis ad propius incendium, diligentiori ejus exstingvendi cura et majori pacis restituendæ studio duceretur. Meminerant enim verborum Gustavi Magni: *Nisi Cæsari in ditionibus suis hereditariis arma inferrentur, et colligendarum virium compendiæ subtraherentur, pacem sperandam non esse.*"

Colonel Malleson seems to have no idea of the conception, inception, course, consequences, and circumstances of the battle of Jankowitz, although he devotes thirty-three pages to the Chapter V. under this head, and there is nothing to be learned from his comprehension of it, although everything of vital importance for the delivery of, and carrying on, and profiting by a battle is taught by a time-table, the turns, and touchstones of that trinity of essentials in the character of a general, foresight, insight, and farsight, displayed by the Swedish generalissimo.

Colonel Malleson says the nearest railroad station to the battle-field of Janikau is Wottic, on the Franz-Joseph Bahn, and thus describes it:

"The ground inclosed by the Moldau and its tributary, the Sazawa, may be roughly described as an undulating tract, broken up by ranges of hills, in some parts by isolated hills, and abounding in tanks or ponds. Occasionally, indeed, the traveler comes upon a broad plain, free of incumbrances, and admirably adapted for cavalry purposes. In that part of Bohemia such plains, however, are rare. One of the isolated hills of which I have spoken rises about twenty miles to the north of Tabor. I have called it isolated because it is separated from the range immediately to its north by an open space, or pass, having on the east of it undulating ground, broken up, in sympathy with the general features of the country, by hillocks, and interspersed by ponds. Separated by the pass from this undulating ground, on the northwestern slope of the isolated hill of which I have spoken, is a village called by the Czechs Jankov, by the Germans Jankau, or Jankowitz. [Jankovitz is the Sclavonian for John, whence John's Town.] South again of this village is a broad, unsheltered plain, admirably adapted for the manœuvres of cavalry."

This does not correspond with the reports and contemporaneous narratives, and especially with pictures in the *Theatrum Europæum*,

which certainly represent a thickly-wooded, mountainous country, about as rough and broken as any upon which a battle would be likely to occur. It must be borne in mind, however, that enormous changes must have taken place in the course of two and a half centuries, if the dense and extensive woods, to which the colonel does not allude as present, have been cleared to any great degree. That would account for the drying up of streams and lakelets, and render some localities, especially friable lands, almost unrecognizable. The writer visited fields shortly after great events transpired, which, in three years, presented an entirely different aspect simply from clearing off dense woods.

In treating of the course and progress of a war, attention is as a rule so completely concentrated on the great battles that very little is paid to engagements that are very often of far more momentous consequence. Take, for instance, the Affair of Teyne, 29th July, 1619, which was decided by the charge of Wallenstein's horse-regiment led by him. It saved the Romanist cause, Austria, and the Emperor. To know anything about it the searcher must go back to the *Theatrum Europæum*. It was to the Thirty Years' War what Lyon's determination west of the Mississippi, or Mill Spring, west of the Alleghanies, were to the Slaveholders' Rebellion; what Mumfordsville, by the gain of two or three days, was to the frustration of Bragg's success in Kentucky, in 1862; what Chantilly was, in 1862, for the preservation of Washington. These, to laymen, were unimportant side issues; to soldiers, thrusts and parries which changed the whole ulterior development of events.

In one respect Colonel Malleson has done a noble work; he sums up his estimate of Gustavus by an exclamation full of sympathetic soldierly appreciation.

"'Your king,' it was his habit to add at the close of these dispatches, 'can only direct his absent disciples in general terms. Incidents will arise which no human foresight can predetermine. Seize the moments, snatch the proffered opportunities which take birth and flight in one instant. *I resign into your hands full discretionary power; use it in a manner worthy of me and of yourselves.' Life was indeed worth living under such a commander.*"

Moreover, he vindicates Wallenstein more clearly than even the Duke of Friedland's own biographer, General Mitchell. The Colonel does these in a few pages of pregnant sentences, whereas the General fills a large and truly interesting volume. Nevertheless, the latter does not exhibit the facts as understandingly to the dullest. Gindely strives to damn Wallenstein; Malleson damns the Jesuits and their pupil, the Emperor.[5]

[5] "Very little doubt is now entertained that Wallenstein was guiltless of the treason attributed to him, and that he had entered into no agreement with France or Sweden at the time when his death was decided upon by the Emperor. No

When a book, such as that of Gindely's "History of the Thirty Years' War," has acquired a reputation, or is rewarded with a verdict of trustworthiness, its publishers should have been extremely careful not to present a stumbling-block, as it were, on the first page. The map inserted in the first volume is not as it should be, and the map in the second volume is incorrect. On the former, Werben does not appear, which may be said to be the strongest natural military position in Middle Europe, at the junction of the Elbe and Havel. General Mitchell agrees with the Prussian critic, von Bulow, that this Werben, where Tilly first, to his sorrow, ran against Gustavus, is "a position that, in a strategical point of view, is evidently the finest in Germany: a good reason possibly why it was never occupied in modern times." A number of important battle localities are not even indicated, and if their name appears, nothing is added to recall their interest or importance. This is inexcusable, because there are so many historical atlases accessible, especially von Spruner's, which show that the southern extremity and richest part of Sweden did not belong to that crown until the Peace of Roeskilde, 1658, ten years after the conclusion of the Peace of Westphalia, and were the conquests of another war, and of another hero, Charles X. Gustavus, successor of Christina, daughter and successor of Gustavus Adolphus. What is more, the acquisition of this territory, including the north shore of the Sound, had nothing to do with Sweden's action in the Thirty Years' War.[6]

There are several maps of Germany during the Thirty Years' War presenting features of the greatest interest, which might easily have

proofs of the existence of a conspiracy or of his guilt were elicited from the numerous persons implicated with him. His accusers were the persons who profited by his downfall, and inherited his estates; and the master whom he had twice saved from the brink of ruin was privy to his murder, and vainly attempted to ease a troubled conscience by ordering three thousand masses to be said for his soul."—MURRAY'S "*Hand-Book of Southern Germany*," 434.—2.

[6] Previous to the treaty of Roeskilde, 1658, the whole southern extremity of the Scandinavian peninsula known as the Danish Provinces beyond the Sound, Holland on the west, Scania on the south, and Blekinge on the east, extending from near the mouth of the Gota [Gotha], to about opposite the southern extremity of the isle of Oland, belonged to Denmark, which also possessed the whole west shore or the Province of West [Westro] Gothia, with the exception of a small strip of sea-coast south of, and between, the Gota and north line of Holland. These alterations are still less recognizable on the present maps on account of the entire change which has taken place in the names and boundaries of the districts, in the same manner that in France the Provincial limits and designations were entirely lost in the new Departmental nomenclature. Thus, Blekinge, Capital Christianople, on the east; Scania, Schonen, or South Gothland, on the south; and Holland, capital Helmstadt, on the west, Danish, are now represented nearly the first by Carlskrona; the second by Christianstad and Malmo; and the third by Halmstadt; West Gothland, capital Gottenburg, comprising West Gothland, Proper, part of Walia and Wermerland, is represented at this date by the whole of Gottenburg and parts of Karlstadt, Mariestadt, Wenersborg, etc.—(J. W. DE P.'S "*Torstenson*," Geijer, 236, i.)

been copied by simple processes. Besides Spruner's, which furnishes plans of important battles, there is Lowenburg's, which present the marches of several armies, and a large amount of important information; von Kausler, etc. Again, that a plan of the Battle of Breitenfeld or, Leipsic, Second, won by Torstenson, in 1642, should have been mistaken for that of Breitenfeld or Leipsic, First, fought by Gustavus, is without excuse. It seems to indicate that whoever selected the maps and plans was not thoroughly up in the business.

Although there are very few histories proper of the Thirty Years' War, there are several constituting portions of larger works, which are very able. Schiller's History of this conflict is like Bancroft's "History of the United States," beautifully written, but not deep. Both authors, the one a poet and the other a politician, as well as a historian, wrote with a bias, and the latter with a bias that changed under influences which should either have exerted force at the first or else must be regarded as successive indications of changes of policy, politics, partiality, and prejudice.

As indicative of careless preparation, compare pages 84 and 93 of Gindely's 2d volume. In the former he says, "Gustavus reaped on this day the fruits of his victory by *the most energetic pursuit* of the enemy." In the latter he observes, "Fortunately for the defeated (Lorraine) army, the King *pursued them now as little* as he did after the battle of Breitenfeld." The fact is, Gustavus could not pursue, as was desirable, after Breitenfeld or Leipsic, First, because his troops were too much exhausted; not but that he desired to do so, but because there are bounds to human physical capacity.

This picking flaws in an author's garment is not pleasant, but there are times when justice demands that it should be done.

The last quarter, or seven, of the Thirty Years' War, were fully as important, if not more so, than any of the preceding fourths. In 1641, throwing the comparative exhaustion of their adversaries out of the account, the Swedes were as badly off as they were after the fall of Gustavus. Then it was that a new factor appeared, a new general, organizer, diplomatist, administrator, in all as great as he was one of the greatest captains of the world, whose victories alone made peace possible. Gindely is the sole historian covering this period who does not attempt to do justice to this hero. Gindely's history can neither be considered a complete work nor one that should be accepted as an ultimate authority without corroboration. It is full of errors as to these most important concluding seven years. Take, for instance, the account of the campaign which culminated in the battle of Wittstock (1636), which is as unsatisfactorily set forth as is the campaign itself. Moreover, it is not correct, and yet in a famous work by a German officer, von Kausler, the details of this action are given in connection with a well-known plan. The case is still worse in regard to Rheinfelden;

Gindely does not mention the famous Huguenot leader, the Duke de Rohan, to whose advice and assistance the ultimate triumph was due, and who lost his life in winning a victory in which he believed he was championing the cause to which he had devoted his life. Banér's campaign of 1639 is presented in one page in a volume of about four hundred and fifty pages, and yet it involved defeats and devastations from which the Imperial-Romanist Party did not recover. Gindely's account of the succession of Torstenson to Banér's command conveys a very false impression, and the battle of Breitenfeld or Leipsic, Second (1642), which was a very remarkable one, goes with the rest, one page, whereas the Battle of the White Mountain, which was so happy for the Romanists, and amounted, militarily speaking, to nothing more than a skirmish or slaughter, occupies over eight pages; of which about one page is devoted to a council of war, apparently to introduce the military persuasions of a priest which decided the action of the generals.

He appears to be conceding too much effect to this member of the church militant upon the Council of War, composed of veterans. One step farther might carry the imagination back to the reported vision of St. John Nepomuck, which manifested itself the night before the same battle. "It radiated light, like as it had been the sun, and promised victory." This settled the matter in the mind of Maximilian, Elector of Bavaria, the relentless enemy of the heretics, who presided at the Council of War above cited, and determined the battle should be fought, and the consequent success is credited to the ghost of the Saint. So says, at all events, the "Dictionary of Miracles."

At the close of the eighth chapter, Gindely remarks, "Perhaps this [the appeal of Ferdinand the Second to the French court] was the last religious appeal ever made by one of two great hostile powers to the other with any hope of success." The Thirty Years' War was not the first fought in Germany for religion, nor the last. Charlemagne carried on war for as long a period against the Saxons, with the alternative of conversion or extermination. The religious struggle between the Lutherans and other pagans in the Baltic Provinces against the supporters of the Pomeranian Monk, Christian, the German Colonists, the Sword Brothers, the Knight Brothers of Dobrin, the Teutonic Knights, and other members of the church militant, both in body and spirit, lasted for fifty (perhaps sixty-nine) years, until 1283. In the century succeeding the War of Thirty Years there was another of Seven Years, which certainly must have partaken very largely of religious influences, since, after one of the very few successes that the Romanists won, the Pope sent a consecrated hat and sword to the Imperial general, which, as Macaulay says, evoked a roar of ridicule from the banks of the Neva to those of the Tagus. The Nine Weeks' War in 1859 was to some extent religious. The Seven Weeks' War in 1866

certainly was, and the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71 had a greater effect upon what many people style religion than any that had been carried on for over twelve hundred years.

This consideration, in order of dates, brings the story down to what Gindely styles the battle of Tuttlingen. It was no battle; it was a surprise, and one of the most perfect on record. Nevertheless, with all this destruction, it is dismissed with thirteen lines. The Swedish–Danish War of 1644, one of the most remarkable on record, in which the conduct of Torstenson, the Swedish generalissimo, evoked the highest praises ever lavished by the cold-blooded Turenne—by the way, a pupil, it is claimed, of Bernard of Saxe-Weimar—upon a rival in glory, is passed over with a single paragraph. Gindely, however, in this connection, deserves one credit-mark. He is the only author as yet examined who furnishes the figures of the Imperial force dispatched towards Denmark. He states that Gallas started from Bohemia with twenty-two thousand men, a force which, without counting Bruay and Coloredo's divisions, picked up on the road, or the Danish contingent, was very much superior, if not over double, to the Swedish army it was expected to dispose of forever. It would take too much time to point out all the other mistakes, but, advancing step by step, the greatest is now encountered. The finest battle of the Thirty Years' War was that of Jankow, Jenikaw, or Janikau, a remarkable locality, forty-five to fifty-three miles, according to different routes, southeast of Prague. Guthrie (1776) places it longitude 15° 8′ east and latitude 49° 45′ north, and eight miles to the south-southeast of Czsalau, where Ziska, the celebrated Hussite leader, was buried and Frederic the Great won the second of his decisive victories. No battle fought upon this earth's surface presents finer lessons for a military student than Janikau, and yet Gindely can only afford to give it twenty-seven lines, in which he contradicts himself and falls into several errors. No man, as far as personal supervision is concerned, ever did more than Hatzfeld, the Imperial general, to command success, and no general committed greater blunders than a subordinate division-commander, Goetz, whose stupidity gave rise to the Bohemian proverb, when speaking of a reckless dumbhead, "He will succeed as well as Goetz at Janikau." Nevertheless this professor in Prague, writing within fifty miles of the battle-field, who boasts of fresh sources of information revealed to his research, puts Goetz in command of the Saxo-Bavaro-Imperial Army, and throws the blame upon Hatzfeld, who had been ruined by the imprudence and incapacity of the former.

There are circumstances connected with this battle of Janikau, preceding, accompanying, and following, which have few parallels, each of which is equally worthy of note. In 1620, when the army of the Romanist League was advancing upon Prague, it came in sight of the Protestant forces at Grunberg (Green Mountain), near Pilsen, and, side

by side, marched the two hostile bodies, which finally collided on the White Mountain, close to Prague. Twenty-five years afterwards Torstenson first appreciated the hostile presence of Hatzfeld just about the same spot, and, side by side, the Swedish and Imperial armies, marching night and day, felt each other, until they encountered in battle at Janikau. It was very similar to the retreat of the rebels from Gettysburg escorted by the Union army, with the vital difference that in the two cases previously cited the parallel march ended with decisive collisions. Wellington's flank-march, parallel to Marmont, winding up with the former's magnificent victory of Salamanca in 1812, is alone worthy to rank with that of Torstenson in 1645, with one exception, however, that the difficulties of every kind which the Swede overcame, and the Englishman did not encounter, elevate him to a degree of generalship which renders it in every feature unique. Circumstances somewhat similar justify the assignment of the march upon Rome of the Constable de Bourbon to this restricted class of exemplary military operations, but the simile ends with the march. In April–May, 1527, the Imperial troops were flying as the eagle or condor to its prey, Rome, just as were the Swedes towards their objective, the enemy in the field, in 1645. Bourbon and Torstenson were equally well aware that things could not go on as they were going much longer; only the latter had, in addition to his other miseries, the horrors of winter added to all the other sufferings which were to be overcome. In 1527, Rome was a refuge as well as a reward. Unlike the Imperial army under Hatzfeld, the army of the Italian League followed Bourbon at a respectful distance, although they knew the ever-increasing necessities of Bourbon's troops, and, moreover, were well aware that the capture of their objective would result in rape, ravage, and ruin such as the world has seldom witnessed, and, as it turned out, without precedent and without parallel. No wonder the proverb holds good throughout all time, that "Man plans and God bans" (or directs). England's three greatest victories, Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, would have had a different result if the dunderheads who controlled and directed the efforts of a willing and devoted people had shown any common sense and practiced even a little patience. Lee's lack of judgment lost him Gettysburg, which he should never have fought, and if Hatzfeld had left the Swedes a few days longer to themselves, it is questionable if they could have fought at all. Torstenson makes this confession in his report. A dream with the Virgin Mary in it, converted the fears of a bigoted emperor into the assurance of victory. Manifold senseless but irresistible reasons, not to be charged against him, compelled Hatzfeld to accept battle, and Torstenson was compelled by equally forcible, but wise instead of foolish, impulses to deliver it. Then the inspiration of God, which is genius, gave to the crippled Swede such a decisive triumph as first convinced the enemy that reconciliation in one form or another alone

could save from ruin, taught courtesy to their representatives in the Peace conferences, and three years after that treaty was concluded, which enabled Free Thought to snap its fingers ever since at the bigotry which had occasioned the war. To all these grand causes and effects Gindely, but not his translator, seems to be utterly blind.

Thus having indicated a few of the errors, omissions, or short-comings which strike a careful student with absolutely painful force, it is the intention of this article to furnish to the readers of THE UNITED SERVICE a picture of a struggle which, although it lasted about the term of years assigned to a generation, swallowed up as many human beings and as much wealth as all the earthquakes, together, which have occurred since history has been trustworthy; conceding that the estimates placed upon the losses of life, in statistical works, through such cataclysms, are to be accepted as correct.

Reflection, perhaps, must reject the statements of the effects of such agencies in China and Indies, for the reason that recent investigation pretty clearly shows that the population of those countries is very greatly exaggerated: consequently the results of catastrophes of all kinds, there, must be accepted with the same deduction and in the same proportion that the population is overestimated.

THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

Readers, reflect! Thirty years of ceaseless war! How could our people and this generation anywhere grasp the idea? Our great civil contest, the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," lasted only four years, and the North scarcely felt it immediately in any manner; with the exception of some districts, did not feel it materially at all, or suffer, except through the loss or mutilation or physical suffering or financial ruin of relatives and friends. But, readers, just reflect upon thirty years of such desolating conflict as embraced all Middle Europe in its fiery circuits,—its maelstrom of death and desolation, of such misery as the mind can scarcely conceive: rape universal, robbery universal, murder universal; everywhere

"Steel to the bosom and flame to the roof;"

hostilities not confined to a section, but penetrating every region and district; cities of first importance sacked, burned, or utterly demolished like Magdeburg. Hell let loose upon earth, and men converted into demons permitted to work their pleasure; nothing safe, nothing sacred, nothing inviolate; religion the watch-word, crime the result. Calculated bigotry let loose with full power to work out its subtlety in torment of soul and body, and lovely provinces converted into wastes; villages plundered twice a day, nay, three.

It is not likely that any one who has not studied the map has the slightest idea of the enormous extent of territory which constituted the stage of the Thirty Years'

War. The Imperialists carried their desolating arms as far South as Mantua and as far North as Stralsund, six hundred miles apart; as far West as the cultivated fields of the Netherlands and central France, and as far East as the rude valleys of farther Silesia and the vast plains of Poland, nine hundred miles asunder. The Swedes penetrated and plundered from the Skaw, at the entrance of the Baltic, to the North, to the Lake of Constance to the South, some seven hundred miles; to the Rhine to the West and the Vistula, five hundred miles apart; having been previously engaged along the whole shores of the Gulf of Finland, which made the line of operations from Northeast to Southwest upon which they had been and were operating very little less, following its sinuosities, than the distance from Paris to Moscow, traversed by Napoleon in 1812. The facilities of locomotion and supply possessed by the Arch-brigand of the nineteenth century were so exceedingly greater, that his expeditions were nothing to compare with the operations which serve as examples of the superior manhood displayed by the more hardy, enterprising, and daring Condottieri[7] in the centuries preceding.

In about twenty-seven years Germany lost two-thirds of her population,—twelve out of sixteen millions.[8] In Saxony nine hundred thousand men had fallen in two years. Bohemia, prior to 1639, had

[7] It is very curious to find that the definition of a word, which is originally Italian, has no depreciative signification attached to it in the "*Dizzionairio della Crusca*," the highest authority in that language. The primary meaning is "Captain," and its equivalents given are in Latin "Dux," a general or commander-in-chief, and in Greek ἡγεμων, likewise a chief commander. In the Venetian Republic the Condottieri were executives of the highest consequence, and their title was long antecedent to its application to the leaders of such bands, contingents, or armies as were in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the scourgers and desolaters of different countries, especially of France and Italy. The Venetian Condottieri were the Twelve Secret Councillors of the highest rank and consequence, and commanders of the Military forces.

[8] "A final circumstance will suffice to depict the condition of Germany at this period [1648]. The excessive despair had so ulcerated the hearts of the people and turned them from all natural affections that men abstained from their wives and lived in gloomy and tragic chastity. In France, the Marechal de Gaisson was urged to renounce celibacy. 'I esteem life so little,' he replied, 'that I do not care to share it with any one' [confer it on any one]. All Bohemia, and, moreover, nearly the whole of Germany, seemed penetrated with a similar disgust during the frightful struggle. The Germanic race seemed resolved to die out and not leave such boundless misery as a legacy for future generations. *A whole nation desired to commit suicide.* It was found necessary to exhort married people from the pulpit to make use of their rights and not thwart the intentions of nature. Even more, the Franconian Diet,* with the approval of the archbishops of Bamberg and Wurzburg, formed, on the 15th of February, 1650, at Nuremberg, a legislative decision which *allowed priests to marry and authorized polygamy.* I have the text of this singular document before me, and will translate it, as a proof of such importance as this must be communicated to the reader in its entirety.

Art. 1. During an interval of ten years, reckoning from this day, no man will be admitted into a monastery who has not reached his sixtieth year.

Art. 2. All priests and curates not belonging to a religious house or chapter are bound to marry without delay.

Art. 3. *Any man is allowed to marry two wives;* but husbands are advised, and

* "In Franconia, which, owing to her central position, had been traversed by every part during the war, the misery and depopulation had reached to such a pitch that the Franconian Estates, with the assent of the ecclesiastical princes, abolished [A.D. 1650] the celibacy of the Catholic clergy, and permitted each man to marry two wives, on account of the numerical superiority of the women over the men."—MENZEL's "*History of Germany,*" vol. ii. London, 1853, p. 397.

lost three-quarters of its inhabitants; the population of Augsburg, instead of eighty thousand, had eighteen thousand. "In the Duchy of Würtemberg seventy thousand hearth-fires were extinguished; in Hesse seventeen towns, forty-seven castles, and three hundred villages were burned." Other districts suffered as badly, if not worse. It is stated and corroborated that eighty thousand men "fell under his standards," although Banér's armies were never large, and that when he died there were only five hundred native Swedes left in the force under his command. "Peaceful peasants were hunted for mere sport like beasts of the forest; citizens were nailed up against doors and walls and fired at like targets, while horsemen and Croats (Roman Catholic Imperial troops) tried their skill in striking off the heads of young children at a blow," or tossed them from the pikes, as from pitchforks, into the flames, as at Magdeburg, an exaggeration of Quantrell at Lawrence. Not even the wildest conceptions of Gustav Doré surpass the reality of the mingling of the very grotesque in horror and the terrible savagery of such scenes as the "Pasewalk Slaughter," enough

> "To move wild laughter in the throat of death,
> The appalling laughter of utter despair."

Nor were the "Soldatesca" satisfied with even their generation's long reign of license. When peace was signed and the relieved population prepared to sing to the new tune of

> "Adieu, valor! rest, rapier! be still, drum!"

they will often be reminded of it from the pulpit, that if the fate of two persons is intrusted to them, they must in turn behave discreetly and prudently, provide for them sufficiently in the first instance, and then take measures to prevent hatred springing up between them.

To such a state was Germany reduced! Like Bohemia, it ended by losing two-thirds of its population [KOHLRAUSCH, *Deutsche Geschichte*, p. 552], supposing that it possessed thirty millions of inhabitants at the beginning of the war (it now [1859] contains more than double), *twenty millions perished by famine or a violent death.* The barbarian hordes did not produce such disasters in the Roman empire.

And now, let any one upbraid the French for the excesses of '98! The Jesuits and Dominicans destroyed more victims than the whole of the Revolutionary party since the beginning of the world.

The persecution organized by Ferdinand II., under the influence of the Jesuits, retarded civilization for one hundred and fifty years beyond the Rhine. When it commenced its ravages, Germany possessed a brilliant school of painting, famous engravers, learned men, and a rising literature; when the reaction pulled down its scaffolds, and spiked its guns, all talent had disappeared like a dream; ignorance held out the hand to misery. Genius could not flourish again in this devastated land till the middle of the eighteenth century: the arts had only returned to their pristine vigor in one day. Thwarted and arrested by France in their ambitious plans, the Jesuits transported their gloomy apparatus to that country, and avenged themselves by obtaining the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Dragonnades, and all that accompanied them, were only an imitation of their procedure in Austria."—Pp. 85-7, "*Secret History of the Austrian Government*," *by* ALFRED MICHIELS. London, 1859.

"it is gravely recorded that on receipt of the news of the Signature of the Peace of Westphalia, the Swedish Field-Marshal, Charles Gustavus Wrangel, by no means a cruel man, compared to many others, according to the rule of this time, dashed his plumed hat to the ground, trampled upon it with rage to learn his occupation and chances of enriching himself gone, and allowed his troops to enjoy, in the district they were occupying, one more revel of rapine before they were compelled to sheath their rapiers, extinguish their matches and linstocks, and restrain their passions.[9] If any reader doubts the truth of all this let him read "Wallenstein's Lager," by Schiller, which presents a perfect picture not only of the interior life of the imperial army, but of the texture of thought which pervaded it, demonstrating that, in the opinion of the soldiery, consumers and prodigals, the producing classes were looked upon as mere ministers to their appetites, slaves, at best, for their maintenance and amusement. Nor were the Imperialists alone to blame. When, in 1639 and in succeeding years, the Swedes and their allies burst through and across the Ore Mountains to recompense on once reformed, now bigoted, Bohemia the cruelties, exactions, and desolations inflicted upon the Protestant Circles, the picture becomes as horrible on this side as it had been upon the other. Bohemia flamed up into a sea of fire. Often during the night the conflagrations were discernible, bursting out from and embracing over a hundred places at once. Several thousand hamlets, dwellings, cloisters, villages, towns, cities, and castles were burned or otherwise destroyed, and von Lundblad, in his "Swedish Plutarch," relates that one of Banér's subordinates bragged that he had destroyed eight hundred towns and villages. At table, once, a confidant of Banér remarked that the Imperialists would not fail to paint these ravages in the blackest colors. "It is certainly unchristian," answered Banér, "but those who have commanded me to do thus, they must be responsible for it to God and to history." Banér himself wrote "that it would be no wonder if by the just judgment of God the earth should gape and swallow up such malefactors."

Worst of all, the awful result was that, in most cases, victory realized the idea of Byron,—

[9] "Peace was at this juncture proclaimed throughout the empire to all the armies, to all the besieged cities, to the trembling princes, to the wailing people. The wild soldiery were roused to fury at the news. At Feuchtwangen, Wrangel dashed his cocked hat to the ground and gave orders to let loose all the furies of war during the retreat. The beautiful city of Liegnitz in Silesia was wantonly set on fire by one of his men. The neighboring city of Jauer was similarly treated by the Imperial troops, who, shortly before the peace, had attacked the Swedes in that place. Turenne, the idol of France, acted in the same manner. Neresheim was sacked, and Weil was laid in ashes by his soldiery. This robber-band at length disappeared behind the Vosges, A.D. 1649."—Page 392, "*The History of Germany from the Earliest Period to the Present Time*," by WOLFGANG MENZEL, vol. ii. London, 1858.

"And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire,—so won, so lost,"

as was the case with hundreds of towns important at this era, and whatever city preserved itself from fire and "plunder,"—a word, a characteristic deposit in the English language, 1642–43,—did so at the cost of *Brandschatzen*,—*i.e.*, exhaustive contributions paid to purchase exemption from feeling the tender mercies of the cruel, and the effects of the unbridled passions of the wicked troops, such as Rome in 1527, and Mantua in 1628, experienced at the hands of the army of a Holy Apostolic Emperor. Nor was the suffering altogether confined to the peaceable and weaker portions of the community.

There is one feature in the Thirty Years' War which no writer upon it has ever presented with that impressiveness which would otherwise have given it the importance it deserves, viz., the terrific effect of want, suffering, and especially pestilence, even upon the regular armies. It is said that the Plague was never absent from the interior of camps, especially the Imperial or Austrian, and more than one army was more effectually ruined by camp diseases than even by such battles as eliminated two-thirds of the defeated force. Regiments disappeared, not figuratively, but literally. In one case, in the Swedish camp before Brunn, not a man was left to represent the large organization to which he belonged. Indeed, more than once, when two armies sat down to observe each other, they suffered far more from the filth of their camps, and its consequences in virulent maladies, than if they had fought a most murderous battle, and the troops, opposed to each other, were forced to separate because neither could stand the stench any longer.

Indeed, and indeed, no reader can fully realize to his mind the terrific horrors and exhausting sacrifices of the Thirty Years' War, the vast battle-field of entire *Germany*, that arena of fratricidal, and, bitterest of all, of religious strife. This half a continent might be justly compared to nothing more appropriately than the "Valley of Crosses," of which the horrors make the very flesh quiver as delineated in the story of that siege of sieges, Jerusalem's. According to the most authentic accounts, at length, in spite of the desperate and inextinguishable valor of the Jews, the investment of that city had been completed, and all their sorties, however ably planned and vigorously executed, resulted in defeat. In these sallies, or attempts to escape, the enemy, who were daily contracting the circle of their lines, slew thousands, while almost equal numbers remained prisoners to that foe who scarcely knew the word "pity." Exasperated at the stubborn character of the defense and the undiminished intrepidity of the besieged, the Romans determined to crucify their captives in order to intimidate their countrymen and multiplied their victims, "until room was wanting for the crosses and crosses were wanting for the bodies." Exposed in one of those deep valleys,—whose depths could be fathomed

from the battlements of Judah's strongholds,—at once to the concentrated rays of Palestine's burning sun and the horrified gaze of their brethren aloft on Zion's sacred bulwarks, the sufferers expiated their patriotic efforts by a death of protracted torture almost unequaled in severity. Excited to frenzy by the agonies their eyes beheld by day and the lamentations their ears drank in by night, the garrison threw open their gates and rushed forth once more upon the iron-clad masses which girt them in. Maddened by the thirst for vengeance, while one division threw itself upon the Roman lines to divert the attention of the main army, the other plunged into the Valley of Torment, annihilated the Roman Guard, and were busily engaged in the pious duty of releasing and tenderly removing their agonized fellow-soldiers and countrymen, and consuming those already dead as well as their instruments of torture on one vast funeral pyre, when Titus hurried forward reinforcements to arrest their triumph, punish their temerity, and force them back into the city. As the tides of Rome's and Jewry's war met in furious contest in the darksome valley, illuminated solely by the fitful glare of that one ghastly fire, it became at once converted into the bed of a howling, seething whirlpool of human slaughter. Elevated on the still upright crosses, the dying wretches, who had not been rescued or taken down, writhing in every stage of suffering, looked down upon a scene of human passion raging with a fury equal in intensity to their own consuming anguish. Amid the shock, recoil, the "vast and tempestuous rolling and heaving of infuriate life," whatever fresh forces mingled in the struggle became absorbed at once, and those who fell, perished, trampled beneath the feet of tormentor and avenger, in that quagmire of mingled gore and flesh and arms and garments. Ebbing and flowing as fresh forces poured down on either side, they were lost as if engulfed, and the unexampled struggle endured until the "'Army of Vengeance,'[10] a name given to it alike by Jew and Roman, had accomplished its purpose with dreadful retribution."

Even such a butchery was but a faint type of that wholesale slaughter which for thirty years[11] fattened the fields of *Germany*, fallow as

[10] "But the 'Army of Vengeance,' a name given to it alike by Jew and Roman, accomplished its purpose with dreadful retribution. The legionaries posted to defend the valley were trampled down and destroyed at the first charge. Troop on troop, sent to extricate them, met with the same fate. One of the few prisoners described the valley, when his cohort reached its verge, as having the look of a living whirlpool, a vast and tempestuous rolling and heaving of infuriate life, into which the attempt to descend was instant destruction. 'Every cohort that entered it,' said the centurion, 'was instantly engulfed and seen no more. Last night our legion, the fifteenth, lay down in their tents five thousand strong; to-night there are not ten of us on the face of the earth.'"—"*Salathiel*," by the REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D. London and New York, p. 415.

[11] The Thirty Years' War is said to have actually commenced 26th August, 1618, although the flames of contention had been kindled years before, and was concluded by the Peace of Westphalia, 24th [14th] October, 1648.

regarded their proper fruits, but prolific in crops of bloodthirsty soldiery. That Whirlpool of Battle which the GEFOLGE of Mansfeld and the Bohemian Insurrection occasioned, pouring their furious tides in adverse currents to the Imperial hereditary stream, became at last a vast WAR-MAELSTROM, in which the sword and fire, pestilence and famine,[12] united their forces to draw in and engulf whatever came within their influence. Army after army, magnificent in appointments, perfect in discipline, heroic in valor, plunged into that vortex, which rejected but a few wrecks, relics of what it had absorbed, just as the *Norwegian Maelstrom* was represented as casting forth on distant shores ragged trunks of trees or jagged pieces of ship-timber, memoria of giants of the forest or gallant ships sucked into its insatiate maw! How often had fresh armies from *Sweden*, reinforced, at first, chiefly from *England* and Scotland, but eventually from every Protestant state in Europe, filled up the chasms disease and want and battle had made! How many crops of youth and manhood, fit for that Devil's Traffic, WAR, had the Roman Catholic circles of the Empire yielded for the sickle of Death! How often had the wave of Swedish victories dashed against the innermost bulwarks of the Imperial throne, and as often receded to the verge of the *Baltic*, whose swelling billows poured forth, as of old, fresh floods to inundate anew and bathe in blood those fields from which the moisture of preceding surges had not yet evaporated.

In 1618 the baleful flash of the War-Beacon first threw its lurid glare athwart the Bohemian mountains. In 1630 the Swedish Hero cast his "*magical*" sword into the balance; and crying out that "God, and God alone, was his Banner," stood, in 1631, the "Deliverer of Germany." In 1632 *Lutzen* closed that career, unexampled in all times, and plunged the Reformed Faith anew in the depth of affliction, from which he had so triumphantly raised it and sustained it. Thenceforward, hither and thither, advancing, retreating, swallowing up the fruits of the earth, the glorious testimonies of man's industry

[12] "The Famine, during the greater part of these wars, kept pace with the Pestilence. Wheat was sold more times than once at a price I dare not give credit to, namely, £3 18s. (nearly twenty dollars; equal to-day to sixty dollars) a bushel. *Guards were Posted to Protect The Newly-Buried from Being Devoured. There were instances of children being seduced, massacred, and eaten up.* Two women fought for a slice of a dead horse, and *one killed the other. A straggling beggar decoyed away a poor woman's child, and began to strangle it in order to eat it;* but the vigilant mother surprised her in the fact and killed her. The face of the earth was ruined for want of agriculture, and every animal eatable was so greedily searched after that the beasts of prey missed their daily food. When Lord Arundel passed through the Empire in return from his embassy to Vienna, a fox crept out of a brake and seized one of his attendants by the leg; the fellow took it up, for it was so weak it could not escape; its eyes were haggard and sunk in its head, and it weighed just nothing. And, if I remember right, there was another remark in the same relation, namely, that almost every house contained nothing but a famished dog."—"*Essay on the Military State*," etc., etc. [pp. 53, 54], by W. HARTE.

and genius, destroying and returning to trample in the gory mire, or grind into powder, that remnant which accident or sheer exhaustion, not mercy, had previously spared from annihilation, Bellona's train of evils, circling her Juggernautic car, had trooped and whirled from the snow-fields of Muscovy to the sunny vales of France, from the land of the Goth to the free soil of the Switzer; and, bowed in misery, man lifted up his desponding heart to Heaven, which seemed shut to his appeals of suffering, and asked, in bitterness of spirit, "When shall all these woes cease?" And yet, how many calamities were still to be poured forth from the Almighty's cup of wrath and indignation! . . . The year of 1641 found the Swedes once more on the very ground their feet had occupied when their Great and Good King (1630) knelt to return thanks to God for his safe passage to that land whose soil eventually drank his blood, poured forth in the cause of humanity and true religion. Since that eventful hour, how many lofty heads had fallen low! Death had taken a lesson from the Syracusan tyrant, and lopped off the tallest and most glorious flowers: MANSFELD, in his forty-sixth year; Duke CHRISTIAN, of *Brunswick*, in his twenty-ninth; TILLY, in his seventy-third; GUSTAVUS, in his thirty-eighth; PAPPENHEIM, until the advent of the Swedish king, esteemed the best cavalry officer of his day, in his thirty-eighth; WALLENSTEIN, in his fifty-first; Duke BERNHARD, of *Weimar*, the youngest of eight equally brave and warlike brothers, in his thirty-sixth; BANÉR, in his fortieth; KNIPHAUSEN, and crowds of lesser note, but still glorious spirits, had laid down their lives in prosecuting this quarrel of faiths and nationalities, when the Swedish Lion's choicest whelp, the son-in-arms of his adoption and nurture, if not of his blood, that "famous" TORSTENSON, "the most active and talented of all the Generals in this war," caught up the standard, emblazoned with the three crowns, to which his illustrious Preceptor had proudly asserted and gloriously maintained his claims, and to the laurels so fresh and green with which GUSTAVUS, BERNHARD, and BANÉR had garlanded its staff and armed points, added other wreaths no less numerous and vivid in their verdure.

As space accorded precludes anything like details, it might be as well to group together a few notices of some of the principal characters who were most prominent at different periods, and without whose active individuality what was done, humanly speaking and ignoring the doctrine of "Fatality," would not have come to pass.

From the beginning of the contest one of the figures which arrest the attention was that of Count Tilly, soon to become Generalissimo of the Bavarian and Imperial forces, as well as those of the League, lay Jesuit, and, until he met Gustavus, "the Invincible." It is true that he was defeated on 27th April, 1622, by Mansfeld at Mingolsheim, but he redeemed the check within two weeks with a

victory at Wimpfen, 6th May, 1622, which annihilated his new adversary, the Margrave of Baden, who brought this disaster upon himself by separating from Mansfeld. Tilly was the last man whom an ordinary observer would have selected as the ideal of a general or a soldier. If he had not been diminutive he would have furnished a capital model for Reitsch for a Mephistopheles. He wore no armor, carried no arms except a sword, and, instead of riding a war-horse, rode a small, easy, white or gray hackney. Strange to say,—according to Michelet,—he was infected by the mania of the period, for gambling. Although a veteran, he declared "War is a game of chance," and, to translate the language of a great historian, "the bigot General Tilly, the butcher (*tueur*) of this war, between his masses and his Jesuits, was not so completely devoted to the Virgin that he did not give more thought to the jade Fortune." The evening before the battle of Leipsic, 1631, he held a Council of War in the house of a sexton or undertaker, the walls of which were decorated with skulls, coffins, hour-glasses, and shank-bones painted in fresco. He was so far influenced by superstitious prestiges that he became very dejected and dreaded the coming encounter. Even the hitherto undaunted Pappenheim, whom Gustavus styled "a soldier," was likewise shaken by the coincidence. The epithet which the great Gustavus generally applied to Tilly was "an old corporal," signifying he was a martinet; sometimes he spoke and wrote of him as "The Old Devil." Tilly's axiom almost justified the first: "a ragged soldier, but a bright musket."

Wallenstein (this method of spelling is used because best known), in reality Waldstein, was perhaps the greatest Condottiere, proper, who ever lived, and understood the nefarious business better than any other. His translator appears to praise Gindely for adopting "Waldstein," but he was not the first to recognize it as correct. Naylor and Michelet, xii. p. 4, 1858, spell it in the same way, and the latter gives the reason for this form. He says Wallenstein—who, from the shape of his head, must have been a Slav—signed Waldstein to pass himself off as a great German Lord. Never has any man been the subject of more consideration or misrepresentation. Perhaps the great Gustavus summed him up most correctly when he called him a "madman." In many respects he exhibited symptoms of a mind not well balanced, but not on the battle-field. Still, he undoubtedly saved the Imperial cause, and was rewarded with the usual Austrian ingratitude.[13]

[13] "There are many aspects under which it is interesting to contemplate the complex, grandiose soldier-politician, Wallenstein, who is one of the strangest and most mysterious figures of the picturesque seventeenth century; and there are ample materials for many thoughts about Wallenstein.

"The great problem for the student is, how far Wallenstein was only selfishly ambitious; or how far he was truly great, actuated by motives which transcended personal aims, and which had for object the good of his country and the service of humanity. We want to understand the true value of this dark, perplexing, colossal

Michelet styles him "the speculator who understood the military market. Previous Condottieri had operated on a small scale." The Genoese Spinola made war under the Spanish flag like a Broker. Waldstein undertook the affair on the grandest scale with this clear calcula-

figure, which towers so loftily, in gloomy grandeur and in mysterious meaning, above the wars, the politics, the intrigues, of his distracted land and turbulent time.

"Of his capacity as politician, or as warrior, there can be but little question. What, then, were the motives which impelled this born leader of men to act as he did act? His failure in ultimate success is, it must be recollected, to be attributed to the murder which cut short his action. Had he lived he would, probably, have changed the current of European events; and he might have produced beneficial results which would have rendered his reputation clear and far-shining, resplendent in glory, and duly honored by history.

"In any attempt to portray and analyze that dark, picturesque, complex Wallenstein, who certainly remains always majestic, if not always certainly great, it is natural to begin by regarding him under the dim, mystic starlight of astrology. Johann Kepler worked out the horoscope of the remarkable infant born at 4 P.M. on September 14, 1583. The great astronomer, who, like most of the men of science of his time, was also partly an astrologer, points out that Wallenstein was born under a combination of Saturn and Jupiter, both in the 'first house,' or astrological house of life. Saturn, the 'swart star,' inspires melancholy, wild thought, dark ambition, contempt of human authority, disregard of religion; and induces an absence of human tenderness and softness. Men born under Saturn are quarrelsome, impatient, haughty; but when they are also under the counter-influence of brilliant Jupiter, there is ground for hope that such dark and dangerous characteristics will soften and brighten with the progress of the years; while the regal planet develops a thirst for glory and for power, lends defiant daring, and inspires reckless courage. The combination of saturnine and jovialistic influences promises greatness, but predicts danger. A man born under this joint aspect will play a lofty part, will do great deeds, will provoke mighty enemies; but will, in the main, prevail and rule. It is a combination which points to a great career and fortune. Elizabeth of England was born under the same astral aspect. Wallenstein's high path of life seems lighted always by the stars; and behind his majestic figure we fancy always great planets gleaming out of skyey darkness.

"When first the young hero awoke to ambition, he could hardly do other than seek to serve the emperor. The Empire was splendid and supreme. It was the overwhelming force in disunited Germany. It possessed tradition, wealth, and the support of the Church. It was, indeed, like an iceberg in spring, undermined beneath the water-line, but towering in terrible majesty above the warring waves. Wallenstein was, in the opening of his career, impelled chiefly, if not solely, by ambition. His nobler aims were to grow out of his experience of life, war, and politics. It needed time to develop his higher individualism out of his lower self. Success cleared his mind of self-seeking. It was most natural that the poor young Bohemian noble, aspiring as adventurous, should devote his sword to the service of the magnificent and munificent house of Austria. The eager young soldier could see only the surface, and could not read the hidden signs of the troublous times. He wanted to succeed by joining himself to success. He wished for reward from the power most capable of royally recompensing ability. Conscious of his own supreme power, he judged—and from his then point of view judged rightly—that Ferdinand would recognize his valor and his talents by honors, titles, ample pay. Nominally a Catholic, his nature was not religious. He had no clear convictions, and was politician rather than theologian. He turned deaf ears towards the music of the spheres, though he bent credulous eyes upon the fate-ruling stars. If his soul had a Heaven, he pierced into that Heaven no deeper than to its stars.

tion: "If I have few soldiers, I may be beaten; but if I have all of them, I shall surely win, because I will have to do with soldiers only in name, fresh levies, peasants without discipline,—*sheep!* I will buy

> 'Many a one
> Owes to his country his religion;
> And in another would as strongly grow,
> Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.'

"But the man was magnanimous and was no bigot. He had insight into the truth of things, and he saw that *Vienna could never succeed in extirpating irrepressible Protestantism in Germany.* The Thirty Years' War was concluded upon the basis upon which Wallenstein worked. Peace was produced by adopting the principles for which he bled. He learned to distrust the emperor, to detest the prejudices and superstitions of priest-led Vienna. The influence of priestly intrigue and of court cabal grew hateful to him. He was weary of ambition; for himself he had nothing more to desire; and he strove for a peace which should accord equal rights to Protestant and to Catholic. The Peace of Westphalia enacted all that Wallenstein had striven for; but that peace was concluded in 1648, and Wallenstein was murdered in 1634. Exhausted Vienna was compelled to make a peace which granted the great thing which Germany needed; but the years between 1634 and 1648 were a time of waste and wanton bloodshed, of devastating wars, and of uncounted human misery and loss. Another proof of Wallenstein's sagacity is that in 1648 the Swedes had acquired a strong hold in Germany; while French conquests included Austrian Alsatia, Strasburg, Philipsburg, Metz, Toul, Verdun. Had peace been concluded in 1634, neither Sweden nor France would have made such conquests of German territory.

"The emperor could well afford to be liberal in paying the price of blood to the conspirators who assassinated Friedland; for the extent of the duke's confiscated property was enormous. His widow received only the small estate of Neuschoss; his only child, Maria Elizabeth, married, after the murder of her father, a Count Kaunitz; Wallenstein's heir sank into obscurity.

"The death of Wallenstein aroused great controversy in Italy. Von Ranke found in the Corsini library, 'Difesa sopra la morte di Waldstain;' 'Il lamento di Alberto Waldstain con S. Mà. Cesarea;' 'Causa e morte di Walstain.'

"The Italian tendency is to exculpate him, an old man, without heirs male, from any conspiracy to attain the Imperial throne for himself. They thought in Italy that, had Wallenstein entertained the ideas and projects attributed to him, he would have proceeded more in the manner of Cæsar Borgia. Speech in Italy was then comparatively free; but in the Imperial domains it was strictly restrained. The court published, in October, 1634, a 'Report,' in which Wallenstein is accused of a conspiracy of a worse character than that of Catiline. The more than doubtful evidence of Khevenhiller and of Sesyma Raschin was freely used to criminate the dead general. Nothing was allowed to be published except by authority; and authority exerted itself to the utmost to blacken the character, and to distort the motives, of the great man that it had executed without trial by means of murder.

"Living in a time of dissimulation and intrigue, the mind of Wallenstein had acquired a tortuous bent; and his sinuous negotiations have done much to throw doubt upon the singleness of his aim or the purity of his purpose. He had not the 'single eye;' nor was he too great for complicated policy. His trail is often difficult to follow; but it seems clear that, with time, and great responsibility, his vision became clearer and his objects became national. He rose on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things. His late devotion to the right cause was punished by murder; and the efforts of his enemies to confuse evidence have tended to leave his name and fame as problems in history; and yet it seems to me that his motives may be traced, and that he rose—towards the end of his career—to be a man who may fairly be called great."—H. SCHUTZ WILSON, "*Gentleman's Magazine.*"

up the *wolves!*" And he bought them up, the best,—until the Swedes appeared,—to the number of one hundred thousand. His army was by no means Imperial. It was, rather, a military demagogy, for the time being, in the hands of an irresponsible master. It was analogous to those horrible bands of mercenaries in the service of the Successors of Alexander and of Carthage. It belonged to Wallenstein as long as he bid highest and paid most lavishly. It deliberated, judged, and executed him as soon as it became the interests of the subordinate leading spirits to get rid of him. But whether under Duke or Kaiser, the masses, without protection or consideration, male or female, Papist or Protestant, were simply its miserable prey.

If Gustavus did call him a "madman," he could not have applied that epithet to Wallenstein's method of carrying on war. The Duke knew perfectly well that if Tilly, with his veteran army, had found it impossible to cope with the superior discipline and manœuvring capacity of the Swedes, it was useless for him to attempt to contend against the victors with his new levies, however individually brave, in the open field. When urged to enter the lists with Gustavus, Wallenstein replied, "Battles enough have been fought already, and it is time to try another method." This other method was a war of positions and field-works, and resolved itself into what has been justly termed "a Campaign of Famine." Schiller did not exaggerate in the least when he wrote,—

> "These lands [Bohemia, Silesia, etc.]
> Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland,
> From all the streams of Germany, forced hither
> The scattered armies of the enemy;
> Hither invoked, as round one magic circle,
> The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstiern,
> Yea, and that never-conquer'd king himself;
> Here finally, before the eyes of Nurnberg,
> The fearful game of battle to decide.
> . . . A new spirit
> At once proclaimed to us the new commander.
> *No longer strove blind rage with rage more blind;*
> *But in th' enlighten'd field of skill was shown*
> *How fortitude can triumph over boldness,*
> *And scientific art outweary courage.*
> In vain they tempt him to the fight; he only
> Entrenches him still deeper in his hold,
> As if to build an everlasting fortress.
> At length, grown desperate now, the king resolves
> To storm the camp, and lead his wasted legions,
> Who daily fall by famine and by plague,
> To quicker deaths than hunger and disease.
> Through lines of barricades, behind whose fence
> Death lurks within a thousand mouths of fire,
> He, yet unconquer'd, strives to storm his way.
> There was attack, and there resistance, such
> As mortal eye had never seen before:

Repulsed at last, the king withdrew his troops
From this so murd'rous field, and not a foot
Of ground was gained by all that fearful slaughter.
In Nurnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
His fame—"

Yes, his "Fame" of Invincibility, but not his Fame of fidelity to his friends; for Gustavus, although foiled and defeated in his aims, kept his promise to the Nurembergers: "With the assistance of God, I will keep Wallenstein from entering the walls of your city, and as long as my soul lives within me, he shall not look upon your dwellings."

There is no doubt that Wallenstein before Nuremberg arrested the rising tide of the power and influence of the great Gustavus, and raised a dike against their further increment. Whether, if the King had lived, he would have made an end of Wallenstein, as he did of Tilly, is one of the "unsolved enigmas of history." All that is known is that to animate his troops to conquer Wallenstein in his selected position at Lutzen cost the Swedes and Protestants the life of their King and champion. Wallenstein had twice saved the Emperor, and Imperial gratitude rewarded the Preserver with ruin and murder, and his assassins with the wealth and properties of the eminent victim.

Gustavus Adolphus—as were Frederic the Great and William III. —and Torstenson were the pupils of a Frenchman, Pontus de la Jardie, originally from Carcassone, in the generalship of Thoulouse and Province of Languedoc, in France. He was a great soldier, and a greater general, and an even greater man. The Russians, whom he beat so thoroughly, wanted to canonize him. His son James was the preceptor, superior, and father-in-law of Torstenson.

It is said that Gustavus was the largest man in Europe, and the noblest,—"the foremost man of all this modern world." Michelet observes, "Without three defects, all with which he can be reproached, —brief outbursts of passion, too rash exposure of his person, and short sight,—he attained the highest elevation of which human nature is capable."

Torstenson, "the inimitable," was a large and very handsome man in form and face, and, for his time, a Christian in the noblest sense. He is regarded by some few critical students, whose opinions are worth those of all the others who have not examined the subject with equal attention, as great a soldier as his master, and a better strategist. He has been justly styled the Modern Hannibal.[14] As an artillery officer

[14] In the majority of instances, in fact, almost in everything, Torstenson was the antitype of Hannibal. Among other points of similarity, in the same way that Hannibal adopted the tactics of his enemies, the Romans, just so Torstenson, with a change of compelling circumstances, adopted those of the Imperialists for his Foot. Both only failed in sieges. Hannibal's object was to capture a fortified post which would give him assured communications by sea with Carthage. Torstenson's

he has never been exceeded, and he used it as Napoleon afterwards did,—massing it on decisive points at critical moments, using it, applying the expression of Napoleon, like the pocket-pistol of a giant, to shoot down his adversary when the latter least expected it. The enemy rejoiced when his artillery was silenced by his withdrawal from the field on account of illness, and counted his disappearance as equal to the elimination of a small army.

sieges were always undertaken to complete a connecting and covering chain of fortresses from the Baltic to the Danube to facilitate the accomplishment of his great plan of attacking the Austrians in their most vital parts, and the one object of his successive campaigns was the Austrian lands along the Danube and the relief, succor, and re-establishment of this chain of posts, like our stations on the railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta. The defense of Altoona by Corse, in 1864, and its relief by Sherman, was exactly that of Olmutz by Paykul, and its preservation twice by Torstenson.

. . In conducting his campaigns Torstenson evinced a perfect knowledge of his business and comprehension of strategy. His base was on the Baltic (in our case Nashville); his objective, like that of Napoleon in 1805, and as Moreau's should have been in 1800, was Vienna (in our case Atlanta). His first plans, as evinced by his campaign of 1642, was to establish a chain of fortresses along the Oder, through Silesia and Moravia,—the very route followed by Frederic the Great, in 1742-45, to secure his line of advance and retreat (according to Sherman's plan in his advance to Atlanta). Olmutz, which he took in his first campaign of 1742, was held by the Swedes eighteen years, until two years after the end of the war, 6th July, 1650. When he fell back before superior forces in the autumn of that year, 1642, it was to recruit and reorganize in Saxony, inimical to the Swedes, just as Frederic the Great used that kingdom as a captured magazine. Here he fought his first great battle,—a marvel of manœuvring,—which succeeded, like Napoleon's victory at Dresden, through an attack on both wings. His subsequent advance to Freyburg, and siege of that place, was a diversion to draw off the attention of the imperialists from their sieges of his posts on his Silesian and Moravian route to Vienna. Although forced to raise the siege, he occasioned the enemy as great a loss as could have resulted from a battle. His Campaign of 1643 was to reconsolidate this line as far as Olmutz, whence he raided to the outworks of Vienna. Called off to the subjugation of Continental Denmark, he reintegrated his army in a country which, for nearly twenty years, had not felt the exactions of war, and had become again full of everything of which his troops stood in need.

Had the ice favored he would have crossed into *Insula* Denmark to take Copenhagen, a plan which his pupil, Charles X., Gustavus, executed fifteen years subsequently. Completely outmanœuvring the Allied Danish and Imperial armies organized and dispatched and coalesced to shut him up in the Cimbric Peninsula, he turned their left flank, placed himself across the communications of the Imperialists, and, after a series of actions and campaign of positions, he so ruined them that out of twenty-two thousand which marched northward under Gallas from Bohemia, only two thousand—some accounts say one thousand—returned thither. His march across Germany into Denmark was unprecedented in history. It surpassed that of Napoleon from Boulogne into Moravia, and the ruin of GALLAS in MAGDEBURG was superior to that of MACK in ULM. His return march across the Ore Mountains, in the winter of 1644-45, was far superior to that of Bonaparte across the Alps, in May, 1800. It is not surpassed, perhaps, in the history of war in energy, engineering, audacity, and success. Flying to the relief of Olmutz, hard pressed, he anticipated the Manœuvring March of Wellington against Marmont, in 1812, and gave the imperial general, who attempted to intercept him, a defeat far more disastrous than that of the French at Salamanca.

Although crippled by the gout so that he was almost always carried about in a litter, he was swifter than any other general of the war in all his movements, and as superior in the handling of cavalry as of great guns. One of his achievements with his troopers at Juterboch, in 1644, may fairly challenge all time and place for a parallel.[15] He perfectly comprehended the capabilities and value of Mounted Infantry, and his thorough acquaintance with the administrative services, especially the obtaining and transporting of supplies, presents a problem which no investigation has ever yet solved. That what he did accomplish is a fact; the HOW is an enigma. That his strategy was superior and his fighting a battle superlative need no other proofs than maps, plans, reports, and results.

The three most "implacable and harassing enemies" of the Emperor and Empire during the first period or phase of this war, when as yet all was confusion, for nothing was definite until Gustavus Adolphus appeared, were Mansfeld, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and Christian of Brunswick, and all three died in the course of the year 1626. Of this trio the last was by far the most remarkable character, and deserves more particular notice than is accorded to him in general histories.

[15] The British General John Mitchell, who wrote so much on military history, in his life of Wallenstein, doubts whether Torstenson has yet been equaled as the leader of an army, and that he surpassed his predecessors by the splendor of his success. His actions bordered almost on the incredible. These actions and success were due, in a great measure, to his own life-long practical experience from esquire of the body to the King and aide-de-camp on the staff and in the line up to generalissimo. His genius, if genius can grow, and his talent were augmented and developed when he assumed the supreme command, by twenty-four years of almost continual service in the field. Moreover, that nothing might be wanting to the education necessary to the duties he had inevitably to perform if he lived, he had studied his profession under Maurice of Nassau, the best military preceptor, and in the finest military school possible. Maurice was a great man, who did not disdain any improvement from the highest in science down to the bits of his troopers' horses. Torstenson profited by all this, and doubtless it is his keen perception of the benefits which he had seen to be derived from attention to what ordinary men deemed trifles, made him such a consummate master in applying every possible advantage of improvement in all the arms and services. The same General Mitchell, in treating of the campaigns of 1813, remarks, "The boldness of the Allied bands, acting in rear of the French, became every day more ruinous to the latter; and the *exploits performed by some of these corps remind us forcibly of the wild and romantic adventures achieved during the Thirty Years' War by the daring followers of Torstenson* and Wallenstein." Torstenson's daring followers were the superlative light cavalry which he himself had made, like Frederic, by discreet severity and sleepless, unremitting supervision; those of Wallenstein were the natural light horse, like the Cossacks, which he had attracted to his standard by high pay and unrestrained rapine, which continued superior until the Swedes brought with them mounted troops similar to them in activity, and far better through a discipline which increased their efficiency without detracting in the slightest degree from their peculiar mobility. This idea, perhaps, is best illustrated by the conclusions of the very Russians themselves, that a regiment of Cossacks who have been [regularly] trained is worth three regiments untrained.

CHRISTIAN[16] the Younger, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel or Luneburg-Wolfenbuttel, Bishop and Administrator of Halberstadt (sometimes styled "Prince CHRISTIAN," or the "Mad,"—more properly perhaps the "Wild" or "Fierce,"—"Bishop," or the "Mad Brunswicker," or "Halberstadter," or the "Frantic Duke," or "*Christian* FURIOSO" (likewise the "ACHILLES of Germany," or, more appropriately, of the Thirty Years' War, just as Mansfeld was considered the ULYSSES), was born 10th of September, 1599, and died of fever or of poison May, 1636. He was the younger son of HENRY JULIUS, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel and Luneburg, and of ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of FREDERIC II. of Denmark. CHRISTIAN's mother, the Scandinavian Princess Royal, was originally betrothed to JAMES I., the father of ELIZABETH, England's Princess Royal, but the engagement was broken off, and her next younger sister, ANNE, substituted. Good evidence, however, that James had yielded to state policy alone, in this change, exists in the fact that his first daughter bears the same name as his first love, her aunt. Thus Christian and Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, Queen of Bohemia, were first cousins. Moreover, CHRISTIAN's elder brother, FREDERIC ULRIC, had been, in 1610, a suitor for the hand of his cousin, the Princess Royal of England, and his sister, CATHERINE, united to her by congeniality of character, was her inseparable companion and life-long intimate friend. Nay, still more, ELIZABETH's husband, FREDERIC, writes in 1622, "I would rather part with an arm than lose such a friend (*i.e.*, CHRISTIAN). We owe him unutterable obligations. I love him even as a brother." CHRISTIAN studied the art of war under the famous MAURICE of Nassau, ELIZABETH's admirer, constant friend, and protector, who paid her a "Leicestrian" homage, such as he never offered to any other woman. Besides, MAURICE was her husband's maternal uncle and guardian. Thus CHRISTIAN and ELIZABETH were united by the closest ties of blood, affection, and association. Besides, by feelings of the warmest attachment and deepest respect, she was bound to him by the strongest ties of gratitude, and perhaps the best proof of his feelings to her is his famous letter of the 15th June, 1622, published in CHAPMAN's "GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS," Appendix No. iv., page 417. For tenderness of expression and devoted affection—nay, idolatry—it cannot be surpassed, and it must stand forever as a memorial of the most exalted disinterested love.

It would scarcely be possible to reconcile CHRISTIAN's idolatrous passion for ELIZABETH with his character as depicted by the generality of historians, were it not that its reality is indisputable. "The sternness of CHRISTIAN's temper was" (appeared to be) "little congenial to gallantry, and his aspect had a mingled seriousness and wildness, rather

[16] For a *complete* Biographical Sketch of CHRISTIAN of BRUNSWICK, see pages 50, 51, No. 4, vol. iii., *Army and Navy Journal*, New York, 16th September, 1865.

calculated to inspire awe than awaken love. His figure was tall and thin," which doubtless made him appear taller than he really was; "his face long and angular," without beard, whiskers, or moustaches; his fine forehead, shaded with dark hair, worn carelessly *a la Soldatesque;* "his complexion pale, but enlivened by dark gray" (most likely black or hazel from his portraits); "eyes, of which the glance was almost fearfully bright and lustrous. Despising pleasure, abhorring libertinism, he shunned conviviality" (that is, the prevalent German deep-drinking), "was faithful to his friends, implacable to his enemies, tenacious of his honor, and insatiable in his thirst for glory." "The devoted zeal evinced by this prince for his kinswoman was, however, not merely honorable to himself, but to the chivalric spirit and romantic gallantry that softened and exalted the darker features of that enthusiastic age." "In CHRISTIAN alone" (of all who dedicated their swords and lives to her) "she discovered feelings congenial to those which had prompted her to advocate the cause of the Bohemians." "It has been justly remarked that few women remain insensible to proofs of constancy in the other sex, . . . and she dwelt with delight in the idea that she had at least one partisan who espoused her interests from sentiment alone, and adhered to them with incorruptible integrity of principle." Christian learned the duties of a soldier in Holland, the Great School of Arms, under Prince Maurice, and that he was able to accomplish anything against such a fortunate and experienced general as Tilly, with the raw troops he successively raised, proves that the lessons he learned had not been given to an inattentive or dull pupil. His chief merits as a soldier—no mean ones—were activity and bravery, and he particularly shone in a brilliant charge. Like William III. of England, it was said of him that "he was better known by his defeats than by his successes; he was great in raising armies, and only needed experience to become a good general." Elected to the Bishopric of Halberstadt in 1616, the Emperor refused to confirm his election, and thus laid the foundation of an enmity which Love and Protestant zeal both tended afterwards to strengthen."

"There was an enthusiast of the preceding century to whom, in some essential points, the WARRIOR-BISHOP bore a considerable resemblance. The land watered by the Rhine and by the Elbe, indeed, does not present externally a more striking contrast to that through whose burning veins run the Tagus and the Ebro, than the gray-eyed and fresh-colored Saxon to the pale, dark-complexioned founder of the Order of JESUS. Their ultimate course, too, diverged almost as widely as the east from the west. Yet were there in the constitutions of the men the same characteristic elements, the same tendencies to romantic love and religious enthusiasm; and it seemed in both cases to depend on the accidents of life or the leadings of Providence which passion should overshadow or eclipse the other. CHRISTIAN of Brunswick, like IGNATIUS LOYOLA in his early manhood, had placed his affections upon one who was '*no countess, no duchess, but of a rank more exalted still;*' and had Fleurus, instead of only depriving him of his bridle-arm, made him what Pampelua made LOYOLA, a helpless cripple, incapable of ever distinguishing himself by deeds

of chivalry in the sight of his mistress, *his* ambition might have taken a different course,—*he*, too, might have experienced the extremes of spiritual grief and ecstasy, and have consecrated himself to GOD in the zealous discharge of his episcopate. But his wound left as wide a scope as ever to the hope of worldly distinction. It invested him with a fresh title to the friendship of the royal lady whom he served; *and, while it was healing, he banished tedium, and almost the sense of pain, amid the charms of her attractive society.* To his motto, 'TOUT POUR DIEU,' was now added 'ET POUR ELLE.' But it cannot be doubted to which of the two the chief share of his affections was given. It was a species of idolatry, and criminal in that sense."

From the consideration of warriors, attention must be directed to that of women. One of less note, as to the extent of dominion, but of the highest note in respect to her personal influence and worth, was Amelia Elizabeth, of Hanau, Dowager sovereign and widow of William V., Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel (who was the first of the German princes to adhere to Gustavus), styled the "Constant" or "Trustworthy." When Tilly was permitting plundering, ravishing, burning, wasting, in his very sight, and called upon the Landgrave to desert his colors and principles under penalty of the infliction of similar horrors in his sovereignty, William V. made a reply which put to shame the cowardly powerful Protestant princes. "*I will* NOT," was his undaunted reply, "admit foreign soldiers into my cities and fortresses; my troops I require for myself; if I am attacked, I shall know how to defend myself; if Count Tilly requires money and provisions, he had better get them from Munich." Such a hero deserved a grander and vaster stage. Gustavus Adolphus considered him almost equal in ability to the celebrated Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. His was a consort worthy any husband, however lofty in position; in her constancy, courage, and conduct she was more than a man. From first to last she adhered with unwavering fidelity to the cause of freedom, and she lived to rejoice with the victors, and to share in the rewards of the triumph of the cause her husband had espoused, and whose duties she inherited. That princely house of Hesse-Cassel had always been the truest of the true since Philip, the Magnanimous, stood up by the side of Luther, defied Charles V. and the power of the Empire and of Rome.

"Some writers pretend that his [Bernhard of Saxe-Wiemar's] aspiring spirit aimed at still greater designs" than are even generally attributed to him. "Amelia, the amiable widow of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel,[17] whose virtues, accomplish-

[17] "In the course of the same year [1636–1637], William V., the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, was suddenly called away from the tempestuous scene in which he had acted so conspicuous a part. To commemorate the expressions of universal regret with which he was accompanied to the grave is the most glorious tribute that history can offer to his virtues. It is the province of flattery to exaggerate merit, and of friendship to conceal or diminish defects; but tears and lamentations proceed from the heart,—the language of truth and affection. Few princes have been endowed with greater or more amiable qualities. He was sincere in his professions, a rigid observer of every engagement, and so scrupulously guided by the dictates of honor as to be incapable of deserting a fallen friend, even when ambition and

ments, and masculine understanding rendered her worthy to share the affections of a hero, had extensive territories, a devoted people, and a numerous army at her disposal. By uniting her dominions with those which he had already conquered in Swabia, he might have raised himself to a level with the greatest princes of Germany in riches, power, and authority, and thus have attained the summit of his wishes."

After the battle of Nordlingen almost all the Protestant princes and princelings of Germany hastened to abandon party and principle and make peace with the Emperor. "No such pitiful considerations influenced the actions of the Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel, or deterred her from adhering with inflexible fidelity to the dictates of honor and gratitude. For a considerable time after the death of her husband, the machinations of Darmstadt, the treachery of Melander, and the decisive superiority of the Austrian arms imposed the necessity of a temporizing policy; because it would have been impossible for her to have followed the suggestions of her magnanimous soul without exposing her country to utter destruction. She accordingly endeavored to avert the storm by entering into a negotiation with Ferdinand, which she artfully protracted during several months with such consummate dexterity that it does not appear that the imperial court entertained the smallest suspicion of her professions. The facility with which the emperor progressively acceded to all her demands soon became a subject of serious disquietude, because it was likely to deprive her of every national pretext for delaying to ratify the treaty; and it appeared of essential consequence to the stability of her government that the odium attending the renewal of hostilities should fall entirely upon Austria. No sooner, therefore, was her authority firmly established, than she unexpectedly insisted that the same unrestrained toleration which had been previously obtained for her own subjects should be equally extended to all the members of the empire. A demand so extravagant, as she clearly foresaw, put a stop to all further proceedings, and the refusal afforded what appeared to her people a satisfactory reason for again uniting with Sweden.

"It is possible, however, that this resolution, enforced as it was by honor and inclination, might not have been adopted with so much haste had she not been stimulated by the exhortations of Salvius and D'Avaux, and by the promise of a subsidy from France. The immediate consequence of her renovated alliance with Sweden was the removal of Melander from all his employments; a fortunate occurrence, as his interested soul was capable of every baseness.

"Fortunately for the Swedes, the treaty with Amelia Elizabeth was brought to maturity before victory had again forsaken their standards; but scarcely had that princess declared in their favor than she would have had cause to regret her precipitation, had she been capable of repenting the performance of a duty which she owed to the memory of a husband whose virtues she highly revered. Strong in the conviction of having acted her part with courage and consistency, she prepared to encounter the gathering storm with the intrepid spirit of a heroine; consoling her-

interest combined to inculcate the hateful lesson of treachery. Trained to arms by that illustrious patriot, Maurice [of Nassau], Prince of Orange, he attained to such an eminence in that difficult art as to have been placed, by the discerning eyes of Gustavus Adolphus, nearly on a level with Bernard, Duke of Weimar. Though the loss of such a man, and particularly at such a crisis, must have been regarded as a public calamity by every admirer of wisdom and probity, it fell less severely upon the Protestant party, because his widow Amelia, appointed to govern during the minority of her son, adhered with fidelity to all his engagements; and, in endeavoring to fulfill them, displayed talents and virtues which have been rarely surpassed in any sex or station. With a courage and constancy unusual in woman, she maintained possession of the sovereign authority, in spite of the intrigues of the Landgrave of Darmstadt, and in defiance of the armies and artifices employed by Austria to terrify or seduce her from her duty."

self with the reflection that if she were doomed to perish in defence of her independence, her fall would not be inglorious."—"*The Civil and Military History of Germany from the Landing of Gustavus to the Conclusion of the Treaty of Westphalia,*" by FRANCIS HARE NAYLOR, Esq., in two volumes, vol. ii. London, 1816.

Her insight into character and her comprehension of military matters were extraordinary. As an evidence of the first take the case of Melander or Holtzapfel, who at one time commanded her husband's forces. She discovered his meanness, falsehood, and incapacity, and she warned Gustavus against him. Nevertheless, his specious gifts actually deluded the great king. Although a rigid Calvinist, this Melander, rejected by his own creed and party, went over to the Imperialists, and through the deaths and failures and transfers of other prominent leaders obtained command of the last army that the Emperor could place in the field. When, in 1647, the French had abandoned the Swedes to carry out their own plans and Wrangel was being actually driven back once more to the Baltic,—this retreat apparently to be a finale to Sweden's aggressive power,—Melander's conduct "proved that the Landgravine Amalia had read his character more truly than had Ferdinand III. [or even the Great Gustavus]. Standing in front of Weimar, he had on his left his native country, the Landgraviate of Hesse, uncovered and at his mercy. His desire to wreak his vengeance on the Landgravine for the slight he considered she had put upon him triumphed over the instincts of the warrior and the sense of duty. He quitted, then, the pursuit of Wrangel, led the Imperial army into Hesse, and avenged himself on the ruler from whom he had deserted by devastating her lands—which were the lands of his own country—and plundering her people, who were his countrymen, in a manner which had not been exceeded at any period even of that war!"

As an instance, on the other hand, of the estimate placed upon her, Amelia Elizabeth's, mental and moral gifts by the greatest general of the war, Torstenson, it is only necessary to read his correspondence with her. "He listens to her counsel, *even in military affairs, with great respect.* It is a pleasure to read the letters of this princess, masculine even in her handwriting, a number of which, with her signature, both to Torstenson and to Wrangel, are preserved in the latter's correspondence."

It was to her that Torstenson, after he had sketched his plan for the campaign of 1646–47, wrote those remarkable lines which explain why success did not crown the action of the allied forces. Wrangel "was directed to maintain the army, and evade a general action, until a union had been effected with the French; afterwards they were to aim at driving, with conjoined forces, the enemy across the Danube. The junction with the French, who had promised to be in Mentz by May, was judged necessary to induce them to uninterrupted co-operation. It was also their fashion to lie still in winter, and thereby give the

Imperialists and Bavarians opportunity to fall conjointly upon the Swedes, so that these usually lost in winter what they had gained in summer."

The French had promised to be in Mentz by May. As their co-operation was considered necessary to success, every effort was made to induce them to act uninterruptedly. If they did so triumph seemed certain. Without such continuous co-operation the results appeared very uncertain.

The Landgravine ultimately succeeded in restoring to her son, William VI., the possessions of his ancestors in spite of all the dangers and vicissitudes of the trying times in which she had to prove herself a model of virtue as well as of courage. Her husband, dying, left his state and estates crippled with debts, and subject to the various burdens of an unexampled war; nevertheless she conducted her affairs with such wisdom that she not only paid off every encumbrance, but even augmented her son's inheritance and the domain of the House of Hesse. This illustrious woman died in 1661. "She was born," wrote one who knew her life and deeds, "the glory and ornament of her sex, and never in any woman was exhibited such an assemblage of virtues."

Another even more prominent, but more unfortunate woman, was ELIZABETH Stuart, Princess Royal of England, known as the "Queen of Hearts," the "Pearl of Pearls," the "Pearl of Britain," the "Phœnix of the World," the "Palatine Venus," the "DIANA of the Shady Woods of the Rhine," and by other equally flattering and exalted titles of honor. She was eldest daughter of JAMES VI., of Scotland (I. of England), and of ANNE, youngest daughter of FREDERIC II., king of Denmark, and was born on the 19th of August, 1596.

She would have been most remarkable, if for nothing else, for the fact that her influence upon her husband, Frederic, Elector Palatine, induced that weak prince to accept the Bohemian Crown and precipitated or kindled the general war, which had hitherto been fragmentary, or kindled a fire which previously was smouldering rather than burning. Her question, "How he [her husband] could dare to marry a king's daughter, if he feared to accept a regal crown?" similar taunts, and especially her remark, "I would rather eat a crust of (or black) bread at the royal board (table of a king) than feast at thy electoral table," or "I would rather live upon sour-crout with a king than in luxury with an elector," decided the matter or question of his acceptance of the Crown of Bohemia,—as it turned out a veritable crown of thorns for both himself, his queen, and children. She was a young heroine, formed by nature to be a consort worthy of Gustavus Adolphus, for whom she was sought in marriage in 1609. Unfortunately for him, herself, and mankind, she was already engaged to the handsome but weak Elector Frederic V., Count Palatine, a young man only remarkable for his vanity and cowardice, sloth and incapacity. She

was intrepid beyond her sex, and remained mistress of herself under all the pressures and miseries of exile. No portrait of her can do justice to her charms,—or of the woman of which the influence was so great that she therefrom acquired the title of "Queen of Hearts,"—if only such exist as have been reproduced in engravings, or else the latter are false interpreters of the pictures. Perhaps, like her grandmother, Mary Stuart, her almost fabulous influence lay more in her graces, manners, and intelligence than in her personal charms. They do not represent that sweet princess, "the Phœnix of the World," as she has been styled by a contemporary "witness." That there was something marvelous in her influence upon men of the most decided character, manliness, and mental power is proved by the devotion with which she inspired many, among these Christian of Brunswick, a hero, fearless, faultless, except in the fierceness of the revenge awakened by the suffering of the woman that he loved. He was her champion from the moment that he first knew her until he died in the harness for her. He chose for his motto "All for God and for her,"—his beloved. He wore her glove like a cockade or plume in his helmet. He strove to enlist heaven and earth in her service. A more courageous, noble gentleman never handled arms, and withal he was an active, able-soldier, however unfortunate as a commander.

No wonder, indeed, that ELIZABETH possessed such a magic influence over the hearts and actions of men. Nor is it strange that no portrait could transmit the ineffable soul-beauty, which, from within, permeating her whole being, invested her with a halo like that with which the early Italian school surround their beatified women. Was she not the granddaughter of that MARY, Queen of Scots, whom simply to approach was to be caught and entangled forever in the meshes of her fascination? Has any painter ever given us a corresponding idea of that loveliness which ensnared BOTHWELL,—in fact, every man who approached her that had the elements of love within his soul? Is even the exact color of those flowing tresses known, which, disheveled and unkempt, inflamed her army for the fatal field of Langside, near Glasgow? How many conflicting accounts have we of her features, graces, gestures! Although only three centuries have elapsed, is she not as much a myth to the majority of the world as that Egyptian Queen to whom invincible CÆSAR yielded himself up, and for whom the ambitious ANTHONY lost the world? But, however historians, poets, painters, artists, disagree as to details, all agree to her consummate perfection as a whole, to her irresistible attractiveness, to her perfection of womanhood, whether wreathed in smiles or drowned in tears, at all times, upon all occasions, in every movement, and in every character. Nor was ELIZABETH'S mother, the coquettish ANNE of Denmark, unworthy to connect the peerless MARY with the unsurpassed Princess Royal of England.

Resuming the consideration of the portraits of ELIZABETH, the best-known engraving in Lodge's collection is from a portrait by Hornthorst, which must have been taken in her later years, perhaps when she was between forty and fifty, after she had attained that age when those of her sex who do not grow thin become, if they enjoy good health, more or less stout. She was born in 1596, and died in 1662. Loved almost to idolatry by the chivalrous Earl of Craven, to whom she is said to have been privately married after her final return to England, he was only one of the many grandest specimens of manhood who bowed at her feet in love and admiration. Sir Henry Wotton addressed to her one of the loveliest poems in our language:

"You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,—
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

'Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you when the rose is blown?

"Ye curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passion understood
By your weak accents,—what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

"So when my mistress shall be seen,
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,
Tell me if she was not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind."

The picture by Michael Jansen Mireveldt, celebrated as a prolific portrait-painter, resembles a great many of the likenesses of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, the grandmother of Elizabeth. In that of Hornthorst, the expression of the face is charming, and she is represented as one of those women with lovely bosoms, such as are celebrated by Ossian when he sings of the "high-bosomed maids of Lochlin." The writer has known a lady very much like the pictures extant of Elizabeth, and considering the lines written in praise of the faultless head and its setting of the living, they will serve as a faithful portrait of the dead princess and appropriate to both:

"The prettiest, daintiest little head
That ever sat on an ivory neck—
So smooth and so rounded—without a fleck—
That jewels were wasted such throat to deck—
In its muslin ruff like pearl in its bed;

With a flood of soft rippling nut-brown hair,
Reflecting in gold the kiss of the air;
Ears small and so perfect—but by him seen,
Praxiteles' models they might have been
To complete his statue of Beauty's queen:
And eyes like turquoise and sapphire mingled;
A voice as when silver bells are tingled—
And withal so saucy! There's not a grace
But finds a fit home in that charming face!"

Elizabeth, the daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, was another attractive creature. She was so given to study and charmed with learning that she refused the hand of the King of Poland to remain with her books. She was a pupil of the famous Descartes, and he has left the highest testimony to her intellectual attainments.

J. Watts de Peyster,
Brevet Major-General S. N. Y.

(To be continued.)

ONE OF THE DUANES.

(Continued from page 405.)

CHAPTER IV.

A WEEK later, and Bonny had been the recipient of numerous invitations to luncheon, "tea," and dinner. "First *they* call, then *you* call; then, before you have time to turn round, they rush with one accord to invite you," Mrs. Revere had warned Bonny, laughingly, apropos of Barrancas and navy-yard customs. And her words had speedily been verified by events. One evening they were due at a navy-yard dinner party, and Mrs. Revere had been admitted into Bonny's room, while that young lady put the finishing touches on her toilet. Mrs. Revere cherished a sincere admiration for her guest, and it was a veritable pleasure to her to watch the pretty hands pinning on flowers or adjusting a bit of lace, with the graceful head inclined slightly to one side in criticising the effect in the mirror. "How proud I shall feel of you, Bonny!" she observed, while drawing on her gloves; "it is really very kind of you to be so pretty, and I, for one, am excessively obliged to you."

"Behold, the lovely creature poses unselfishly for the benefit of poor humanity!" Bonny laughed, striking a theatrical attitude with her back to the glass. When one has been praised for one's beauty ever since the day of one's birth, it at length becomes impossible to blush properly, and look inordinately modest when one receives a new compliment. "Come," she added, gathering up fan, laced handkerchief, and gloves, "I am ready at last. Shall we go down now?"

The stairway was built upon the exterior of the house at the back, sheltered by the roof of the piazza,—the projecting upper story only extending over the sides; and, as Mrs. Revere and her companion descended, they could distinctly hear voices speaking within the drawing-room,—the captain's and another's. No words were audible, but tones could be distinguished.

"Oh, Jack has arrived already!" Mrs. Revere remarked nonchalantly, pausing in the shadow where the moonlight could not fall, and glancing over her shoulder, furtively, at Bonny.

"Mr. Sidney, do you mean?"

"Yes. Oh, I quite believe I forgot to tell you,—he is to go with us. You see, Mrs. Collingwood invited him too, and as we were to have the ambulance, and there was no other way for him to reach the navy-yard, unless he walked and spoiled his boots, I told him he might join us. You don't object, I trust?"

If Mrs. Revere had once expected to receive a confidence from her guest regarding the identity of her favorite, and Bonny's *bête noir*, she had suffered from hope deferred. Miss Duane's stay had extended through three weeks or more, yet nothing had passed between them upon that one tender topic; and now she could not resist the small scratch contained in her last five words. Would the girl deign to say that she *did* object or not?

"*I* object? Why, indeed, should I?" Bonny interrogated, with exaggerated sweetness, as she laid her hand upon the door. "Mr. Sidney is a most agreeable traveling companion, as you doubtless know that *I* know, and, when he confines himself strictly to the subject of Sammy his conversation at times soars to the height of positive brilliancy."

Finishing her little tirade, she turned the knob, and straightway confronted Mr. Sidney himself, who stood within a foot of the door. Of course he had heard; but his face told no tales, and Bonny tried to believe that she had said something rather complimentary than otherwise. Whatever one may choose to adopt as one's manner in an enemy's presence, it is never agreeable to be detected in making invidious speeches behind that enemy's back. It therefore was with a feeling of marked discomfort that Miss Duane presently clambered into the dark shelter of the big army ambulance; which feeling did not perceptibly diminish as the two sturdy mules, attached to the vehicle, plodded stoutly along the road to the navy-yard, where the party was to dine at the commandant's. They were alternately jolted over rough patches, and obliged to creep through the deep, yielding sand (which shone white in the moonlight amid the dark trees and undergrowth by the roadside), and through which the clogged wheels crunched with a soft, monotonous, grinding sound.

"When I returned my first calls from the navy-yard people," said Mrs. Revere, meditatively, "I had to make them in the *meat cart*. Then, as now, there were no carriages to be procured for love or money. The colonel had instituted a regulation that no party of less than four persons should be allowed to have the ambulance, though I noticed that *his* family, consisting of one, took it at will, and, unless one were equal to the task of walking through the sand in silk attire, the meat cart was the only alternative. There was a ghastly odor of uncooked dinners about the thing—or I fancied it—which was frightfully shocking to one's Northern prejudices. Then, it was so high that one was obliged to swing in mid-air for one dreadful moment before one

could accomplish the feat of getting in or out. Luckily for you, Bonny, Colonel Claibourne isn't so careful of his men and mules as his predecessor was."

"I believe I should have imported a carriage and horses of my own rather than submit to such desecration," said Miss Duane.

"Ah, but where and how would you have kept them when you got them here, and what drives are there to take when you *had* got them? Oh no, it would not have been worth while."

"Captain Revere was not quite so gallant in your bridal days, then," added Bonny, mischievously, "as the gentleman in the rhyme who pushed his wife through broad lanes and narrow fields in a wheelbarrow."

"Well, if he had been," retorted Mrs. Revere, "I fear it would not have proved as civil as the other wheelbarrow, in sparing the wife's neck!"

Having at length reached the navy-yard, they found a small company already assembled at Captain Collingwood's. He—or, some people rather maliciously said, his *wife*—was the commandant of the navy-yard, and, having large quarters neatly furnished by the pocket of government, he—or *she*—found it an easy matter to entertain agreeably, and on a comparatively large scale.

There was Miss Kate Collingwood, the commandant's pretty, English-looking daughter,—who was said to "have designs upon" Jack Sidney,—and the latter's guest, Miss Levara, of Pensacola, who, as a reputed belle, eyed Miss Duane with jealous disfavor. There was Mrs. Ruggles,—whose husband, the naval surgeon, was unfortunately absent at Pensacola,—and there were three or four unmarried officers, who for the past few weeks had abandoned their allegiance to the commandant's pretty daughter, and enrolled themselves under the unconscious banner of the young lady from New York.

"The 'Wyandotte' is expected to-morrow or the day after,—had you heard?" remarked Miss Collingwood to Bonny, in the manner of one who imparts a choice piece of intelligence. "Then our gayety will begin."

"I am afraid I only know of the 'Wyandotte' as a notable cave in Indiana," said Miss Duane, meekly, "and since its appearance in our midst would be as miraculous as the 'mountain' paying a visit to Mahomet, I am still all in the dark."

"Oh, the 'Wyandotte' is one of our naval vessels," Miss Collingwood replied, with a superior little air. It was rather agreeable, this imparting of information to the fair New Yorker, of whom she was inclined to be a trifle jealous. "The officers on board are mostly bachelors, luckily, and such *nice, jolly fellows.* I know all of them—except a very few new ones—*quite* well. We shall have *simply perfect* times while they are here,—receptions and hops, and maybe—oh, I hope so!

—parlor theatricals. Lola Levara is a superb actress,—now, you know you are, Lola! so don't say a word!—and Mr. Sidney, ah, he is *grand!* Don't you perfectly delight in private theatricals, Miss Duane?"

And so on, until dinner was haply announced.

The advent of the "Wyandotte" was apparently a favorite topic with all, for it was largely discussed during the two hours devoted to dining, and numerous plans laid in reference thereto.

The half-hour after ten had struck before the Revere party made their adieux, and once more scrambled to their places in the waiting ambulance.

The moon, which had barely risen as they left Barrancas, now flooded the night with its white radiance. The trees looked black as if carven from ebony, and the sand glistened with a diamond-dusted sheen. All was silence, save for the faint sobbing undertone of ocean, too distant and monotonous to impress itself upon the accustomed ear, the grinding of the ambulance wheels, and an occasional sleepy note from the throat of an invisible bird. No one of the party was in a talkative mood, and after Mrs. Revere had questioned Bonny as to how she had enjoyed the evening, the captain had complained of the salad dressing, and Sidney had announced his intention of holding aloof from the mooted—and dreaded—theatricals, a prevailing dumbness settled upon all.

Suddenly across the stillness swept a jarring, inarticulate sound as of the shouting of a distant crowd, and almost simultaneously, a slender pillar of flame shot upward against the purple sky.

The ambulance was just entering on the outskirts of Warrington.

"A fire, by Jove!" said Sidney; adding, "Drive on, Green, as fast as you can!" Then, in a flash remembering that his superior officer had doubtless already taken grave offense at his thus assuming the command, he checked himself. "I beg your pardon, captain, I suppose there's some shanty or other on fire. Don't you think we had better find out where it is?"

"I'm in no hurry," said Revere, stiffly. "We shall reach the fire soon enough. Some wretched nigger hovel, no doubt, better burned down than left to stand."

At that instant a sturdy negro came lumbering heavily in their direction, running with bare black feet through the yielding sand. "Fire!" he shrieked, with grewsome exultation. "Fire! Whah's some water?"

"Water? You fool, where do you expect to find water growing?" shouted Sidney, over Green's stolid shoulder. "What's the fire,—if you know?"

"De pilot Manuel Suarez's house, it am a burnin' down, an' dar's a gal inside ob it. Dey cahn't git her out, an' she'll hab ter burn too. Oh, golly! fire!" he began again, scuffling off through the sand; but

Sidney called after him imperatively. "Run to the navy-yard as fast as you can go, if you've got any sense left, and give the alarm there. They'll have their engine out in fifteen minutes, if you make good time!"

The man quickened his steps and ceased yelling, now that he had a definite object in view, and Sidney resumed his seat in the ambulance. "These black idiots go crazy with the least excitement. There isn't one who is worth a white man's little finger in an emergency," he said. "Green, Manuel Suarez's house is at the far end of the village. You know it? I thought so. Your beast can make it in three minutes. That fellow said there was some one in the house, and if there's anything to be done, it's got to be done quickly."

"Hold on! What truth do you suppose there was in that black fool's story? growled Revere, angered at seeing his authority thus summarily snatched from his hands. "I've got two ladies here to think of, and government property to protect. I don't propose to risk the mules among that yelling mob of niggers; there's no kind of use or sense in it; and if you're so keen about scenting the blaze, you can get out here and walk. This ambulance must move on to Barrancas with the ladies, and I think that my duty is with them."

Sidney's lip curled. It was well for the captain's temper and self-love that the darkness hid that undisguised expression of contempt. "Very well," said the lieutenant; but Bonny's voice broke in hastily: "Oh, please, Captain Revere, may *we* not see the fire too?"

Never had the sweet voice been softer, or the manner more ingratiating. A small, warm, ungloved hand was pressed persuasively upon the captain's arm for an instant, and two large, lovely eyes looked entreatingly into his stolid face. This lady at least, then, appreciated the fact that *he* was of consequence,—that *he* was the one to be consulted, and even considered it worth her while to exert her powers of persuasion in melting the iron of his resolve. The captain was moved. He did not divine that those small hands longed to clinch their fingers against the palms, and shake themselves in fists before his dull eyes, as the girl added, "Just think, we might even be of some assistance, and what heroes and heroines we should all become then! Besides, I never, never saw a fire. Don't you think you might risk the mules for my sake, just this one time?"

"Very well, then, if you ladies are not afraid, I may waive *my* objections. Drive on, Green,—not too near." And the captain settled himself back in his seat, while Sidney leaned forward impatiently, railing inwardly at the waste of time; and Green proceeded to obey his last orders.

All this had consumed a less interval in the acting than it has in the narration, and now, in three minutes, they had arrived on the scene of the fire,—or as near as the captain would permit the ambu-

lance to go. Sidney sprang out, and the two women looked anxiously after him.

"Oh, Bonny, how could you—*could* you wish to come?" cried Mrs. Revere, for once, impulsively.

Bonny flashed a glance upon her, which held a hint of scorn. "I see that I am a better actress than I imagined, if I really made you believe that I was *curious* to come here," she answered, in a low voice, unheard by Captain Revere.

Into the midst of the crowd Jack Sidney entered like an inspiration. He was a man with a purpose. He had ability to carry that purpose out; but first he must learn what there was to be done, and then it must be done quickly.

The house—a small frame structure with no upper story save a low-slanting attic—was on fire below and at the back, while a narrow flame and wreath of lurid smoke ran high into the air, through the chimney, scattering a shower of sparks that lit, like shining fire-flies, upon the roof. Smoke, reddened with darting tongues of flame, curled from two windows of the ground floor, but above—in the low attic whose one cramped window in the front gable alone admitted light and air—something was alive, and praying for the Blessed Virgin's sake to be taken from the fire.

"Holy Mary! Suarez ees away, and eet is Francisca alone in de house!" groaned a Spaniard, who had been dashing water from a small pail against the window. "Jump, Francisca, for de love of God!"

But she could not jump. Through the little aperture, scarce worthy the name of window, she could with difficulty thrust her head and shoulders, and to push herself forward with the impetus required by a jump would be a thing impossible.

"Have you no ladders?" shortly interrogated Sidney, turning toward the Spaniard who had seemed to address him. Time was too precious to waste in superfluous words. In ten minutes all aid would be too late.

"Nobody knows whah dey is any," said a negro woman close by. "Oh, nobody nebber knows whar nuffin is when de need comes. Lord, cahn't *nobody* sabe her?"

Without waiting to hear more, Sidney's resolution was taken.

"Get me an axe,—quick!" he said.

A tall form, transformed to something darkly grotesque in the fitful, lurid light, leaped with long-springing strides across the road; disappeared; appeared again; and in a moment the axe was in Sidney's hand.

Then, without a word, he thrust the crowd aside—the helpless, gaping crowd—that stood still to see what the one man would do. What he *would* do was soon evident, but *could* he do it? was the question each one asked himself.

A live-oak tree reared its tall round bole a few feet distant from the house, and with nervous agility Sidney went up the trunk, and swung himself into the branches. Then, gathering himself together, gave a leap, and came crashing upon his knees on the spark-powdered roof.

A dozen furious blows, delivered with telling precision; a few wrenches of the yielding wood, which flew in all directions, and he had cut a jagged aperture of nearly two feet in width. A direful cry arose from the crowd as he disappeared into the darkness within, and a wilder, more despairing one as that darkness behind the girl's figure in the attic lighted with a dullish red from the fire which had found a way to her retreat.

"They're lost!—both lost!" was the shout which reached the watchers in the ambulance with terrible distinctness.

But the man for whom they feared was not a whit discouraged. Dropping to the hot floor of the attic room, he proceeded to act precisely as he had planned to do. His scheme had been laid beforehand; now all that he had to do was to execute it.

There was the creature whom he meant to save, turning a half dazed, half fearful stare upon the strange intruder, drawing her breath with quick, shuddering sobs, the while she pressed a crucifix against her bosom.

There in the corner, showing dimly through the smoke, stood the poor bed, pathetically tumbled, as the occupant had left it in her terror and amaze, only a few moments ago. All this Sidney saw in that half-second which passed as he swung himself from the slanted roof to the floor, and even as he looked, a burst of flame darted one long, lapping tongue up through the boards under the low beams at the back of the room, licking the dry wood as it came, and sending before it a scorching breath that seemed to blister as it enveloped him.

Snatching a blanket from the bed, he caught the tottering form of the girl, and mounting a chair with her in his arms, passed her head and shoulders through the aperture he had cut in the roof.

"Take firm hold, and draw yourself up,—I'll hold you," he said.

She obeyed, or tried to obey, but could not find a support for her wandering hands, and began to moan piteously. "Oh, my crucifix! I dare not let it go!" she sobbed. Sidney seized her hand, and wrenching the treasure from its weak grasp, dropped the silver crucifix upon the floor. The girl shrieked, and burst into wild, terrified weeping, such as the danger before had not drawn from her, but once more flung her hands out on the roof, to find the holding which was to save her. The one tongue of flame had been joined by others, and they rioted under the beams, and crawled along the floor. The smoke was stifling; the heat was insufferable. Sidney's clear head reeled; but the girl's hands caught; she pulled herself upward and along, and

with a great push Sidney had her upon the roof, and in an instant was beside her.

With one steadying hand grasping her arm that, at the fearful revelation of fire surrounding them, she might not go mad and rush upon death, he cast down the blanket to those below. "Hold that for her to fall on when I throw her to you. Be careful,—catch it firmly!" he shouted; and the blanket was seized, and held with strong hands above men's heads.

Then he took the girl as he might a child, and going near to the edge of the roof, suffered her to fall from his arms. What a shout arose from African and Spanish throats as she was caught in the blanket, and borne away, apparently unharmed!

It was his turn then. The time had come when he might seek safety for himself, and yet all power to do so seemed in this last extremity to have deserted him. The roof was already on fire in many places. The smoke stifled and blinded him, while his chest labored under a weight that crushed and rendered him dizzy and faint. Such a short distance to the ground,—he could easily clear it with a leap, if he cared to risk bruises or a broken limb. Or there was the live-oak tree. One or two branches drooped over the roof, and perhaps they might prove stout enough to bear his weight, as others higher up had done before.

"Jump!" "Take hold of the tree!" "Off that roof!" the crowd was shouting, with wild gesticulations; but he scarcely noticed them, and reeled dizzily under the load which seemed to burden his chest, while a hot band as of iron encircled his forehead.

He could distinctly see each feature on the eager faces of the people below, as for a few seconds the smoke was blown aside, and, at a little distance, the forms of two women in light garments which shone white against the dark background of the ambulance top. One of these women, while he looked, stretched out her arms and clasped hands, in an unconscious gesture of entreaty. The sight brought to Sidney a quick, reviving knowledge that he had a life to save, and that he must exert himself now or never, if he would save it. He caught at one of the over-hanging branches. It bent and cracked and broke, just as he had swung himself on, by it, to another and a stouter one. Then, however, he was safe. With a sigh that was wellnigh a groan he reached the ground, and staggered like one drunken as he tried to walk away.

At that moment the engine from the navy-yard came tearing up and he could realize what a short time, after all, the whole affair had occupied,—probably not more than ten or fifteen minutes at most,—and yet to him it seemed very long since he had called for the axe, standing on the same spot where he stood again now.

It was a new excitement to the crowd to watch the manœuvres of

the men with the engine, and the hero of the occasion, to his intense relief, was allowed to walk slowly away, unmolested and apparently unseen.

Captain Revere, however, had forgotten his late fit of petulance, and a genuine anxiety for the fate of his junior officer had drawn him from his snug retreat in the ambulance to a place as near the fire as his prudent mind advised him to venture.

Now he advanced to meet Sidney, and thrust his hand through the other's arm. "Glad you are out of that scrape safely, though you don't seem very steady on your pins," he remarked, with a not unkindly display of gruffness. "You have undoubtedly done a brave thing, sir, undoubtedly, though I must say it was a confoundedly foolhardy one."

Mrs. Revere, who, with Bonny, had also deserted the ambulance in her excitement, now joined the two men before Sidney had had a chance to speak.

"Oh, Jack, you are safe and unharmed! I am so thankful and so glad to be able to see you, and to touch you again. You have been a hero, a perfect *hero*,—has he not, Bonny? Oh, Bonny, Bonny, why don't you say *something?*" half laughed, half wept Mrs. Revere, more moved than she had been within her recollection.

"I am thankful too," said Bonny, with a smile and voice alike rather tremulous. "Such things go so far beyond words. But I should be glad to shake hands with you, Mr. Sidney. I don't quite know why, unless that I may be able to say I have taken the hand of a genuine hero." Her language was light, almost frivolous; but the eyes she lifted to his were bright with a strange, deep radiance. "It is good to be a man," she added, as she looked up into his face.

Sidney held out his sore, blistered hand with a smile, and did not shrink beneath the fluttering pressure. Some instinct must have told her, however, of the pain even her light touch gave him, for she drew back, exclaiming quickly, "You are suffering, I know!"

"Badly burned, I am afraid,—poor fellow!" sympathized Mrs. Revere. "We must get him home as soon as possible now, Dolph."

"Only somewhat blistered about the hands and face, I assure you, just enough to make a most horrid object of me,—and a little shaken up generally," Sidney hastened to reply. "But what have they done with the girl? She is injured more or less, of course, and needs attention."

"They took her across the street," said Mrs. Revere. "I suppose we might go and inquire for her, but you, Jack, get into the ambulance directly. I see you can hardly stand. Oh, dear, how commonplace all we do and say to you seems, after what you have gone through! And just look at those wretches, crowding about the engine, never paying the slightest attention to you. There is gratitude indeed!"

"They owe me no gratitude, and would bore me inexpressibly if they attempted to demonstrate any," Sidney said. "I'm glad the engine came when it did,—it will at least prevent the fire from spreading. But about that girl. I am positive she will need looking after, and there is no doctor here or at Wolsey, you know. Ruggles is away from the yard at present, and it would be a good while before we could get McFarland down from Barrancas, even if he would take the trouble to come out so far to-night."

"Oh, well then, to please you, Jack,—if you will for once be obedient, and climb into the ambulance, I will take her up to my own house, and keep her for as many hours as she may need to stay," cried Mrs. Revere, almost pettishly; "and Dr. McFarland can visit her there. Dolph, will you be kind enough to take me over to that charming shanty on the other side of the road, and I will deliver my invitation. Bonny, you had better get into the ambulance with Mr. Sidney, don't you think?"

"Naturally I feel interested," Sidney returned. "It is very good of you, Mrs. Revere,—and in the mean time I'll obey your directions."

In the course of a few moments, quite a little procession issued from the "shanty" across the road.

Two colored and one Spanish woman came forth, supporting the daughter of Manuel Suarez, who seemed to walk but feebly; three small urchins with abbreviated nightgowns waving about their black thighs, trotted on either side, and Captain and Mrs. Revere followed in a dignified manner behind.

The young girl continued to protest in weak, broken tones against being forced to move at all, and at the sound of her pitiful voice Sidney got out of the ambulance, and with much tenderness assisted the rather rebellious captain to lift her to a seat, where she presently sank into a restless, troubled slumber, with her head pillowed on the willing shoulder of Miss Duane.

"You cannot imagine the misery we all three suffered while you were in that burning house," exclaimed Mrs. Revere, having become quite or nearly her own complacently composed little self again. "We actually felt awfully guilty to be standing there, all safe and sound, while you were in such danger. I don't know what we should have done without my husband, to force us into comparative calmness. (Here Bonny smiled wickedly in the shelter of her dark corner.) "And it did seem so strange and fearful to look up at the great white moon shining just as coldly and peacefully as ever over that horrible scene,—and then to think of what you must be experiencing. Don't you feel strong enough to tell us something about it,—what your sensations were and all?"

"I think," said Sidney, slowly and rather painfully, "I had better confine myself to—the subject of *Sammy* for to-night."

CHAPTER V.

It was an "uncanny" night for all concerned. For the surgeon, who was torn from what should have been his peaceful beauty sleep (but which was in reality a game of poker), to attend to the wants of his two unexpected patients. For Mrs. Revere, who in the absence of the colored "day-laborers" in her household (Barrancas servants claimed the privilege of going home at night), was obliged to bestir herself to make ready a resting-place for the stranger she had taken under her roof. For Bonny, who, with the best intentions in the world, managed to hinder while she endeavored to assist her hostess. For Captain Revere, who cordially hated everything out of the usual course of affairs; while for Sidney, and the girl Francisca Suarez, the night was one of restlessness and pain.

None of the actors in the little drama, which had so nearly become a tragedy, were able to obtain the refreshment of sleep (unless it were Francisca, who had taken an anodyne), but Sidney had a waking vision which continued to repeat itself with variations and at intervals throughout the night. It was a vision of two liquid dark eyes, lifted with soulful gaze to meet his own, while a small hand vouchsafed to his its first and only friendly pressure.

Bonny stole into the room which had been allotted to Francisca next morning, to peep at her by daylight, and to ascertain if she were awake and desiring anything. But she slept; and Bonny lingered and bent over the bed with a quick thrill of surprise and admiration. She had not really seen the girl's face the night before, and her beauty-worshiping eyes dwelt upon it fascinated.

What an exquisite little creature she was, with a beauty the very perfection of its type, and all the more admirable to Bonny's taste, because it was in opposition to her own.

The form, covered though not concealed by the bed-clothing, was childishly small and slender. The oval face—its pure olive skin uninjured by the flames of last night—conveyed the conventional Madonna idea by its contour and expression, and the delicate outlines of all the clear features.

The lashes fringing the closed eyelids were long and heavily curved. The hair, which rippled into a series of shining waves from the temples, fell away in a confusion of black curls about the neck and shoulders.

"How lovely!" was Bonny's mental exclamation. "She might be a sleeping St. Cecilia."

As if the intentness of the other's gaze had drawn her from the world of sleep, the girl's fallen lashes suddenly lifted, and a pair of

wine-brown Spanish eyes looked half surprisedly, half appealingly, up into those bent so eagerly upon them.

Afterwards, when these eyes had grown familiar, Bonny learned that, change as they might, the appealing look was never absent, but lay at all times below other mirrored emotions, as shadows underlie the surface of deep pools.

"Is there anything I can do or get for you?" Miss Duane inquired.

"No, lady, I thank you," with a peculiar and rather pleasing un-American management of her words; "I have rested, and now I can be well."

"Would you fancy anything to eat or drink?" Bonny persevered, wondering what would be proper and essential to say, in her newly assumed character of nurse. "I know Mrs. Revere would be very glad to get you whatever you wished for."

"Oh no, I could not to eat," said the girl, nervously. "Soon, I can go to my home,—but no, not to my home, for it is not any longer such a place,"—very sadly,—"yet I can go to Warrington, and not any more trouble you and the other, who are so kind to me."

"It is no trouble, but a pleasure to us," Bonny returned, impulsively, her heart quite warming toward the pretty, tiny creature.

"Oh, but I thank you, yet I must to go, for my father, he will by-and-by have come back again, and he will be wondering for me," answered the Spanish girl. "You are kind,—most kind; and the gentleman, he it was who took me out of the fire,—is he well?"

"We have not heard from him yet this morning," said Bonny,—and for some reason her heart warmed increasingly towards the girl; "but he was doing very well when he went home last night. Now don't you think you could eat a little breakfast if—if"—with a recklessly courageous smile—"they would let *me* cook it for you?"

The girl looked up with a certain wondering reproach in her expressive eyes, as though it had been sacrilege to name the culinary art in the same breath with such beauty and elegance, while she protested, "No, lady, I would not to have you do that, or anything more for me—" but Miss Duane had glided from the room, fired with her new ambition.

Mrs. Revere was giving "Old Nance," the cook, a few directions at the kitchen-door when Bonny appeared prepared for victory. "I've come to ask a favor of you,—of you both," she said, with palpable artfulness. "*Would* it be too much trouble for Nance to have me go into her kitchen and cook Francisca Suarez a little—a *very* little—breakfast?"

"*What?*" ejaculated Mrs. Revere, with an unfeigned surprise which was, to say the least, discouraging. "My *dear* child, *you* get a breakfast for any one? Have you ever cooked one single article in your life?"

"I have made molasses candy; but that, I can see, is not the point," returned Bonny, with some dignity. "There must always be a first time, you know; and really I should very much enjoy doing it. I feel a consciousness of latent ability, and I'm sure I should succeed. Besides, I promised—"

"How in the world did you become possessed with such a notion?" queried Mrs. Revere, while Nance showed her ivories undisguisedly.

"Just *because*, as the children say," replied the maiden, rendered mildly defiant by the expression of Nance's black visage. "Do let me begin?"

"Well, what would you begin *with*, for instance?" patronized Mrs. Revere.

Such directness, on such short notice, was rather confusing. "Well," meditated Miss Duane, "I really think, a poached egg, on buttered toast, and a cup of *very* nice coffee, would not be too meagre a breakfast for an invalid."

"Not at all,—very good, indeed," smiled Mrs. Revere; "but please tell me, how would you set about cooking the egg?"

"Why, that is easy enough, I am sure. You merely take the shell off, you know, and then, I suppose, it is possible for *poaching;* you may have to flatten the egg a very little, and put seasoning on it, of course. Then you *cook* it, which is done by pouring hot water on it while it is in a saucepan on the stove, no doubt,—or at least that way would do as well as any other. As for the coffee, you put a little in a pot, with an egg, and let it draw. Then when you've mixed in enough water, you shake it first, then allow it to stand very still a few minutes, when it is done, and must be drunk immediately. When I come to the toast, you shall see, it will almost make itself. And now, aren't you encouraged to have me enter your culinary department?"

Mrs. Revere permitted herself to burst into a decorous little shriek of laughter. "I am not very wise in this direction myself, Bonny," she said, "but really I believe I could do better at writing a cookery book than you. However, to relieve your mind, I will tell you that Nance is just now setting about the preparation of a meal for Francisca; and, as it will be ready in a few minutes, you may as well watch, and give her the benefit of your advice while she is about it."

"That is not the same thing at all," protested Bonny.

"It is a better thing for you, dear child. What do you suppose your father and mother would think and say if they should hear that I had allowed you to *cook a meal* for a *pilot's daughter?*"

"Is there anything especially low or mean about a pilot's daughter?" questioned Bonny, rather curiously. "I am able to form no estimate of their particular sphere in life, unless it be a somewhat watery one. The word 'pilot' calls up no association in my mind, except that of little square sails with big black figures painted on them, bobbing

about in great numbers in bays and harbors. I suppose Francisca's father was away, bobbing about, when his house burned down last night; and now, since she has no home, what can she do, but bob about with him? It looks to outsiders a dizzy sort of existence, though it may possess its attractions,—this everlasting 'bobbing about.'"

"Not too many, I'm afraid," Mrs. Revere returned, doubtfully. "But that is the way he earns his bread, and it is quite good enough for him. Francisca Suarez, with whose history I've been more or less acquainted ever since I came here, has rather an unusual case. Her mother, they say, was a very handsome Spanish woman, belonging to a better class than her husband, and as the people about here say, holding her head very high. She died when this girl was a child, and the father has had sole charge of his daughter ever since, as for a wonder he had the good sense not to marry again. He is a very respectable, ordinary sort of man for his sphere, I believe, and is only remarkable in his adoration of this girl, looking up to her as if she were a being of superior mold. He has spent his savings in sending her to school in Pensacola, where she has acquired her pretty manners and a smattering of education, which unfortunately raises her in feelings as in everything else above all others of her class. Nance was informing me this morning, however, that she is supposed to be engaged to marry a soldier in Captain Revere's battery,—a handsome, worthless fellow, with a very bad reputation in the regiment."

"Ah, that is a shame!" exclaimed Bonny, in a pitiful, careless way (as we do pity the misfortunes and mistakes of strangers), little dreaming what vast proportions this trivial-seeming fact was fated soon to assume in her own destiny.

Later in the day, Bonny again went up to pay a visit to Francisca, to her surprise finding the girl had risen, and dressed herself in garments Mrs. Revere had loaned for the occasion. She was looking very uncomfortable and ill-at-ease in her borrowed feathers; and had evidently been arrayed for some time, not quite knowing what to do with herself, and neither daring to enter unannounced the presence of her hostesses, nor to leave the house without having paid her respects.

"I am surprised that you should have felt able to get up and dress," said Miss Duane. "Are you a great deal better than you were this morning?"

"Oh, I thank you, I shall soon again be well," replied the girl, smiling and flushing brightly, as she always did when suddenly accosted. "My arms, it is they alone which pain me a good deal, and my feet a very little, too. But I can walk. Girls like me, they have not to be afraid of pain. It is not for us to care for little hurts; and so, now that I have seen you, lady, if you would tell the other, your friend, of how much I thank her, I could go away."

"She will wish to see you first, I think; and really, it seems to me

very imprudent for you to attempt to go to Warrington to-day. However, you know best,"—noting the quick flash of anxiety in Francisca's eyes,—"but since your home is burned, where have you to go?"

Tears trembled on the black lashes as the Spanish girl replied, "There is a cousin of my mother's, she will keep me, I think,—I do not know. But my father will by-and-by come home. He always knows what is the best, and I will to hope for him soon. You have been kind, and I give you so much thanks. I will pray to the good Virgin, she does bless you, and the gentleman who took me from the fire."

"I am sure that your prayers will be good for us,—for us all," responded Bonny, heartily. "But there is something else I wish you would do for me, when you are strong and well again. Will you come up here sometimes, and sit for me, so that I may make a picture of you for myself?"

"Oh,"—blushing and dimpling,—"if it would please you; but I am not fit!"

"You are exactly what I want," Bonny hastened to assure her. "When can you come?"

"To-morrow,—the day after. Would it be too soon?"

"Let us rather appoint some day next week. By that time you will be feeling quite strong and well, I hope."

Thus then it was settled; and Bonny had gained a charming model, as well as a humble and devoted friend.

CHAPTER VI.

It was impossible that a new element in the form of a beautiful and in every way rather remarkable young woman, suddenly launched into the stream of Barrancas and navy-yard society, should not ruffle its calm surface with a widening ripple of interest and excitement. The corner of the pool dedicated to the colonel and his wife—a quiet, refined couple, who lived in a shell of studious reserve, detested gossip, and felt no call of duty towards promoting sociality in the regiment—was necessarily undisturbed by her arrival, but with the other members of the petty *coterie* it was a different affair.

With absolutely no society except that afforded by the army and navy garrisons, the advent of a notably lovely Northern girl became an agitating social event. Mrs. McAlpine and Mrs. Woodward, the wives of two of the captains, set to work in the secrecy of their chambers at remodeling their wardrobes after a fashion unobtrusively resembling that of Miss Duane. Mrs. Fanshawe, the very latest bride, who had calculated upon producing a profound sensation by virtue of her bridehood alone, was duly devoured by jealousy at finding a star of greater magnitude had superseded hers. Mrs. Voorhees, the most sought after,

and at the same time the least liked woman on the post, held her sharp, sarcastic tongue for the present in a way that with her boded mischief for the future, should the new-comer do aught to provoke her dislike.

As for the majority of the remaining ladies, they yielded with scarce a struggle to the mysterious power Isabel Duane possessed of winning the admiration, if not always affection, of those who came in contact with her; and the men, with one accord, voted her adorable. It was an open secret on the post, before she had been its guest for quite a month, that the surgeon (who in his thirty-five years' experience had never outgrown his early susceptibility) was "desperately in love with Miss Duane," and was even noticeably ill at ease when any other man exchanged more than a dozen words with her.

The doctor had rendered himself something of a favorite with the ladies, perhaps not so much on account of his talents as a physician, as because of his talent for gleaning and retailing in a spicy manner choice bits of gossip which nobody else seemed able to obtain. This fascinating accomplishment had won for him the "bubble reputation," which, dubious as it was, he eagerly sought to retain, in a laborious, painstaking sort of way that was worthy of a better cause.

"The agreeable rattle of the ladies' club" was the *sobriquet* Mrs. Voorhees's sarcasm had bestowed upon him, in a spiteful moment, when he had been more at some other woman's service than her own; and men, knowing and despising this peculiarity, fought rather shy of Dr. McFarland, notwithstanding his otherwise numerous agreeable social qualities, which (like the down on the cheek of a peach) formed an attractive surface covering that was exceedingly apt to rub off if unwarily touched.

This was the dangerous lover whom in all unconsciousness Bonny Duane had won. In all unconsciousness, for her thoughts were very far away from possible conquests. She had come to Barrancas in search of health, change, and, it must be confessed, from motives of economy. She had not hoped to find intimate interests in a place which was, with its inhabitants, so remote from all that had so far constituted life to her. When it dawned upon her that the majority of her new acquaintances were people who had moved more or less largely in her own world, they ceased to hold her interest, stimulated by novelty, thus becoming in her eyes the most ordinary of individuals.

She was not ever "on the lookout" for "types," nor had she thought it behooved her to form a passion for character-reading, and thus she looked upon those about her at Barrancas less in the light of distinct and potent identities than in that of a group, decidedly lacking in that picturesqueness she had expected of them.

With Sidney alone it had been different. She had begun by detesting him, which is always promising, and had now arrived at a stage where it became impossible to avoid the temptation of analyzing him.

The book of a young man's character is at times a dangerous study for a girl who is not hardened by practice to pursue, but Bonny did not mean to undertake it seriously: merely to skip about from page to page and glean those portions which promised most of entertainment.

After the night of the fire, it vaguely appeared to her that in some mysterious but irrevocable manner she had pledged her faith in friendship to Mr. Sidney, and this idea created in her imagination a shadowy bond between them. She had owed him a reparation, and now she was prepared to acknowledge the debt, and to pay it by idealizing him as a hero. It was nothing to *her* that he was a hero, but he *was* one, in spite of all the naughty things she now shamed to remember she had said of him. And, as heroes were few and far between in this commonplace nineteenth century, it certainly seemed unnecessary to continue in nursing her dislike for the only specimen she ever remembered having met among her acquaintances.

It was upon this subject that she was almost unconsciously indulging in a few surface meditations one day not long after the Warrington fire, when Francisca Suarez came to fulfill her promise. Bonny had heard of her from time to time from that indefatigable gossip, Sammy Minnicks (with whom she still kept up a lively friendship), or some other, who had learned of the father's return, and of the couple's having moved into the upper half of a house belonging to a relative. Francisca had sent back the borrowed clothing with a grateful message, but she had not come herself, and so nearly two weeks had elapsed since the day of her departure from Mrs. Revere's.

Now she was full of bashful apologies. She had been so busy moving into the new rooms they had taken,—she and her father,—and then she had been obliged to go to Pensacola to buy furniture and clothing, as everything they owned had been destroyed by the fire. This last bit of information she imparted with a blushing, downward glance at her gown, which was an alpaca of funereal hue, fashioned in straight lines and awkward drapery, in which the pretty little Spaniard looked as much out of place as a rose might in a coal-bin.

Bonny's artist soul shivered at the painful sight. With a sensation as if a file had been drawn across her front teeth, or a false note in music sounded, she suggested, with insinuating sweetness, that for a *model* brighter colors and more flowing drapery might be appropriate. Would not Francisca allow Miss Duane to alter her costume for the hour in which she was to employ her? Nobody was at home. Captain and Mrs. Revere had gone on a shopping expedition to Pensacola, only leaving her at home because of a headache which at last had worn itself away. Francisca could not have chosen a fitter occasion had she been gifted with clairvoyance; and now with what pleasure Miss Duane would proceed to deck her model, if the model would submit to be thus decked!

The model would consent; and in a few moments Mrs. Revere's parlor became the setting of a most delightful picture.

Francisca in a yellow satin skirt of Bonny's, with a low-necked white waist and a red velvet bodice (borrowed from three distinct costumes, yet forming a quite harmoniously Spanish-looking whole), was enthroned on an artistically-draped divan, given a guitar (of whose uses, alas, she was unromantically ignorant), and bidden to "sit very still." Her long hair was unbound from the flat, disguising plaits in which she usually wore it, and wandered in soft, loose twines over the bare white shoulders. Her brown eyes were shining, her cheeks glowing with childish excitement from the novelty of her situation.

Bonny was in a state of rapt exultation, and painted with loving, inspired strokes that soon seemed fairly to illumine the paper on which the likeness grew and grew. Twice a knock sounded at the door, and she did not hear it. Francisca's eyes wandered and her hands fluttered nervously, but she dared not speak. She had been bidden to be silent, and she would obey orders at all hazards, fancying in alarm that the progressing picture might be irretrievably ruined if she so much as stirred. But suddenly the meek eyes traveled window-ward, became fixed and radiant, and, the stress of temptation waxing finally too great, Francisca almost had sprung from her seat, when remembering again her responsibility as a model, she sank back, and fixed her eyes entreatingly on Miss Duane.

The look plainly said, "Do let me speak," and involuntarily Bonny also turned to the window to divine the cause of the disturbance.

A man stood there, gazing intently in upon them,—a tall man, wearing the uniform of a private soldier. The handsome blonde face, with its hard eyes and cruel, passionate mouth, was pressed against the glass not two yards distant from her as the girl turned her startled face in its direction—turned with a look that was at first merely surprise,—blank, unbelieving amazement,—then freezing into a terror that blanched her cheeks and drove all the warm blood pulsing through her body in one great sickening rush upon her heart. Slowly she rose to her feet, never removing her eyes from the window, and casting paints and paper from her with an unseeing movement of her hands, took one step forward, trembling. Then she stood still. A strange, sick chilliness crept over her, such as she had never in all her young healthy life experienced before.

The awe-struck little model had timidly watched her patroness with the utmost surprise and bewilderment till now, but as Bonny reeled dizzily forward with closing eyes and marble face, the girl sprang up and caught her about the waist with all her tiny strength.

"George! George!" she cried, half sobbing between fear and excitement. But the face at the window was gone, and the man in the uniform of a private soldier had disappeared as suddenly as he had

come. It might have been ten minutes, though to poor little helpless Francisca it appeared an age, before Bonny's eyes unclosed, and with a shuddering sigh consciousness came back to her. She smiled faintly as she saw Francisca, with hair and countenance disordered, bending over her, alternately fanning and moistening her face from a goblet of water she was unsteadily holding.

"Did I faint?" Bonny asked, in a slow, puzzled way. "How strange! I never fainted before in all my life that I know of. What could have happened to make me? Oh!" And with a shiver and a curdling of the flesh which was strangely visible on the delicate skin, she pressed her hands over her eyes as if to shut away a remembered vision.

"You were made frightened," soothed Francisca. "It was the face that came quickly, so near, at the window,—a man's face; but not to be frightened at,—oh, no. It was not for that he came here, I can be sure. There was first a knock once, twice, at the door, but you did not to hear when it came. It was but one of the soldiers. I know him. He is a friend to us,—my father and me,—and he is not to be afraid of. He is kind, and a gentleman too. I know it. And he will be most grieved when I tell him of what he did."

"Francisca!"—Bonny raised her head and faced the girl with anxious, troubled eyes—"I want you to promise me that you will never mention what has happened to me this afternoon to any one. I —I"—her voice wavered and her eyes evaded the answering look of the Spanish girl—"I don't wish it known that I was so weak. I want people to think I am strong and well. You understand, of course, that it was from weakness, not from fright alone, I fainted. Of course the sight of that soldier wouldn't have affected me if I had been strong. It would be too ridiculous to fancy so. That is the whole story. That is all there is to it, you know." And she spoke each word slowly and incisively, as though to impress Francisca with its truth. "May I trust you not to mention my being so silly, or anything about it, at all to any one?"

"Truly, truly you may," Francisca responded, fervently crossing herself at the same time most devoutly. "How grieved I am that you are sick,—you who are so kind to all! If I could give help to you I would be glad, but so much as you ask that I can do for you, and I will. That is nothing."

Bonny rose to her feet laughing a strained, unnatural laugh, which sounded oddly in her own ears.

"Too bad; I have spoiled our sitting by my foolishness!" she exclaimed, with would-be lightness. "You, who have been through such a fiery experience, will think me very childish to faint for nothing at all,—nothing *at all*, you know, except my own weakness. But—just for mere curiosity—how—how was it, do you think, the man came

there, at the window? What had he come to do, or see, can you fancy, since you say you know him?"

All the while, as she spoke, she was still smiling, but it was a smile which would have pained one of keener perception than the little Spanish girl to see upon a face so fair and young. Her eyes were dry and feverishly bright as she waited for an answer to her question.

"I can suppose it was in this way," said Francisca. "George Dane—that is the name of the man—is belonging to what you call the Battery L,—the battery of Captain Revere, as he has himself told me, and I have heard from others beside. If it was that he had been sent here to speak with the captain, and then heard our sounds, he knocked, yet nobody would come; then he would think to look in at a window, to know why that should be. That was it. I find that must have been the way, do you not believe?"

"I dare say," replied Bonny, regaining a touch of her natural color. "I had thought it rather odd, but you are right, no doubt. And now —I am so sorry—but I am afraid I shall not be able to do any more on our picture at present, Francisca. That headache, which prevented me from going to Pensacola to-day, has come on again, even harder than before, and I think I had better lie down and try to sleep. You'll pardon me, and be my little model again some time, will you not?"

"Oh, yes," Francisca said, humbly. "You will, by and by, be much rested and better, I hope." And so, having hastily altered her fantastic attire, she took her departure, leaving her young hostess to sleep, if she chose. But she did not choose. For some moments she stood at the window, staring with a vague, unseeing gaze after Francisca's small retreating figure, even when it had finally disappeared. Then, with a start, she moved away, and began pacing up and down the room, her head bent and her hands clasped before her.

"What can it mean?" she presently said, half aloud, and then glanced furtively around, as if startled at the sound of her own voice in the stillness. "What can it mean, and what will come of it?"

She could not think. Her mind seemed a maze of tangled fancies from which she could gather no answer to her own questions. "I *must* think,—I must—I *must!*" she told herself again and again, but the will appeared to wield no power over the dazed mind. She knew that a strange thing had happened; she knew what the thing was, but what it might mean for her, or why in truth it was so passing strange, was the shadow which failed to materialize into definite shape in her sick brain. Could she have been mistaken? Could it be that face seen just now was a counterfeit presentment only of another, happily a stranger to her for the past five years?

As she so questioned within herself the face rose upon the camera of her mental vision, with each feature markedly distinct. There was the low forehead, with the curly light hair brushed back, the long, cold

gray eyes, and the mouth and nose of whose Grecian regularity she had once been proud. She felt a thrill of revulsion as the picture faded, and of something akin to fear as she recalled the nature mirrored by those hard eyes.

How had it chanced that she had never met the man before during the weeks of her stay at Barrancas? Had he purposely kept out of her way, or had he been as ignorant of her presence as she had been of his? Should she now find some excuse to leave the place suddenly and return to New York? Ought she to write to her mother of what had occurred, or should she follow the instinct which moved her to keep it secret? She did not know. The questions brought no answers, and she felt, as she had said to Francisca, that she needed rest before she could think well and arrive at any decision, or even realization of her position. Her head throbbed painfully, and she still was giddy and ill. She had scarcely escaped to her own room, and betaken herself to the lounge, before Captain and Mrs. Revere returned, having come in on the steam-launch in time to dress for a six o'clock dinner. There had been a slight accident, and Mrs. Revere was all excitement and anxiety to relate it. Was dear Bonny's head too bad to allow of her listening to the story?—how a stupid fellow had tried to run his wretched sloop in between the launch and a small schooner, and there had been a collision, of course. No harm worth mentioning done to the launch, but the sloop damaged a good deal, and one of the soldiers on board the launch had had a rib broken. All had been alarmed; but was it not very lucky it was only a soldier, and not one of the officers, who had been injured?

"Won't the broken rib hurt him as much as it would one of the others?" questioned Bonny, in a puzzled way.

"Hurt him as much? Well, perhaps; but the thing is that it will make far less difference whether it *does* hurt him or not," smiled Mrs. Revere.

"I wish," said Bonny, in a troubled voice, "that you would define the position of the common soldiers in the army for me. I haven't been here long enough to understand it quite. I know that, from a military view at least, they are a long way beneath the officers, but in the social scale,—are they *very* low indeed?"

"Why, one can scarcely speak of their being included in the social scale at all, my dear. They are certainly not included in the plan of it, at least. Of course, in times of war it is different. Then men of all classes enlist, but now the common soldiers are, in most cases, the dregs of mankind. At least, that is the way I have been taught to think, and I fancy it is the opinion of the majority of my acquaintances."

Bonny was silent for a moment, with her hand pressed against her forehead. "Would it," she began presently,—"would it, then, for

instance, be considered a dreadful disgrace if some officer's sister or daughter should marry, or be in any way connected with one of the soldiers?"

"Horrible!" shrieked Mrs. Revere. "What could have put an insane idea like that into your head, child? Such a girl—I shudder even in supposing her existence, so dead to all propriety must she be—would not only be committing social suicide, but would be remorselessly ruining all her relatives, especially the men. Think of an officer with a sister or daughter married to a soldier! He would have to resign at once and go abroad, though even at the ends of the earth such a scandalous story would be apt to follow him!"

"I didn't suppose it was quite so bad as that," said Bonny; and there was a pallor on her face and a frightened look in her eyes which meant something more than the severest headache. Mrs. Revere saw it, but naturally attributed it to a physical cause alone.

"How stupid I am!" she cried. "I have made you worse. Now I will go away and let you sleep; afterwards you shall have a dainty little supper. Not a word! You wouldn't refuse if you knew what nice things I had been collecting for your benefit in Pensacola."

"A dainty supper!" Bonny's soul sickened at the thought of eating; but she murmured, "You are very kind," and laid her head back upon the cushion from which she had raised it a moment before with a weary little sigh.

Mrs. Revere accepted the unintentionally delivered hint and retired. Presently old Nance knocked at the door and entered, bearing a tray spread with the unwelcome dainties Mrs. Revere had mentioned.

"Heah's sumfin' else fo' yer, missy," the colored woman announced, extending a folded bit of paper between her black and stumpy thumb and fingers. "Ole Aunt Sukey, dat yar limb ob a Sammy's gran'maum, she done fotch it jes' now, an' axe me ter gib it ter y's."

"Thanks," said Bonny, accepting the paper; but after Nance had set down the tray and departed it was some time before she attempted to unfold it. She crushed it between her fingers, and her head swam. Some instinct told her what it would be, yet, when at length she had opened it and her eyes fell upon the first words, she started and drew her breath quickly.

"What happened to-day" (the letter ran) "is something I have been waiting for this long time. I thought, however, to find you alone, knowing the family was away, and I had my scheme made up of what I should say to any servant who came to the door. It didn't turn out as I had expected; but no matter, it has come to this, that I must speak to you, and I *mean* to speak to you. It will be best for you not to refuse me or try to get out of it in some roundabout woman's way; and I would suggest that, to insure a privacy, which I want to preserve for

the present as well as you, you meet me to-night after 'taps' in the pine-grove behind the commandant's quarters. I can get off, and shall most certainly expect you, so no answer will be necessary. Come as near to ten o'clock as you can. GUY."

The worst, then, that could happen had come to pass. Bonny could scarcely believe in the reality of it all. It had sprung so like a thunder-clap out of a clear and sunny sky, and yet, like a fly in a web, she saw nothing before her but to submit. This once, at all events, she must meet the writer of the note, and then, perhaps, some compromise might be effected. Still, to meet him at ten o'clock in the pine-grove, which though lonely enough was not extensive, and was traveled by passers between Warrington and Barrancas, was in itself a necessity full of terror.

She had cared for this man (although long ago all love had perished), therefore, could she have found him in a different position, free to go and come as he pleased in the eyes of the world,—if she could have met him under less compromising circumstances, she might for some few reasons have welcomed the chance that had brought them together. But now all was strange and confusing and horrible. The man had committed one crime, if not more, which the law would look upon with no lenient eye could it fasten on the perpetrator. She feared him for what he had done, and what he yet might do. The note she had received was in itself a threat, with no promise of better things to come. She dared not look forward to the end, but whatever it might prove, she must resolve to meet it as wisely and bravely as she could.

She had made an engagement for this evening, to attend a reception on board the "Wyandotte," several days before. Indeed, she had been indirectly but distinctly given to understand that the reception was intended largely in honor of herself by those young officers who, in their two weeks' stay at the navy-yard, had enrolled themselves upon her rapidly-swelling list of adorers.

She had fully intended excusing herself if her headache did not abate, but now she felt inclined to alter her decision. If she should not go, pleading illness as an excuse, there would be much comment and disappointment. She would be in all probability besieged next day with inquiries for her health, and after the ordeal to be endured in the pine-grove that night, it might be difficult to hear and answer them. Dr. McFarland and Mrs. Revere were to accompany her, and should she remain at home, she would have to submit to professional inquiries from the former and endless sympathy, equally unwelcome, from the latter. Better, under the circumstances, to go, she thought, and then, pleading a fatigue which certainly need not be feigned, consequent upon the past headache, quietly to tell Mrs. Revere that she would like to have the man waiting at the yard with the ambulance drive her home by ten o'clock. She could do this, and easily persuade Mrs. Revere to remain

longer without her. Then, with less fear of detection than at almost any other time, she could immediately slip off to keep her dreaded appointment, have the interview over with, and be in safety at home before Mrs. Revere should have returned.

She shrank with a shuddering reluctance while devising this arrangement, from the thought of the tacit deceit that she must practice. It seemed to propose itself so easily to her brain, and make itself accepted, that she felt a keen momentary sensation of disgust and horror at herself; but she thrust it away determinately, saying over and over, "It must be done for the sake of others more than my own. It is the only thing for me to do."

As she argued thus with her conscience, Mrs. Revere knocked at the door and then peeped in. "Bonny dear, how do you feel?" she asked, "and how about the 'Wyandotte' reception? I quite forgot it when I came in before dinner; the accident, I suppose, had put it out of my mind. I fear you won't feel able to go, and had not better make the attempt. Oh, you naughty girl, you have not even touched the supper I sent you! Really, you must not think of going out to-night!" This with an intonation expressing the liveliest hope of being contradicted.

"Oh, yes," returned her guest, inertly. "I think I had better try to go. It will not hurt me."

"Very well, then," with subdued alacrity, "you should soon begin to dress. It is now after seven, and we must reach the ship by nine. They are such dreadfully early birds at the navy-yard, you know, and besides, if we go early we need not stay very late. I wish I were skillful enough to assist you, for I suppose you must sadly miss your maid."

"I haven't had a maid for the last year," said Bonny, trying to speak lightly and freely. "I took the scarlet fever from one, another had a spite against me and did my back hair awry, a third was better looking than I was, and a fourth wore my Worth dresses when she went to balls, so finally I gave them up in sheer despair. But I never could learn to dress my hair before anybody; so, if you please, I must wait till you have left me."

It was not, perhaps, so much her hair-dressing as her feverish, excited thoughts which Mrs. Revere's presence interfered with. But, in truth, she felt that unless some few more moments of solitude were granted her she should scream, break into wild laughter, tear her hair, or do something else equally desperate and objectionable, and she breathed more freely when Mrs. Revere had gone out and softly closed the door.

It was a pretty scene on board the "Wyandotte" that night. The low-roofed "gun-deck" was lighted as brilliantly as possible, and decorated with flags, greens, crossed swords, and trophies from all nations, which the officers had brought out from their "lockers" for the occasion. The captain's cabin, the wardroom, and the "steerage" were

all open for the inspection of curious guests, and everybody was present from Barrancas and the navy-yard, with a favored few from Pensacola.

Miss Collingwood, the daughter of the commandant at the yard, and her friend, Miss Levara, were looking more than ordinarily well, and, in consequence, were feeling in more than ordinarily good spirits until Miss Duane arrived. Then the barometer of their self-satisfaction dropped more degrees than it was agreeable for them to estimate.

She was exquisitely lovely, although she had, perhaps, never looked less brilliant in her life. She was all in white, without a vestige of color, and her face was very pale. In contrast, her large eyes seemed almost black, and her bright hair alone relieved the monochromatic effect.

The infatuation of Dr. McFarland was more apparent than he had ever allowed it to be before. The girl herself remarked it, and was rendered vaguely restless and uncomfortable thereby. As the dreaded hour of ten loomed nearer, the thing she had set herself to do seemed more and more impossible. But it must be done, since she dared let herself to think of no way out of it; and finally, summoning all her resolution, she quietly breathed a word of explanation and apology into the ear of Mrs. Collingwood, who was "receiving" for the officers of the ship, and then, having gained her point after a good deal more of argument than she had expected with Mrs. Revere, a sailor was dispatched for Murphy and the ambulance. Coming from the room assigned to the ladies' wraps, she found Dr. McFarland very quietly awaiting her. She was much put out at sight of him. She had hoped to slip away without having her escape observed by anybody,—at least until too late,—but Mrs. Revere had evidently played the traitor.

"So sorry you are not well, Miss Duane," he said. "Your chaperon has deputized me to take care of you during your drive to the fort, for which I am very much obliged to her."

"Really, I should greatly prefer not to trouble you," Bonny returned, with unflattering haste. "It will be nothing for me to go alone; I shall merely be driven to Captain Revere's, and then send the ambulance immediately back here. No one will wish to return home till long after that, surely; and it will make me uncomfortable to feel that you are losing so many of these delicious dances for my sake."

"I would do a good deal more than that for your sake, and count it not loss, but gain," Dr. McFarland instantly rejoined. And after that, having relieved her feelings by an imperceptible shrug of her white shoulders, Bonny said no more.

"You will promise me, please, to go directly back to the 'Wyandotte' as soon as you have seen me safely to my door," she rather commanded than entreated, with hidden anxiety, behind her civilly-expressed wish for his enjoyment, while the ambulance wheels crunched through the sand on the road to Fort Barrancas.

"I can't quite give you my promise," returned the doctor, in a manner more grave than the occasion seemed to warrant. "That will somewhat depend upon you," and his voice fell to a whisper too low to reach the driver's stolid ears. "I have only known you for a few weeks, Miss Duane, and in these last moments I have told myself over and over again that you will think this is neither the time nor place to hear what I have finally made up my mind I must say to you. But please remember, as I have remembered in deciding, that I can so very rarely find you alone."

"And we are *not* alone now," suggested Bonny, quickly.

"To all intents and purposes we are,—here on this back seat, with the noise of the wheels sounding in Murphy's dull ears. It may be the best chance I shall have for a long time,—I felt sure of that when Mrs. Revere told me your plan; and, Miss Duane, you must make some excuses for a man's impulsiveness. I want to tell you this to-night. It has been in my mind for a long time, and you have been so more than usually lovely to-night, that you have made me impatient."

"Don't—*don't* say any more, I beg, Dr. McFarland," the girl protested, "or—you will make me impatient too."

But the man was passionately in earnest. He had been working himself up to the proper pitch of importunity during the last hour on the "Wyandotte," and, besides, he had been partaking rather freely of the officers' champagne. "What! won't you hear me?" he continued, recklessly. "Won't you listen while I tell you I love you——"

"No, no! it would be of no use, Dr. McFarland. Believe me when I say I *cannot* listen."

"But you must listen for just one moment. I refuse to believe you. I care for you so much that I shall teach you to care for me."

Bonny's womanly soul rebelled against this persistent declaration. She was not in the mood to-night for hearing words of love, least of all from Dr. McFarland (although she scarcely suspected the champagne), and she found it hard to forgive him his slowness in understanding this. "That is a lesson I could never learn," she said, decidedly.

"Then promise to be my wife without trying to learn it first. I can't lose you entirely. I won't ask you for everything, but I could make you happy, if wealth and love can make any woman happy,—unless, indeed, there is some other man who stands in my way——"

Bonny put up her hand with impatient protest. "Why will you go on to your own discomfiture?" she cried. "If you were the only man in the whole world, it would still be the same with me."

"Then" (half fiercely) "I can but suppose there *is* another man in your world, Miss Duane."

"That, Dr. McFarland, is adding impertinence to your pertinacity. Have enough consideration for your own feelings, if not for mine, to say nothing more."

After that ensued a silence,—sullen as the interval between lightning and thunder in a storm. But when Dr. McFarland had left Miss Duane at the gate of Captain Revere's quarters, he muttered under his breath, "Curse her! I shall be more her enemy than her lover from to-night!" He had suffered a grievous disappointment, and (what was even harder to bear with a man of his temperament) a deep and galling humiliation. Worse than all, he had brought it entirely upon himself; and this fact, far from appeasing his wrath against Miss Duane, increased it doublefold.

Scarce knowing what he did, mechanically he got back into the ambulance when Miss Duane had disappeared within the house, and Murphy, receiving no orders, proceeded on his return trip to the navy-yard.

It was only when the mules were stopped at the smallest approachable distance from the "Wyandotte" that he roused himself to the impossibility of returning, in his present frame of mind, to the ship and its gay company. Mrs. Revere would not be alone in the ambulance on her return, and could only suppose that for some reason—perhaps on account of Miss Duane's illness—he had been unable to rejoin her. At all events, he did not much care, in the reckless mood which possessed him, what she or any one else thought of his conduct. Regardless of his dancing-shoes, he decided to walk back to the fort, knowing that the cool night air and the physical exertion would help him to a calmer state of mind.

Past Warrington he went, plodding with sullen abstraction through the long stretch of sandy road beyond, and then mechanically turned into the pine-grove which lay outside the limits of Fort Barrancas. Half-way through, suddenly the voice of a woman smote the silence, startling him both by its familiarity and unexpectedness. The accents were unmistakably pleading, and tremulous with emotion.

"For heaven's sake, Guy, spare me! I can do nothing. Truly, what you ask is out of my power. Let me go."

It was unmistakably the voice of Isabel Duane, and McFarland's first startled fancy was that in some unaccountable manner she had been lured into the woods and there molested. But she had very distinctly uttered the name of "Guy." *Would she thus address a stranger?*

A hot rush of blood mounted to his brain. Checking his steps, he stood motionless, prepared to hear whatever might follow. But to his infinite chagrin a dry stick cracked beneath his heel as he steadied himself, and instantly there was a rapid, stealthy flight of feet in the opposite direction, while, without pausing for reflection, he started in pursuit. He had not proceded half a dozen yards, when his eager eyes, peering through the darkness, descried a cloaked figure pressed close against a tree, and seeming almost one with the dusky bole. There was no doubt within his mind that it was Miss Duane, and that she was seeking

shelter from detection. All his manhood rose within him, and warned him to turn away,—to leave her as she would be left, alone, without the galling knowledge that she had been discovered; and while he hesitated, another, and to his mind more potent, consideration presented itself. Should he accost her now, as his revengeful impulse suggested, there must henceforth be open war between them, but, on the contrary, if he let her remain in ignorance of the fact that she had been recognized by him, he should possess a power over her that in future he might be glad to wield. There was more than one way in which he could turn such a power to his own advantage. It was this reflection that steeled him against the momentary, strong temptation to take what the present offered of revenge; so, half reluctantly, he turned his back upon the crouching figure, and by a roundabout way passed through the remaining strip of grove and gained his quarters at Barrancas.

(To be continued.)

THE SOLDIERS OF CANADA.

CANADA has a military organization of about thirty-nine thousand men. There are seven hundred and fifty regulars, five hundred mounted police, and about thirty-seven thousand seven hundred and fifty men in what is called the "active militia,"—a politico-military organization with a heroic name. The regulars are composed of three field batteries, three infantry companies, and one troop of cavalry. There is one field battery at the Citadel at Quebec, another at Kingston, and the third will be stationed either in British Columbia or in some part of the maritime provinces. These three field batteries constitute "the Canadian Regiment of Artillery," and it is the pride of the Canadian military system. The officers are experienced artillerists, and most of them have passed through the military college at Kingston, where the examinations are, perhaps, as stiff as they are at Sandhurst or West Point. The batteries have four rifled guns each, and the men present a soldierly appearance, whether seen strutting through the rickety by-ways of "ancient Quebec" or the more modern streets of the "Queen City" of Toronto. The three regular infantry companies are, however, of more recent formation. One is stationed at Toronto, another near Montreal, and the third either in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. In each company there will be a commandant, a captain, and two subalterns. Some of these officers have been appointed for political services, but the majority obtained this position because of their special qualifications. In some cases, however, the subalterns hardly knew the fore-sight of a rifle from a breech-piece when they joined their commands a few weeks ago. The regular troop of cavalry is only now in process of formation. The squadrons will be detached, and part of the troops will be stationed at the headquarters of each of the infantry companies. Thus militia officers who are attached to these companies—or "schools," as they are called—will have an opportunity of learning something of cavalry "tactics," and cultivate, perhaps, the genius of a Murat by witnessing half a score of troopers trotting along the highway. And it is for this purpose that these batteries of artillery, companies of infantry, and troop of cavalry were formed. It was found necessary to establish these "schools" in order to have some place at which the officers of the "active militia" could

learn the difference between a range-finder from a gauge-crusher, or a skirmish line from a square.

After the regular "army" we come to the "mounted police." This force musters five hundred men, who dress in gorgeous scarlet uniforms, and whose duty it is to protect life and property in the Northwest Territories, from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, and from the boundary-line up to the limit of habitation and the fringe of eternal snow. Their scarlet tunics are supposed to "impress" the Indian braves with the importance of their duties,—at least that was one of the reasons given for adopting the uniform at the time of the formation of the force, some twelve or fifteen years ago. No doubt the mounted police do good service on the dreary plains of Alberta and Asinaboia, although there are people who, like the editor and proprietor of a paper at Regina, the capital of the Northwest Territories, say that the mounted police are good for nothing but to stop the sale of the "skidewaughboo" of the white man, and substitute the barter of pain-killer as a stimulant in its place. But the mounted police are, to all intents and purposes, a regular force, and between them and the other regular troops Canada has twelve hundred and fifty men who, if they do not present a front like Mars, make a fairly presentable appearance, and who are fairly efficient in the science of legal slaughter.

Next in order we have the "active militia," a kind of military Tammany, made up of cavalry, field, garrison, and mountain artillery, engineers, mounted rifles, and infantry, in all about thirty-seven thousand five hundred men. This force is composed of fine, stalwart fellows, raw-boned sons of the North, whom Lord Wolseley, in the early days of his campaigning, spoke of as the perfection of material for the dreary march, the unsheltered bivouac, or the sterner duties of the trench or the escalade. But they are not now—and under the present system of organization never can be—efficient even as militiamen. They are, to begin with, too often used for political purposes, and military discipline is too often made subordinate to political exigency. It is, for instance, only two or three months ago that the colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry, a gentleman named Cole, wrote a letter to the public press in which he called the general in command of the Canadian militia, who is also a general in the English army, "Mr." Suard, and in general spoke of him in a manner that in civil life would be called an outrage, and all because General Suard was a soldier, and Colonel Cole was not. The one wanted Colonel Cole to do his duty in accordance with the spirit as well as the letter of the queen's regulations, but the other snapped his fingers at regulations and everything else, and told the general in command to go home and mind his business. And he did: General Suard resigned in disgust, and had scarcely been in England a week when he was appointed to a higher command.

And Colonel Cole was not court-martialed, nor even reprimanded. He was a supporter of the government in power, and that covered the multitude of his sins against the military authorities, and he serenely commands the First Regiment of Cavalry at the present hour. Nor is this case an isolated one, as we will show. If you look at a map of Canada you will notice that the inhabitable parts of the country are watered by great streams or stand on the margins of large lakes, and in no case go back any length to the northward,—it is length without breadth. For military purposes this long belt of habitable Canada is divided into twelve parts, each called a "district." In each "military district" there are two staff-officers, who are on permanent duty. The officer in command of a district is called a "deputy adjutant-general," and his assistant a "brigade major." These gentlemen are supposed to do all the work in their respective districts for the paltry salary of seventeen hundred and twelve hundred dollars a year respectively. Once a year these staff-officers inspect the different corps, their arms and accoutrements, and from their annual reports we find enough to convince us that the active militia of Canada is, perhaps, the worst officered, the worst drilled, and the worst equipped militia force of any pretensions in the world. It is, for instance, customary for the rural militiaman to only drill for twelve days every second year. As the men enlist for five years, they would thus only have twenty-four days' drill during the term of their enlistment. If the Sundays are deducted, we will have twenty or twenty-one days' drill as the maximum in which it is expected to convert a hay-seed into a trained soldier experienced in all the arts of "War's magnificently stern array!"

And let us see how they succeed. Let us take the reports. Friendly as we know them to be to the corps they mention, yet let us take them as they are and what do we see? First we have the major-general himself,—the one who resigned the other day,—and he tells the authorities that the equipment of the cavalry is in some cases "so bad as to be likely to injure both horses and riders;" that the rifles with which the infantry is armed "are old, worn in the grooves, and therefore unserviceable;" that the men will not attend drill, "in spite of orders issued;" and it is well known that he looked on the active militia as little better than an armed mob, and as something that would, if called on to face an equal number of well-appointed, well-disciplined troops, melt away, as snow melts before the reviving influence of the sun's rays in the spring-time.

Of the rural battalions this opinion is general. Only one of them has a pioneer corps; not one has a signal corps; none have haversacks or knapsacks, and very few of them have as much as a water-bottle in their whole equipment. They are good men, dressed in some kind of a uniform, that is all. Their staff-officers are even in cold type obliged to admit this. Let us take, for instance, the report

of District No. 1, with its headquarters at London, Ontario. The district musters about four thousand five hundred men. Of that number two thousand six hundred were drilled in camp last year for twelve days. And what does the deputy adjutant-general say? Of the First Regiment of Cavalry he says that "the whole of this regiment has not assembled at one place for many years;" that "it is rumored that several officers, whose names appear on the list, have left the country," and that "the officers' uniforms are not suitable, no two, so far as I could see, being of the same pattern. There could be seen on parade at the same time, one with a tunic and forage-cap, some with patrol-jackets and forage-caps, one with white blouse, and one with rifle-tunic and glazed cap." And the same officer, writing of the Sarnia Battery of Garrison Artillery, says, "As the battery knows nothing of artillery drill, the men are simply infantry in artillery uniform," while of the Twenty-second Oxford Rifles, he says "that there is a difficulty in obtaining officers;" and again, of the Twenty-fourth Kent, he says that the "head-dress worn into camp was neither regulation nor sightly," by which he may have inferred that the battalion paraded in straw hats, a sight that has been witnessed more than once at many of the camps of instruction. In another battalion, the Twenty-seventh Lambton, we learn that "the officers have not procured proper uniforms," while in a corps from Perth a great number of men "escape drill" by simply stopping away, attending to their private business, and caring nothing whether the military authorities like it or not. We must remember that the gentleman who made this report is naturally anxious to make his own district appear as well as possible in the eyes of the authorities, and that he only reports what it is difficult, if not impossible, to avoid. And what is true of this district is true of all the rest. In District No. 2, one battalion, the Thirty-sixth, in consequence of inefficiency, was not required to perform annual drill, while the Toronto Garrison Artillery "must," the deputy adjutant-general says, "become efficient or be removed from the active force." In Districts Nos. 3 and 4 it is the same; and in District No. 5, we learn that the rifles in general require repairs, that the equipment is very defective, and that "not a single corps in the district is at present fit to take the field." This, perhaps, is the most significant statement of all. The officer who makes it is Bowen van Straubenzer, deputy adjutant-general of the district, and an ex-officer in the English army as well. He served in India and the Crimea, and retired from the army with the rank of major. He is therefore well qualified to give an opinion. It is significant too, because some of the best corps in Canada are in his district, and yet "not one of them is fit to take the field." Nearly the whole of the Montreal Brigade is under this officer. There are in that brigade corps which many Americans have seen on review, crack battalions like the Sixth Fusileers, the Victorias, the

Prince of Wales, the Garrison Artillery, and the Fifth Royal Scots. On parade these corps present a soldierly appearance. They are neatly dressed and their movements are fairly well executed. But the officer who is most qualified to speak says that "not one of them is fit to take the field." And when this is true of the city corps, which are more or less petted, and which drill every year and all through the summer, how much truer must it be of the rural battalions, which only drill for twenty or twenty-one days during their five years' term of enlistment? After years of experience, and after millions of dollars have been spent on the active militia of Canada, it is evident to any one who knows them that, in the rural corps, the majority of the men do not even now know their facings, and there are many who would scarcely know the socket of a bayonet from a bullet-mould. We could, of course, find many quotations of a flattering character in the "Annual Report of Militia and Defense," but when we know that the worst is never told, and the glaring irregularities alone noted, we have seen enough too, in what we have already quoted, to assure us that the active militia of Canada is, as a satire on military organization, a great success. In such a force it may be assumed that discipline is lax; in fact, that there is no discipline at all. Officers and men resign just when it pleases them. The authorities never object. They absent themselves from drill or other duty and no one minds. Fines are never imposed and courts-martial are unknown. There is a little stoppage of pay if a man does not attend drill regularly during the twelve days' annual training, but that is all. There is no extra fine, and as for courts-martial, such a thing was hardly ever heard of. If they are late for drill,—and they nearly always are,—they fall in the ranks as if nothing happened. But perhaps the condition of the men's rifles is the worst feature, of the many bad ones, in the condition of the "active militia" in Canada. They are, says General Suard, "old, worn in the grooves, and therefore unserviceable." And the staff-officers repeat the cry. Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley, brigade major of District No. 5, an ex-officer of the English army, and one of the best musketry instructors in Canada, condemned the rifles in use by whole battalions. And yet these rifles were never properly repaired, and they are in use at this hour by the "active militia." Every competent staff-officer in Canada has the same story to tell,—rusty rifles, condemned, not repaired, still in use; and the ball goes on, the delusion is kept at full swing, while the politico-military organization exists on the shadow of a name. And nearly all the mischief, if mischief it be, is done by the captains of companies. It is a coveted prize in rural Canada to command a company of militia, or at least to draw the perquisites attached to that warlike office. The lieutenants or majors are nobodies in the eyes of the patriots, the limit of whose military command is confined to forty-two men with rifles for twenty or twenty-one days every half-decade. The

souls of the captains are aglow with military ardor, and for dollars. Such captain of a rural corps gets forty dollars a year for care of arms, and forty dollars for drilling his company. If his company is not called out for drill he gets twenty dollars, so that each captain averages seventy dollars a year, and this in rural Canada is a prize worth looking after, even if there are no men to drill, and the arms are "old, worn in the grooves, and therefore unserviceable." We have known cases where the arms of a certain company were left undisturbed in the nursery of a gallant captain for twelve years, and this same loyal officer drew his pay with military promptness,—forty dollars each year for keeping the arms in order, and twenty dollars drill money. The government knew all about it, but the captain was a political supporter, and the complaints of the staff-officer were thrown into the waste-paper basket. This same staff-officer has now grown wise in the service, and he now sees as little to complain about as possible, but closes his eyes, opens his mouth, and waits to see what good luck will send him. The authorities at Ottawa do not want to hear of the militia being unfavorably criticised. The men who compose the force are quietly used for political purposes, or at least the authorities pass over the blemishes of their friends, and their first consideration is the triumph of the party, and for that the militia and everything else must be made subservient. We know of cases whereof three officers in one battalion, the "Argentile Rangers," one was blind, the other was lame, and the third was nearly eighty years of age, and we believe that the blind and the lame are still in the service of their country, while the aged retired with all the blushing honors of "retaining his rank" thick upon him. The city corps are no doubt a good deal better, but not one of them has any provision for a commissariat; there are no ambulances, the three or four heliograph corps belonging to different battalions have no uniform system of signaling, there are not a dozen quartermasters in the service who know how to feed a regiment for a week without woful waste, there are only about half a dozen stretchers in the service, not an officer has a map for military purposes, and take him all in all, it is the scarecrow of modern military systems, and the scoff of men who like to see the military spirit made worthy of its lofty destiny. Of guard-mounting little or nothing is known, and although the officers pass a written examination, many of them are not able to command a company in the field. They are deficient in even the rudimentary knowledge of the internal economy of their corps. Of courts of inquiry, the duties of an officer of the guard or an officer of the day, of rosters, or calls, or the many duties which all practical soldiers must know, the active militia of Canada knows nothing. Few of the many ex-officers of the British army who reside in Canada will, except in a staff capacity, have anything to do with them. They look on them as "something for mirth, yea, for their laughter." And yet this force costs

the people of Canada about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum. Compared with the American system, the Canadian militia is proportionally more numerous. Here there are eighty-eight organized militia, but with the regular army, the soldiers who served in the war, and who are still able to take the field, there are about two hundred and fifty thousand men who could be mobilized in a very short time. But even taking all these into account, there are, proportionately, more men with rifles, such as they are, in Canada than there are here. The population of the United States is probably eleven or twelve times that of Canada. If Canada has thirty-nine thousand men with rifles, a proportionate share would give the United States, say about four hundred thousand instead of the two hundred and fifty thousand that she has. But this country is not ambitious. Canada can go as she pleases without awakening jealousy on this side of the line. Canada, however, spends her money and gets nothing for it but a military mirage. Her military system is all wrong. It is kept up to an unnecessarily large estimate, owing to causes which no longer exist. If she wishes to go about in tinsel it is of course her own business, but she neither deceives nor alarms any one by doing so. Her destiny is one of peace, not of war. Her fortunes are in her timber, her great wheat belt, and her contented yeomanry, not in tempting the chances of flood or field in the hazard of a campaign. She does not want thirty-nine thousand men indifferently armed, poorly drilled, and badly commanded. All she wants is a force strong enough to help her in sustaining the civil power in case of internal commotion. She could dispense with all her rural battalions. Her city corps are quite enough for her. In place of the rural corps she could organize rifle clubs and make rifle-shooting a national pastime. Better have a small force that is sufficient, that commands the respect of the people, than a large one that might succeed in war if, as Marshal Saxe said, "it was legs and not arms that won campaigns."

THE LATE ATTACKS UPON THE COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY.

SECOND PAPER.

THE reasons for a great country's survey of its coasts were in 1858 so admirably given in the report of a committee of twenty members of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," with reference to the history and progress of the American coast survey, that no more fitting introduction could be found for the presentation anew of the subject, from whatever point of view it may be regarded, than the reproduction of those reasons as set forth in the words of the Committee. When, additionally, we come to consider the eminence of all the gentlemen whose names appear on the list of that Committee, whatever they said in reference to the subject, whether general or special, possesses an authority for which it would be in vain to seek elsewhere as so compendiously offered to the purpose here in view. That purpose is to show why a geodetic survey should be, and what it should be, and that what it should be, the Coast and Geodetic Survey is. Even the general reader cannot fail to see, after the exposition to be here made, that conceived and organized as ours was by some of the most gifted men America has produced, and being what it is, effecting what it does, it is not to be trifled with by amateur statesmanship, and that its present representatives, who hold it in sacred trust, would be derelict to duty if they submitted tamely to its destruction through a vandalism as regardless of its past and present services as of its world-wide renown.

The Committee of Twenty[1] said,—

"The leading object directly proposed in the conduct of the American survey,

[1] The gentlemen composing the Committee were Judge J. K. Kane, President Amer. Philos. Society; General Joseph G. Totten, Chief Engineer U.S.A.; Professor Benjamin Peirce, Harvard College (afterwards Superintendent of the Survey); Professor John Torrey, U. S. Assay Office, New York; Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary Smithsonian Institution; Professor John F. Frazer, University of Pennsylvania; Professor William Chauvenet, U. S. Naval Academy; President F. A. P. Barnard, University of Mississippi; Professor John Leconte, College of South Carolina; Professor William M. Gillespie, Union College; Professor F. H. Smith, University of Virginia; Professor W. H. C. Bartlett, U. S. Military Academy; Professor Wolcott Gibbs, Free Academy, New York; Professor Stephen Alexander, College of New Jersey; Professor Lewis R. Gibbes, Charleston College;

as in that of every other, is to secure the safety of the wealth hazarded in commercial enterprises, by reducing to a minimum the dangers of navigation. But it may by no means hence be justly inferred that the benefits of such a survey are limited to particular localities, or confined to particular classes or portions of the people; that they accrue, for example, exclusively to the great marts of commerce, or to the individuals directly and personally concerned in foreign trade. To any one who attentively considers the causes which give to property its value, it will be manifest that these benefits extend to every citizen, no matter in what part of the country he may reside, provided that he has anything whatever at stake in the prosperity of the commonwealth, even though it be no more than the labor of his own hands. The cotton-grower of Tennessee, and the tobacco-planter of Kentucky, whose agricultural products seek a market in the old world, are no less positively interested in whatever may diminish the dangers of the seas than the merchant who, without producing himself, makes it his business to convert their productions for them into the equivalent values they require. This remark is one of great importance. Nothing in these days is more common than to hear the three great departments of human industry—agriculture, manufactures, and commerce—spoken of as if they were interests entirely independent of each other, or even absolutely antagonistic. Yet, without the productions of agricultural and manufacturing industry, commerce would have no material; and without the constant, and convenient, and rapid exchanges which commerce effects, agriculture and manufactures could have no life. Whatever makes commerce easy, or diminishes the cost or the hazard of its operations, encourages productive industry in every form, and renders its rewards more certain and more abundant. For the sake of illustration, let for one moment, the effect, so often illustrated under the eyes of the present generation, be considered, of opening up to public use a new line of communication, by means of a railroad or canal. There are thousands of farmers in this country who, immediately on the occurrence of such an event, have seen the products of their labor practically doubled or tripled in value, through the consequent reduction in cost, trouble, and loss of time, experienced in communicating with markets. There are exhaustless deposits of mineral wealth in every quarter of the country, which from being absolutely valueless, because unavailable, have become sources of rich income to their owners, simply in consequence of the creation of such artificial channels of transportation. Now, as the aliment of commerce is the surplus production of the country, it is self-evident that, if the ocean were to become suddenly impassable, this surplus production would be to the nation precisely what the unsalable produce of the isolated inland farm, and the slumbering wealth of the inaccessible mineral deposits, are to their individual owners. Since it could find no efflux, it could bring back no return. And though were such a state of things suddenly to supervene upon the arrangements of business as they actually exist, the first ruin would fall, of course, upon the commercial holders of this surplus production; yet it requires no argument to prove that the permanent suffering must fall ultimately upon those who created this surplus,—must fall, in short, upon the whole body of producers in the country; aud this, too, without any regard to the question whether or not each has contributed his distinct share to the visible surplus, or whether only his industry has been employed and rewarded by those who have actually done so. And any conclusion at which we may legitimately arrive, in regard to the effect upon the national welfare, of an entire extinction of foreign commerce, arbitrarily supposed to occur, is measurably true also on the supposition that the same commerce is obstructed by impediments which embarrass its operations, but fall short of its total extinction.

"Such impediments do actually exist in the natural dangers of the ocean border.

Professor Joseph Winlock, Superintendent Amer. Naut. Almanac; Professor James Phillips, University of North Carolina; Professor William Ferrel, Nashville, Tenn.; Professor Edward Hitchcock, Amherst College; Professor James D. Dana, Yale College.

The sea-coast lies outstretched, a continuous, unbroken barrier, obstructing every avenue through which it is possible for the surplus production of the country to find its efflux or receive its returns; laying the whole industry of the nation, in every department, and throughout the entire extent of its territory,—in the pioneer settlements of the West, no less than in the busiest of the commercial *entrepôts* of the Atlantic seaboard,—under a perpetual and inexorable tax. To effect a reduction of this tax is the present business, as it was the original design, of the Coast Survey; and the interests of the States which lie most deeply situated in the heart of the continent are not less positively involved in the careful execution, and in the prosecution to completion of this great work, than those of any others."

In one sense, a survey of a coast, especially of one like that of the eastern shores of the United States, can never be finished. When the Committee spoke of the completion of the survey of the coast, it was only in the sense of the accomplishment of the work as a whole. The discovery of harbors of refuge, of new channels, the providing of information for determining upon the sites for light-houses and for sea-coast fortifications, and many other elements of knowledge, are the first kinds of information which any coast survey is bound to provide. After that, the day will come when the survey of this, or of any other coast, being in one sense completed, it will be necessary then only to keep pace by means of a permanent corps, smaller than the one first employed, with the changes in the channels and harbors of the coast. The coast of the United States, especially on the Atlantic seaboard, must, owing to its conformation and the materials of which it is composed, be subjected by the action of the elements to unceasing, visible change, and must therefore always continue to require and receive constant supervision, and, wherever needed, topographic and hydrographic revision in the interest of the mariner.

If, at the date at which they reported, the Committee of Twenty could speak so earnestly as they did throughout the whole of the voluminous pamphlet which the American Association for the Advancement of Science published regarding the history and progress of the Survey, how much might now be added to what they said, when it is considered that, since then, the Survey has, under its new name of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and authorized to that effect by Act of Congress, pushed its operations into the interior of the enormous domain of the United States; that, in connecting the Atlantic and Pacific coasts by its lines of triangulation, it is incidentally furnishing to States means for making their own surveys of any degree of nicety; that, directly and indirectly, it is furnishing the Geological Survey with the data needed for extending the geographical reconnoissances of that work in the interest of the development of the mineral wealth of the interior; and that, in proportion to its progress, it also directly and indirectly furnishes to the land-surveys the data long needed by them for land-surveying, which, heretofore disastrously imperfect, has nevertheless cost the Government for work, therefore

inadequately executed, a hundred million dollars, and entailed endless litigation upon the people, in consequence of the absence in it of proper scientific basis.

All that is worthiest is born in travail, and has the most intense struggle for existence before it can reach its full development, and must continue to contend throughout its career: the Survey is no exception to the rule. It is the law of life, which, even in its physical aspect, physicians tell us, is from birth to death, only struggle against the grave. Before a worthy project has a chance of coming into being, minds must exist not only great enough to conceive and bring forth the idea, but endowed with a resolution and favored with an environment fitted to insure that the product shall not be abortive. Several years after the time when the idea of the survey of the coast of the United States was conceived and put into execution, the slight knowledge of cognate matters still existing among even educated men in authority rendered it possible for Mr. John C. Calhoun to elevate his eyebrows in surprise, when informed by an officer of the Army that it would be a real economy for the Government to pitch into the sea all the instruments then furnished to the Corps of Topographical Engineers. To most, even educated, men of that period, mathematical instruments were as so many pickaxes, crowbars, and spades might have been reckoned by them,—more delicate, but essentially tools. Of the higher conception, that regards the operator as the most refined of all,—the product of original aptitude, of intelligence, and of rigorous mental and physical training, all combined,—they had not the faintest notion.

The idea of the Coast Survey of the United States was conceived many years before the Survey was effectively ushered into the world. In fact, the Survey may truly be said to have once or twice entered the world still-born. The idea, by whomsoever first conceived, was first suggested by Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia, professor of mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania, and he is therefore entitled to the credit of its first conception.[2] Being intimate with President Jefferson, he took advantage of the opportunity of impressing upon him and the members of his Cabinet, of whom one was the celebrated Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, the desirability of the work. In consequence, through the recommendation of Mr. Jefferson, Congress passed an Act, in 1807, the first relating to a coast survey of the United States. This was followed by a circular from Mr. Gallatin, inviting attention to a general project relating to the survey, under the respective heads of astronomy, trigonometry, and hydrography. Among the applicants for the posi-

[2] He died in 1824, aged eighty-one. He was professor of mathematics in the University from 1779 to 1814. He was appointed Director of the U. S. Mint in 1805. He was President of the Amer. Philos. Soc. from 1819 until his death.

tion of chief of the survey was Mr. F. R. Hassler, whose detailed plan for the work was adopted, and who was appointed Superintendent. That Mr. Gallatin, who was a Swiss, influenced the appointment of Mr. Hassler, because he also was a Swiss, is not likely. Mr. Gallatin's distinction was acquired not more by his great ability, than by his purity and single-mindedness for the good of his adopted country. Mr. Hassler had acquired a European reputation through his geodetic survey of the canton of Berne, in Switzerland, and was pre-eminent in equipment among all competitors for the place. The excellence of his appointment was fully confirmed by his subsequent conduct, with most imperfect means, and under exasperating delays and want of appreciation, of the American survey in the troublous times of its inception.

Mr. Hassler having been appointed, the path seemed smooth to success. Mark the event with reference to the anticipation. The Act of Congress creating the Survey was passed in 1807. Mr. Hassler was appointed in 1811. He proceeded to Europe to have constructed the necessary instruments for the work. Europe was profoundly disturbed and general war imminent; the United States and Great Britain were on the verge of rupture; everything was unsettled. In consequence, Mr. Hassler did not return to this country until 1815, and it was not until the year following that some slight beginning of the survey was made in the vicinity of New York bay and harbor.

The work, thus scarcely begun, was soon suspended through Congress failing to make any appropriation for it; and, in 1818, that portion of the Act of 1807 under which Mr. Hassler had been appointed was expressly repealed. The bill making appropriations for surveys contained a proviso that the Survey should be conducted only by officers of the Army and Navy. That, of itself, even without the express terms of repeal, rescinded that portion of the Act of 1807 which had had the effect of making the organization partially civilian; Section 3 of the Act having made it discretionary with the President to employ civilians. Thus the Survey, even in the small way in which it had been begun, was not suffered to last two years.

So great were the evils resulting from this change, that they soon became apparent, and in 1832 Congress reorganized the Survey by reverting to and reviving the Act of 1807. It was probably as much through the influence of the Hon. S. L. Southard, then Secretary of the Navy, as through all the other influences combined, that Congress was convinced that it had made a mistake in departing from the law of 1807. When a Secretary of the Navy could report, as the Hon. Mr. Southard did, that the administration of the Survey for the period from 1819 to 1828 had produced desultory work, charts expensive and unsafe, and that he advised recurrence to the law of 1807, his recommendation must have come with great force.

This original Act of Congress, of 1807, had made the administration of the Survey civilian, and had placed the Survey under the charge of the Treasury Department. That administration was now, in consequence of the revival in 1832 of the Act of 1807, once more resumed in the conduct of the Survey. Mr. Hassler again took charge of the work, and directed it until the time of his death, in 1843, hampered by petty appropriations, and under the necessity of accepting a transition period, of which his successor, Professor Bache, was to reap the benefit in collected material, in perfected methods, and most of all, in trained men. Hampered as he thus was, and often disappointed and embittered, as he necessarily was, at the slight appreciation of what was effected, as shown by urgency for more results, in the face of the most meagre of appropriations for the Survey, it was not until 1843, just before his death, that he was triumphantly vindicated in regard to the excellence of all his means and measures, as the result of an investigation ordered by Congress, through a mixed board composed of distinguished civilians and officers of the Army and Navy, which board concluded its sitting with the following recommendation:[3]

"That inasmuch as the object and purpose of the survey of the coast refer principally to the commercial interests of the country, and as all the laws of Congress in relation to the same contemplate the employment of civilians and officers of the Army and Navy upon said work, it is the opinion of this board, and they do hereby respectfully recommend, that it should be under the control, and considered a part of, the Treasury Department."

Even after the resumption, in 1832, under the Act of 1807, of the first, the tried, the approved excellent organization of 1807, there was a slight interregnum, so to speak, in the transference, in 1834, of the Survey from the Treasury Department to the Navy Department, without, however, interfering again with the organization. This plan endured for only a short time, owing to difficulties encountered in having placed under one military department a work employing officers from both branches of the military service; and at the end of two years the work was retransferred to the Treasury Department. There, in the Treasury Department, it has since remained, as has been said, and received in 1843, after the long probation there from 1834 to 1843, such indorsement, as to both its organization and administration, as should have put an end to any further interference with them.

But the spirit of innovation, change, and unrest which will not let well alone, and the common failing of untutored ambition, in seeking the place instead of letting the place realize its ambition to secure the man,—the bane of our political condition,—have kept the Survey from 1843, even to the present time, almost constantly on the alert, either to

[3] The gentlemen who composed this board were F. R. Hassler, James Ferguson, Edmund Blunt (civilians); James Kearney, James D. Graham, William Turnbull, William H. Swift, G. W. Hughes (Topographical Engineers, of the Army); Thomas R. Gedney, George S. Blake (Navy).

repel assault upon its organization, or to escape insidious approach and appointment to its command. It is one of the follies that men commit, to aspire to place and power which they cannot fitly fill and exercise, and achieving their desires, to feel and look diminutive, shrunken, and collapsed in the robes in which they have had themselves arrayed. To be capable of being Superintendent of the Survey, and to be that, might well make any man proud; but to be Superintendent without the capacity, would, one should suppose, make him feel mean indeed.

If any question can be definitively settled, this might have been allowed to rest as such. But it was not so. In 1848, only five years after the decision of the mixed board, just mentioned, approved by the President of the United States, an attempt was made to transfer the Survey to the Navy Department. In 1849 another attempt was made. The urgency still continuing, in 1850 the Senate called upon the Secretary of the Navy, to state what advantages would accrue from a transfer of the Survey to the Navy Department, and upon the Secretary of the Treasury, to state why, if in his opinion it were not advisable, the transfer should not be made. The respective replies were such that Congress deemed it inadvisable to make the change. So conclusive was the result, that thenceforward, up to the present time, no further serious attempts upon the organization of the Survey have been made, until the late ones by the present Secretary of the Navy and by the statesmen of the Sub-Committee on Sundry Civil Expenses, of the House of Representatives.

In the year 1871 the functions of the Survey, then known as the Coast Survey, were enlarged, through the addition, by Act of Congress, of the duty of "extending the triangulation of the Coast Survey so as to form a geodetic connection between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States, . . . provided, that the triangulation shall determine points in each State of the Union which shall make requisite provisions for its own topographical and geological surveys."[4] Under this last clause, eleven States have already availed themselves of the privilege conferred by Congress, and have in active prosecution work of the kind described; for which the Survey, now acting under the name of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, furnishes the preliminary data, the general direction necessary, and all the special assistance allowed by law and available. Under the title now, as has been said (in consequence of this enlargement of its functions), of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the work, which is really geodetic in all its parts, has, on the one side, hydrography, with which it is intimately associated, based on geodesy; and on the other, interior work (State—Geological—and Land-Surveying), with which it is properly only co-ordinately associated, also based on geodesy.

The National Academy of Sciences, acting by request of Congress,

[4] Act approved March 3, 1871.

recommended, in 1878, the combination of all the surveys of mensuration under the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and the establishment of a geological work (the present Geological Survey), to be intrusted with the duty of making a geological survey of the country, with the view, primarily, to the discovery of its mineral and other natural resources, with the necessarily connected paleontology; and secondarily, to other matters specified; to all those cognate matters, in fact, which naturally fall within the province of geological investigation. A sound basis seemed to have been reached, through the recommendation of the Academy, for the future interest of the country, in the related maintenance of these two works, and that of the Land Office, correspondingly related through the recommendation of the Academy in the form most likely to be productive of good. Effectively, these organizations were working more and more on this basis. The advice of the Academy to place the Coast and Geodetic Survey under the Interior Department was only an incident of the full recommendation. Essentially the basis was, as it had been before formally defined, that of the work in actual operation.

This, the period of symmetrical development, was the time chosen by the Secretary of the Navy for his late attempt upon the Coast and Geodetic Survey, prompted by interested persons in his Department, and fully detailed in the preceding paper. The Survey was aroused to the knowledge that all that had passed in these years of contention; that the disinterested published testimony of scientific men, the numerous Memorials of merchants, had been of no avail; that it was only by renewed appeal to the scientific and mercantile community, and to the people at large, that escape for the Survey from defeat and capture could be secured, and a final sweep be made into the ocean of oblivion, of those antagonistic forces that have so often imperiled the existence of the work. The Survey is not captious and pugnacious. Its mission is one of peace,—to bind even the nations of the earth together. But all things must either fight or yield and be trampled out of existence, and he who prides himself upon non-resistance confesses that he is safe through a courage which is not his own. The Survey, therefore, although averse to strife, reflecting on this, welcomed the first sound of attack with joy, that this question must now at last be settled, once for all, in the Survey's assured peace through its adversaries' crushing, final defeat. Why, it may be asked, is the contest to prove more conclusive now than ever before? The reason is evident: it is because the arena upon which it is now taking place is before a public grown to knowledge of affairs, fearful of retrogression in civil service reform, and disposed to give the strongest moral support to all that savors of good administration.

The issue had to be as soon and as resolutely accepted as it had been presented by the Secretary of the Navy. Eternal vigilance is the

price of everything worth having, and although it is not strictly within the line of its profession to take the scalp of any honorable gentleman, least of all of one who has innocently placed himself in the forefront of danger, yet, as self-preservation is the first law of nature, the Survey must be forgiven if, although with certain regrets, it felt constrained to do so, and regarded the acquisition as one of the most notable, if not most beautiful trophies of its career. That it is still upon the war-path is not to be ascribed to its feeling that it has anything further to demand of the Secretary of the Navy, but that there are other trophies of the same sort which the cause of justice demands. If honorable gentlemen choose to come into one's house to set things to rights with a hatchet, the only adequate response is the tomahawk.

Into the question of the propriety of the Secretary of the Navy's action, the preceding paper fully entered. It left untouched, however, in default of space, arguments with which he is no doubt familiar, for they have been in the air for years, both constant in sound and fitful in energy as the strain of an æolian harp. For them he is not, in one sense, responsible. But, while he is merely the mouthpiece of some, he is the representative of all. To one class of these arguments, therefore, which, if not he, many of those under his wing hold, it is necessary now to devote some notice. Because he, the Secretary, relies chiefly upon his opinion, that it is in the nature of things that the hydrographic work of the Survey, as well as many other things, should be under the Navy Department, and possibly the Department under him, it is not useless that he should also consider grounds upon which some of his clients pin their faith in advocacy of the same cause. Then, when he has well conned these, and the further discussion, in its proper order, of the pleas of economy, efficiency, etc., and has measured them with the opinions of scientific and commercial men, he will doubtless change his opinion, and perhaps, too, his course, which has hitherto been, alas, with perhaps good intention, quite misguided!

Coincidentally with the advance of the Secretary of the Navy, in 1882 and 1883, as the champion of the measure for placing the hydrographic work of the Survey in the hands of the Navy Department, was heard a faint and familiar chirp of encouragement. It sounded not like the voice of the war-eagles of some twenty years ago, nor like that of those who have since moulted and soared to knowledge above the nest, but like the peek of the callow brood, with no whither obvious to try their daring flight over the cloud-empurpled seas. They are at the romantic age, when wishing for a thing makes it ours. Here is a whole romantic race, born like St. Paul, out of due time, waiting perforce for the millennial era, when perfect ships and departments shall always be, and shall cause committees on appropriations to risk perfection,—a race waiting for something to turn up, meanwhile roosting almost anywhere, poor devils, until it please economical committees on appropriations

to build them something on which to float, and to let them fulfill the mission for which they were born and prepared.

This plaintive cry said, "(1), the water belongs to the Navy; (2), the Government having educated us, ought to make use of our services in some way; the charge of the survey of the coast is one which we will suggest; (3), the Navy does the hydrographic work of the Coast and Geodetic Survey now, and ought to get the credit for it."

As for the water belonging to the Navy, even merchantmen go down to the sea in ships, and the Atlantic has been crossed in a dory. The Declaration of Independence proclaims for every man the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, in which, to most people, the item of comfort of bathing is included, for their own sake and that of the rest of mankind.

That, because the Government has educated a man to do a thing, it should, if it no longer wishes the thing done, make employment for him in some other thing, lest the education go a-begging, is a surprising proposition. More surprising still is the proposition that this one or other thing which the Government is bound to furnish, because it has already furnished in the education a goodly thing, must be conferred at the expense of ousting from, or sensibly degrading in, their positions, men who have paid for and provided their own education, and supported themselves while acquiring it, and have finally served a long apprenticeship to their profession. To cap the climax, if it be not capped already, most surprising of all is the proposition involved, that these men who are to be ousted, or sensibly degraded, are ones who, being fitted for and having paid in every humanly possible way in which a man may deserve, for the position which they hold, are to be supplanted by men who are not, but must begin to be, fitted, and must remain always, unless they desert their legitimate profession, measurably unfitted for the task assumed. Truly, this is scriptural with a vengeance, "for unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

The theory of old with reference to the Academies was that, even if the Government did not happen to need the services of certain graduates, it had conferred a goodly thing in the education given. Indeed, the justification by the people, of conferring education, possibly without return, always was that, in case of war, what the Government had sowed in the interest of the nation would be reaped an hundredfold in the knowledge and skill ready to spring to the assistance of the country. Conversely, the theory was equally accepted by the practice of graduates not deeming it honorable after graduation to leave the Army or the Navy without service that should in some sort be deemed the equivalent of what they had received. What applies to West Point and to Annapolis is no special dis-

covery of theirs, but within the knowledge and practice of all honorable men.

The statement of any one that the Navy does the hydrographic work of the Survey, and ought to receive the credit, which implies that the Navy does not get it, would be silenced forever by the knowledge which even a cursory examination of the Survey's annual Reports would impart. The following information, compendiously stated, may reassure the minds of those who are indisposed to make a search, or to take any trouble in seeking information, that withholding credit from naval officers has not been one of the sins of omission of the Survey.

From the Survey's Annual Reports from 1867 *to* 1883—*both inclusive. Showing the number of pages devoted in the Annual Reports of the Survey, to naval officers, relatively to the whole number of pages in the Reports.*

Year of Report.	Whole No. of pages.[5]	Number of pages relating to Hyd. work by naval officers.	Number of naval officers in charge of Hyd. parties.	Number of naval officers on Coast Survey duty.[6]
1867	48	1	1	15
1868	39	1	1	19
1869	61	2	1	6
1870	50	2	1	6
1871	67	1	3	12
1872	51	3	3	17
1873	64	2	3	17
1874	45	1	4	26
1875	69	7	7	46
1876	64	13	12	47
1877	67	11	12	59
1878	64	12	12	53
1879	74	10	13	56
1880	59	4	11	60
1881	66	6	10	57
1882	67	6	9	73
1883	74	10	17	67

If the significance of the table is not apparent, the senior will doubtless take the pains to point out to the junior officers from whom the cry has come, that there is no evidence of neglect to give credit to be drawn from this source. If its authenticity be doubted, there are always the published Reports to be referred to for confirmation or disproof of this tabular review.

Search has been made in vain to find anything in the Reports that would justify a feeling among the younger officers that they have been neglected, except in the discovery of invidious discrimination in favor of certain naval officers, as compared with others, through complimentary notice of their services. This neglect of the others was, however, purely unintentional, and entirely defensible on the ground that, at the time the compliments were paid, many of the complainants were either

[5] The numbers in this column do not include the pages of the Appendices to the Reports.

[6] These figures represent the totals of line and staff for each year.

not born, or were so young as not to be interested in naval affairs beyond sailing a boat in a tub. Had it been otherwise, they would doubtless have received similar commendation to that found in the annual Reports, coupled with the names of Gedney, Blake, Porter, Patterson, Rodgers, Jenkins, Geo. M. Bache, Davis, Stellwagen, Almy, Craven, Wainwright, Trenchard, Febiger, Sigsbee, Bartlett, and those of many others.

A mile-stone has now been reached from which it will be well to consider the road passed over, and the way still beyond. In the first paper, only the illegality and impropriety of the Secretary of the Navy's course was discussed, and three only of the points attempted to be made by the Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Sundry Civil Expenses, in a letter to a gentleman of Philadelphia, were discussed and refuted. Space did not permit of more within the limits of that paper. This has already supplied and will continue to supply the intentional omissions and need, in some places, of amplification of the first paper, by the fuller discussion of the views emanating from the Navy Department and from the Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Sundry Civil Expenses. By permission of the Engineers' Club, of Philadelphia, is now given in full the correspondence between it and the Chairman; in being able to publish which lies a great double advantage;—to the Survey, in avoiding any possible suspicion of misinterpreting; to the Chairman, of the production of his own version, in his own language, of his views with relation to the Survey.

"ENGINEERS' CLUB, OF PHILADELPHIA.
"May 30th, 1884.

"HON. SAMUEL J. RANDALL, M.C.
"Washington, D. C.

"DEAR SIR:

"I have just learned that a Bill to merge the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey with the War and Navy Depts. is about to be presented to Congress.[1]

"It is my opinion that its passage would seriously disturb one of the *most efficient* Departments and add greatly to the already unjust and unwise discrimination of the Government against the *Civil* Engineering profession.

"May I respectfully request your influence against this Bill, at least until this Society (which has 818 members) and the other *Civil* Engineering associations of the country have an opportunity to be heard from.

"Very respectfully yours,
"HOWARD MURPHY,
"Sec'y and Treas."

[1] The mistake of speaking of the War, instead of the Interior Department, grew out of the fact of the news having but just arrived. The charge of the note is substantially the same, irrespective of the mistake—that of intended dismemberment of the Survey. That the Secretary thought so is clearly shown by the tenor of his second, even stronger, letter, written after he had received Mr. Randall's correction of the mistake; where he continues to speak of the general tendency to subordinate civil to military rule.

"HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
"WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2, 1884.

"HOWARD MURPHY, ESQ.
"DEAR SIR:

"Your letter received. There is no disposition on the part of the Committee on Appropriations to interfere with the officials and the *personnel* of the Coast Survey proper. It is now under the nominal control of the Sec'y of the Treasury, who, I am informed, is not adverse to being relieved of the same and having it transferred to the control of the Navy Dept., where in so far as coast survey is concerned it naturally belongs, that portion of the service now being done by naval officers and men. It is thought further to transfer the Geodetic portion of the Coast Survey to the Geological Survey as the natural place for it to be. The purpose of the Committee having been misrepresented, I will say that the Committee think economy will be promoted by the proposed transfer, the efficiency of the service not impaired, and the *personnel* remain in the same hands. The transfer will also prevent duplication of the work, and with the money thus saved, the service can be increased and portions of the country surveyed where mineral resources are not now scientifically known.

"When I am next in Phila. I shall be glad to see you and more fully explain the purpose of the Committee.

"Yours truly,
SAML. J. RANDALL."

"ENGINEERS' CLUB, OF PHILADELPHIA.
"June 17th, 1884.

"HON. SAML. J. RANDALL, M.C.
"Washington.

"DEAR SIR:

"I acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor of 2d inst. and have presented it to the Club, but, according to our rules, no business can be transacted at our scientific meetings. Our last was of this class, so the question could only be informally discussed, but the sentiment may be seen in the enclosed marked 'Record of Meeting,' which is sent for publication to the scientific press of the country.

"On Saturday, 21st inst., we will have a business meeting, when a committee will report a resolution for formal action, which will be immediately forwarded to you.

"We do not presume to discuss a question of statesmanship with you, but we do claim to understand *something* with regard to the general and detail management of the special work for which we were educated and to which we have given our lives. Should not the civil engineers of the country, above all other persons, know *how* and *by whom* a SURVEY should be conducted?

"But few of our members (on an active list of over 300) have any connection with Gov't service or any intention or desire to be so connected, and the absence, on our part, of narrow-minded rivalry is, perhaps, best evinced by the fact that *Colonel* Wm. Ludlow is now our President; but will you think for a moment of what the CIVIL Engineers have done to promote the material progress of this country, and then tell us WHY steps should be taken to further subordinate that profession (even *if* it is still *employed*), upon strictly CIVIL work, to the military and naval authorities?

"But, as civil engineers do not depend, thank Heaven, upon the *Government* for professional opportunities, attention may be confined to the point of main importance to them and to the country, which is that they DO DEPEND upon the present and future work of U. S. C. & G. Survey for ACCURATE BASES FOR SECONDARY WORK.

"As no one but an engineer can fully and practically appreciate the growing importance of this, and how splendidly it has been and is being accomplished by

the present correct methods; and as every engineer with whom the writer has conversed has considered the proposed change a mistake, a pity, a shame or an outrage, will not you and will not your Committee listen and give due weight to such expert testimony?

"You might as well destroy our standards as destroy our CONFIDENCE IN THEM!

"I send you our list of members of Oct., 1883, with additions to date pasted in, and marked copies of 'Bulletin,' June 18th, and 'Record,' June 16th.

"May I have something from you to lay before our meeting on 21st inst.?

"Yours very respectfully,

"HOWARD MURPHY,

"Sec. and Treas."

Omitting the preliminary, very complimentary proceedings of the Engineers' Club with reference to the Survey, referred to by Mr. Murphy in his second letter, under the head of the "Record of Meeting," which he transmitted to the Chairman of the Sub-Committee, the final action of the Engineers' Club took the form of the following Resolutions, engrossed, printed, and transmitted to the members of Congress representing the State of Pennsylvania.

"ENGINEERS' CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.
Rooms, No. 1523 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

"June 21st, 1884.

"HON.....
Washington, D. C.

"DEAR SIR:

"At a Business Meeting of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, held June 21st, 1884, the following were unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, We, the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, have learned that a bill has been drafted in the sub-committee on Sundry Civil Appropriations of the U. S. House of Representatives, the purport of which is to merge the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey into the Navy and Interior Departments.

"AND WHEREAS, Under existing laws and regulations, such a practical dissolution of this distinguished and efficient organization must result in a lowering of the high standard attained, without producing any equivalent on the score of economy or expediency.

"AND WHEREAS, The changes now proposed were tested, both in 1834 and 1851, and in each instance proved a failure, therefore it is

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of the members of this organization the proposed change in the status of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey would be prejudicial to the best interests of the Government Service.

"*Resolved*, That the Members of Congress representing the State of Pennsylvania be, and are hereby, respectfully and earnestly requested to oppose the passage of this bill.

"WILLIAM LUDLOW, President.

"HOWARD MURPHY, Secretary and Treasurer."

The Chairman of the Sub-Committee gave, in connection with the same subject, to other gentlemen, besides the Secretary of the Engineers' Club, the intimation that he would be glad to see them, when next in Philadelphia, and more fully explain the purpose of the Committee.

Inquiry at the time failed to elicit the fact that opportunity had ever been afforded for having his wish gratified. There is, however, in the Chairman's letter, just given in full, more to be explained away than would render graceful further explanations to prove that the Sub-Committee possessed the knowledge upon which should be based action.

The Chairman of the Sub-Committee says that the Coast Survey "is now under the nominal control of the Secretary of the Treasury, who, I am informed, is not adverse to being relieved of the same and having it transferred to the control of the Navy Department."

Now, as was mentioned in the first paper, the Secretary of the Treasury says, not only that he is averse to being relieved of the hydrographic work of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, but that he has expressed to the Secretary of the Navy his disapprobation of the proceedings looking to that end.[8] The attitude of the Secretary of the Treasury, of which, by attempting to define it, the importance is admitted, should not, certainly, have been allowed to rest upon the doubtfulness of hearsay in so important a transaction.

Can it, as the Chairman states, be truly said of the Coast Survey proper, as he terms it, that it is, in contradistinction to any of the other bureaus, only under the nominal control of the Department under which it is placed by law? Any bureau, under any Department, has an independent dependent organization and movement, is a wheel within a wheel in the governmental machine. Because it is materially represented in Washington by a building separate from that of the Treasury Department, it is none the less part of the Treasury Department. The Treasury in its primary aspect is an abstraction. In its secondary aspect, as the Treasury Department, it is a concretion. As a part of this latter the Coast and Geodetic Survey exists, without being represented in Washington by the same mass of brick or stone; and would be just as much as now a part of the Treasury Department, if its representative building were the same, or if it were another, a thousand, instead of being, as it is, two miles away.

The coast survey part of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, says the Chairman, naturally belongs to the Navy Department, "that portion of the service now being done by naval officers and men."

Does it? The coast survey part of the Coast and Geodetic Survey is geodetic, and the Navy Department does not do geodetic work.

"It is thought further to transfer the geodetic portion of the Coast Survey to the Geological Survey as the natural place for it to be," think the Sub-Committee.

There it is again. Why, does not every one know that it is all geodetic? The view of the Sub-Committee as to the expediency of

[8] Secretary Folger died on September 4. The fact that this paper was written some days before his death, will account for the tenses of the verbs used in the passage here.

this connection differs entirely from that expressed in the passage quoted, in the first paper, from the report to Congress of the National Academy of Sciences.

"The Committee think," says the Chairman, "economy will be promoted by the proposed transfer, the efficiency of the service not impaired, and (*sic*) the *personnel* remain in the same hands."

If the Sub-Committee do not know more about the matter generally than has been shown by their Chairman, how can they know that economy will be promoted by the transfer? If the efficiency of the service would not be impaired, why should those who are in the service think that it would be? If the *personnel* is to remain in the same hands, what is the use of transferring it?

"The transfer," continues the Chairman, "will also prevent duplication of the work, and with the money thus saved, the service can be increased and portions of the country surveyed where mineral resources are not now scientifically known."

The Survey has yet to learn that there has been any duplication of work. This statement was explicitly denied two years ago by the Survey, whose officers will not be doubted, they feel confident, now that they find themselves held in so high regard by the Sub-Committee's assurance that "there is no disposition on the part of the Committee on Appropriations to interfere with the officials and the *personnel* of the Coast Survey proper." If there is no duplication of work, where is money to be saved? It cannot be saved by transferring the hydrographic work to the Navy Department; for that course, in default of geodesy there, would cost then more. It cannot be saved on duplication that does not exist. Then, where is the saved money to come from, in the interest of the development of the mineral resources of the country? A few thousands of this prospective, not actual, this purely hypothetical saving, were lately turned over to the Geological Survey by the Sub-Committee, and recovered by the Coast and Geodetic Survey through the Committee of Conference. This is the only saving possible; so far as known, the only one made,—purely theoretical, quite in the air, as it were.

In fine, it would take many visits to Philadelphia, a life-time longer than that of Methuselah, a listener endowed with equal longevity, and a patience equal to it, to enable the Chairman to convince him that the Sub-Committee know anything about the matter, however great their erudition upon other points which his venerable auditor may be ready to concede.

All this construction is like a child's making a planetary system of mud-pies. There is very little system, but a terrible mess of worlds and child. Really, one is tempted to think the Chairman daft with his economy. If to be an economist is to possess a blue-pencil and score right and left, we can all be little financiers for a cent.

Economy in a household may not be degenerate, even if it saves the cheese-parings and the candle-ends and counts the potatoes, for the household may be poor, and it is always individual: there can be no question in it of development. But political economy is the science of the correlation of functions in the body politic, and knowledge of the laws that govern the production and distribution of wealth. The executor of its laws (and all civilized men are either that or obstructors of them) cannot save but by spending, if he would help adjust the balance of these natural functions, without whose nice adjustment there can be no healthful action and reaction among them conducing to the highest interest of a people. The wider the territory, the more diversified the industries and production of a people, the more are required intelligence and skill in the legislator, to grasp the relations among the productive, the distributive, and the protective agencies in active operation, and to further their harmonious working and development. The law, being universal, embraces the Coast and Geodetic Survey as well as everything else. It is exemplified in all business, and permeates the whole life of every civilized people; indeed is omnipresent in beneficent action, except where it is obstructed or stifled in its action in the conduct of public affairs.

In 1858, Professor William P. Trowbridge made an elaborate investigation of the relation between expenditure and work upon the Survey, and ascertained that, as compared with the interval between 1832 and 1844, the equal interval between 1844 and 1856, with an increase of thirty-three per cent. in expenditure, gave an increase of results of sixty per cent., showing a gain in economy of twenty-seven per cent. He says in his report upon the subject, that the expenditures and results on the Western coast, being deducted from the whole (proper, for fairness of comparison, because the cost of labor and material was so abnormally high there at that period), the economy of increase of appropriation for the Survey is still more apparent. Then, instituting the comparison, with that deduction, in the same way as before, between the intervals of 1832 and 1844, and 1844 and 1856, respectively, as here paired, the increase of results as compared with expenditures is as fifty-four to twenty-two per cent., showing a gain of thirty-two per cent. in economy.

The point attempted to be made by the Chairman of the Sub-Committee, that the Coast and Geodetic Survey and the Navy duplicate each other's work, is like an echo of the Secretary of the Navy's charge of some two years ago. Yet it may not be an echo. As admitted in the previous paper, the same causes that influenced the one to come to certain conclusions may have influenced the other in reaching the same conclusions. Between these personages we should not expect other echo than that like the remarkable one originated by the mountain farmer, who, taking a party of visitors to the magic spot,

and shouting halloo, received for response, "Now, you Bill Stokes, just give me back my knife."

The debate in the House of Representatives, from which quotation was made in the first paper, in which debate maladministration in the Navy Department was sharply charged by the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, was no longer ago than July 1, 1884. Yet gentlemen must be, while official, polite, and while social, still polite, and even more polite. Those much maligned organs of truthful speech—the newspapers—represent that, on the occasion of the late reception to the returned Arctic voyagers, the two gentlemen in question met at a clam-bake under the auspices of General Butler, and not at daggers' points, and were polite, as beseemed the occasion. The clam, as is well known, although uncompromising in the toughness of its own nature, hath yet a softening effect upon the heart of man. It is not to be expected that the augurs shall not meet in public and laugh in their sleeves. But, really, in this case, it seems like the rare union of Roman virtue with phrase Pickwickian! Who, however, can say—let no man be censorious—that it might not have been sincere if, at the close of the entertainment, the Secretary, referring to the remarks of July 1, should have addressed the Chairman in the words of Romeo, "the reason that I have to love thee doth much excuse the appertaining rage to such a greeting," and then both should have smiled as they parted, the smile of the augurs, and wended their respective ways?

Heretofore, as simplifying matters to the general reader, the proposed transfer of the hydrographic work of the Coast and Geodetic Survey has been either mentioned or alluded to as a proposed transfer to the Navy or to the Navy Department. It becomes necessary at this stage, for the understanding of what is to follow, to specify the particular agency under the Navy Department which would, in the event of the transfer, have charge of the work. This is the Hydrographic Office, a Division under the Bureau of Navigation, which, in turn, is under the Navy Department.

This agency—the Hydrographic Office—upon which the Secretary of the Navy and the Chairman of the Sub-Committee agreed,—if they ever agree upon anything,—as the most proper of all agencies to which to turn over the hydrographic work of the Survey, ought to be a something at least equal in administrative ability to the Coast and Geodetic Survey. It ought to be at least this to reconcile any one to a change in the direction indicated. It ought to be at least this to men in power who have at heart the public weal, who instigate and further the change. It behooves us, therefore, in order to enable ourselves to judge of the expediency of the transfer for this one reason alone, to examine into the character of the Hydrographic Office as to its administrative capacity.

As the highest authority that can be cited on the subject, let us examine the report written by the present Chief of the Hydrographic Office, no longer ago than one year,—or very little more, say fourteen months from the present writing, or, as the report specifies on its title-page, "for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1883." Commander John R. Bartlett, of the Navy, the writer of the report, addressed to the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, is recognized on the Coast and Geodetic Survey as an able officer and excellent hydrographer, he having been attached to the Survey for four years previously to taking charge of the Hydrographic Office. He must justly be considered high authority, —he is an experienced hydrographer, and he testifies in regard to the Office of which he is chief. And the following is his testimony as to some of the administration up to the time when he recently took charge of the Hydrographic Office. The reader will please remember that the testimony is from a report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1883, by an officer only recently in a position to correct mistakes in the Hydrographic Office.

"The original cost of engraving the 165 plates prepared by the office has been upwards of $150,000.[9]

"From an examination of the various Government offices, and of private copper-plate printing establishments in New York, it appears that it is the universal custom to make at least one electrotype or alto of all engraved plates. From this alto a second electrotype or basso is made from which impressions can be taken. The original plate is thus relieved of wear and its life is prolonged indefinitely, since new electrotypes can be made from it at any time. The practice of electrotyping plates has not hitherto prevailed at the Hydrographic Office, only 5 out of the 328 plates having been reproduced in alto, and only four of these in basso. As a measure of economy, all the plates in the office should be immediately electrotyped. Unless this is done it will be necessary to recut the plates as they wear out. Many of them already show signs of wear."

First Comment. So, although having had on hand for years great numbers of valuable plates, the imperfection of practice regarding them is not known to the public until 1883, when it is pointed out through the superior knowledge of an officer who had just had four years' experience upon the Coast and Geodetic Survey. Yet this imperfect practice had violated, according to his opinion (to which may be added every one else's), "universal custom." And the ignorance or neglect had been so great, moreover, that many of the plates, Commander Bartlett says, "already show signs of wear,"—are, in a word, damaged.

Commander Bartlett says,[10] also,—

"It has hitherto been the practice, upon the receipt of a new edition of an admiralty chart, to correct from it the old copies on hand in the office. These corrections, made upon each copy of the chart in pen and ink, not only involved great

[9] Pp. 4 and 5, annual Report of the Hydrographer to the Bureau of Navigation, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1883.

[10] Pp. 6 and 7, Ibid.

labor and expense, but were of necessity imperfectly made. While slight corrections must continue, as before, to be entered by hand, it is now proposed, in the case of new editions, to adopt the simpler and far less expensive plan of replacing the old copies by the purchase of new ones." . . . "It has hitherto been the policy of the office to devote a large portion of its energies to this work of reproducing foreign charts. One-fifth of the whole number of publications of the British admiralty have been copied on stone or on copper, and the charts printed therefrom have been stored in the office. They are kept for the double purpose of issue to ships of war and of sale to private individuals. It is a question whether they are of any material benefit. The copper-plate reproductions are exceedingly costly. They have, however, an advantage over the photolithographic copies, in that corrections may be made on the copper and new copies may be printed from the plate as corrected.

"The photolithographic reproductions, while less expensive at the outset, can only be corrected by alterations on each copy of the chart in pen and ink. The waste of labor and the waste of money in this hand correction of 83,000 charts is simply inconceivable, and, moreover, it could not be adequately accomplished with even unlimited labor and money. The office has for some time made the attempt to perform this task, but after a protracted trial the conviction is formed that it is impossible, and that, if it were possible, it would not be worth the effort. The obsolete charts, instead of being laboriously corrected, should be replaced by the purchase of new editions from the corrected plates of the British office. The conclusion is therefore irresistible that no more copies should be made of foreign charts by a process which does not admit of correction on the original plate or stone. It is a further question how far reproductions of any kind are desirable. Certainly, if the policy of reproduction is a sound one, it should be clearly apparent why these particular 620 charts were chosen for reproduction and the 2380 others on the admiralty catalogue were rejected. It is impossible, however, to ascertain any general principle which has hitherto governed the selection. The copies form a miscellaneous collection, comprising localities widely distributed and of varying degrees of importance, including the waters of every ocean and coasts and harbors on every continent. That most of them serve no useful purpose is evidenced by the fact that of the 620 charts copied, copies of only 216 have been sold, leaving 404 for which there has been no demand whatever during the past year. Many of these last have been issued to ships of war, but an ample supply for this purpose can be obtained by purchasing copies, without the expense of reproduction."

Second Comment. These passages fairly bristle with evidence of bad administration. No comment is needed but that of condensed recapitulation. Money has been wasted for years in photolithographic reproductions, copies of charts struck off from which have been laboriously corrected by hand, to conform to new, original issues, when the new issues could have been bought, comparatively speaking, for a song. The 620 plates reproduced present no intrinsic evidence why they, rather than the 2380 rejected, should have been chosen; and anyhow, charts from them do not sell, and those issued to ships of war could be got better and cheaper elsewhere. And this system has been in operation for years.

This is the office to which the Secretary of the Navy and the Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Sundry Civil Expenses would commit the hydrographic work of the Coast and Geodetic Survey,—the one, in the interest of economy, the other, in the interest, perhaps,

of no economy, but on the plea that it naturally belongs to the Navy. This is only one side of the Hydrographic Office, it is admitted,—the bad side. The Hydrographic Office has done and is doing good work of the kind for which it was created.[11] It must improve, too, evidently, under so energetic and outspoken a chief as Commander Bartlett has proved to be. But it must, at the same time, be evident to the reader, that it would be by no means proper to relieve the Coast and Geodetic Survey of its hydrographic work so as to commit it to this office, which, although under its present direction an office of promise, is clearly embryonic.

All persons will agree, after reading the testimony by Commander Bartlett, just quoted, that his recommendation to regulate the office in the interest of economy should be adopted. He says, "By limiting this branch of chart work as above described, the Hydrographic Office will be enabled to devote its energies to the work for which it is peculiarly fitted and intended,—the performance of its share of general hydrographic work by the publication of original surveys made by officers and vessels of the United States Navy."[12]

It is rumored that Commander Bartlett has since recanted that view. If so, it is to be hoped that he will reconsider his change. The hydrographic work of the coast is not general hydrographic work. Certainly, with his knowledge, he can hardly think that hydrography pure and simple can be taken away from the Coast and Geodetic Survey and committed to the Navy or to any other similar agency. He knows, too, that there is no such thing on any coast as hydrography pure and simple; and that when it comes to such elaborate hydrography as that on the coast of this country, such as that executed by the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the work carries with it geodetic operations in their largest scope, and that they are in no wise proper to be under the direction and charge of the hydrographic office of any navy.

So many side-lights have now been thrown upon this subject, in the course of the preceding discussion, that the reader ought to be able to perceive the truth of the simple statement of fundamental fact in all its nakedness. The last remark, if clearly comprehended, that the hydrographic office of no navy whatever is fit to have charge of the hydrographic work of its own coast, contains the whole kernel of the matter. The reason for this, suppressed lately in certain quarters, from interested motives, is that there is hydrographic work and hydro-

[11] "There shall be a Hydrographic Office attached to the Bureau of Navigation in the Navy Department, for the improvement of the means of navigating safely the vessels of the Navy and of the mercantile marine, by providing, under the authority of the Secretary of the Navy, accurate and cheap nautical charts, sailing directions, navigators, and manuals of instructions for the use of all vessels of the United States, and for the benefit and use of navigators generally." Revised Statutes; par. 431.

[12] P. 7, Ibid.

graphic work. The hydrographic work executed by this country, by Great Britain, and by other countries, on foreign coasts, is undoubtedly good work of its kind. The day was when, and not very long ago, it was not good of its kind. That day, there is reason to believe, has finally passed away. The excellence—the perfection, one may say—which geodetic surveying has reached in civilized countries, has raised to a higher plane all work of lesser grade.

But the surveys executed on foreign coasts are not, and never can be, of the refinement practiced in those at home. They are, and of necessity must continue to be, from causes too numerous to mention, but known to every geodesist, and from other causes that ought to be apparent to every one (those relating to time and expense), much less refined than the surveys, whether on land or coast, made by nations in their own countries; upon which depend internal development, commerce, armament, minute knowledge of their very ocean gates. If an individual spot, not at the present time known even to most experts to exist, could possibly be pointed out on the surface of the globe, where some elaborate work, like that of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, has been done by a foreign nation, it would only prove, by its being an exception to the rule, the point here made. To affirm that such a place does exist, is to say that it includes, humanly speaking, perfect base-lines, astronomy, triangulation; determinations of azimuth, of local deflection of the plumb-line, determination of magnetic declination, dip, and intensity; topography, spirit-levels, and other determinations of heights; observations on tides, winds, currents, and on temperatures of air and water. Are all these proper for foreign surveys; have they ever been introduced into foreign surveys; would they be justifiable? Yet, even all these do not represent the results of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. Will any one claim that surveys in foreign waters are made with results like, and even greater than these; that if they are, they ought to be; that if they are or are not, naval officers could execute them; that if they could not execute them abroad, they could at home; that if they could not at home, they should be allowed to have the direction of civilians who have made such surveying their profession, and thus to constitute the charge a sham?

No body of men, were they the brightest and best that ever lived, can be depended upon, if they belong to either branch of the military service, for perpetuating the best methods in geodesy, and for always being ready to labor within that field,—simply because, belonging to either Army or Navy, they can have only limited terms of duty on any geodetic work, and are withdrawn to the practice of their own profession in time of war. Immediately on the breaking out of the Mexican War, all officers of the line of the Army, and some of the staff, were detached from the Survey. The same condition of affairs existed with

reference to naval officers. It will be seen further on that the Navy Department could not then answer favorably application from the Superintendent for the most urgent needs of the Survey. In the war of the Rebellion, by the beginning of the year 1863 all the army officers on the work had been detached, and only one naval officer remained. On the other hand, of the nineteen civil assistants, fourteen sub-assistants, and twenty-two aids, on the Survey, twelve assistants, seven sub-assistants, and ten aids served in their professional capacity with the military and naval forces of the United States.

Are the reasons against the project of transfer of the hydrographic work of the Coast and Geodetic Survey to the Navy still deemed insufficient? More could be given, but these surely should suffice. It should suffice merely to quote the report of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which said, through its distinguished Committee of Twenty, that if the work "were carried on under distinct organizations, then would result a want of co-operation as to time, methods, and objects, by which the hydrographic survey would fail in a great measure to derive from the land-work those elements of accuracy which are essential to its perfection." But a surplusage of reasons must always be given to counteract movements inspired by the hope of personal aggrandizement; and so it has been given here.

The Hydrographic Office, it will have been seen, is capable of conducting hydrographic work like that of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, only upon the terms that a civilian corps of experts shall be turned over from that Survey to the Hydrographic Office, to perform the functions upon which all hydrographic work of the first class depends. The move of the Secretary of the Navy and the Sub-Committee means to the country, whatever the intention may be, the transfer to the Hydrographic Office of the nominal, as well as real control of the hydrographic work of the Survey, but in so doing, assigning to it the real, without nominal, control of geodetic operations, for which it is not fit. In a word, the intention, accomplished, would constitute either a failure or a sham.

There is a witness, evidently forgotten by or unknown to the powers that be, who has not yet been summoned, because it was desirable that the first witnesses cited to appear should have created a prepossession in his favor that he knew whereof he spake. This witness is Alexander Dallas Bache, a graduate of West Point, first in his class, where he never received a mark of demerit; president of Girard College, principal of the Philadelphia High School, professor in the University of Pennsylvania; the friend of Humboldt, Arago, Murchison, and other scientific men of Europe; *facile princeps*, as they themselves said, among all his brethren of America. This forgotten man, not respected more than he was admired, nor admired more than he was loved; this man distinguished alike by his mind, his attainments, and his genial traits

of character; a loyal citizen, who died of over-work in the field of duty, knightly, in harness, as if he had been slain on the battle-field, may be allowed to say one word in behalf of the great work of which he was the most distinguished ornament, for the great work, which, from the time that he assumed charge of it, until overborne by it and other labor, he fell under the heat and burden of the day, relinquishing in it the pride, the glory, and the delight of his whole mature life, was never for a moment lost to his most earnest and best thought.

"The reorganization of the Coast Survey, under legislative authority, in 1843, embodied all the experience obtained up to that date, both of trials which had succeeded and of others which had failed; it confirmed and gave the force of law to the union in one corps, which had gradually grown up, of civilians, officers of the Army, and officers of the Navy, serving under a neutral department; under which alone they could be united,—namely, that having control of matters relating to commerce and navigation.[13] It is easy to see that without a permanent nucleus for such a work, the objects and aims must be wavering and unsteady, the methods wanting in uniformity from year to year and from party to party, and the results heterogeneous in kind and in form. Confusion and waste would result from such an organization, and the Survey would in time be abandoned. The scientific parts of such a work require diligent study and devotion to mathematical and physical science, to grasp them in their various bearings; and it is not too much to say, that, unless such a work came up to the demands of science and scientific men of the country, it could not long stand. That the theoretical knowledge acquired at the Military Academy should be reduced to practice in the Survey, by those officers of the Army who have an inclination to similar pursuits, to its advantage as well as to their own, will readily be seen; and up to the point where details would interfere with the duties of the arm to which the officer belongs, Congress has conferred upon the work a right to seek his services. The War Department judges whether they can be granted or not.

"The law of 1848 very properly limited the services of officers of the Navy to the hydrographic part of the work,—the portions which have a professional bearing, and towards which the inclination of a nautical man may turn with professional pride. Experience has fully shown the advantages of this organization in general. The tendency resulting from the variable elements (the Army and Navy), is nevertheless at times to lessen the results produced, by the necessity for turning aside from actual work to give instruction, and from the loss of experience acquired at the expense of the Survey, by the removal of officers, caused, no doubt, by the exigencies of their proper service, and yet reacting severely upon the Survey. The experience and knowledge of Humphreys, Johnstone, and Prince, of the Army, and of Davis, Patterson, and Porter, of the Navy, cannot readily be replaced; a detail may be filled, but the knowledge immediately available is not supplied.

"The injunction of the law to employ as many officers of the Army and Navy as practicable in the Coast Survey, I have never lost sight of. On the breaking out of the Mexican War, five staff and nine line officers were upon the work. The number of hydrographic parties has been increased from two in 1843 to eight in 1850.

"At the close of the war I again applied, through the Treasury Department, for the renewal of army details. . . . When my last application for line-officers was refused, the War Department stated that staff-officers would, if practicable, be

[13] Pp. 6 to 8 of Prof. Bache's report to the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Thos. Corwin, showing the progress of the Survey for the year ending Nov. 1850. Ex. Doc. No. 12, House of Representatives, 2d Session 31st Congress, 1850.

assigned to the Survey. Now that this was found impracticable I renewed the application for line-officers, which has been favorably considered by the War Department, and five officers have been detailed for the service.

"The increase in the number of officers of the Navy attached to the Coast Survey has in like manner been carried as far as the Navy Department has found it possible to make the details. Such has been the demand for officers for the more immediate duties of the naval service, that those engaged in hydrographic reductions in the office were generally detached from the Survey; the hydrographic parties were diminished to one-half, or less than one-half, their numbers on coming to the Office to reduce their work; and finally, the additional officers required for the Texas section this winter could not be procured when applied for, the Navy Department stating that in the present condition of the service, two passed-midshipmen, junior to the master who had been ordered, and who stands near the head of the list of passed-midshipmen, cannot be detailed. Owing to the same exigencies, the vessel for that section still remains without her complement of officers.

"So great have been the exigencies of the naval service, that more than one-half of the officers attached to the Coast Survey a year since have been changed. The chiefs of parties feel sensibly the impediment to the progress of the work under their charge, which this rotation produces, and which no exertion of theirs can compensate. With officers and a crew more or less entirely new to the business of surveying, a portion of each season must be spent in teaching instead of working. The present organization affords a school of practice for the young officers of the Navy, and as such, is valuable to the country. It must be obvious, however, that in point of economy and expedition, the plan of employing persons regularly trained to the occupation, keeping them steadily at the work, and giving them a compensation proportioned to their knowledge, skill, and industry, would be preferable. The statistics of the relative economy of the different parts of the work as at present conducted, confirm this view of the subject"

In a still more elaborate statement, on the same topic, made near the beginning of the following year, in a report by the Hon. Thomas Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury, in response to the resolution of the Senate calling for his views regarding the proposed transfer of the Coast Survey to the Navy Department, a report which is generally regarded as having been written by Professor Bache, and which, in fact, from intrinsic and circumstantial evidence, could have been written by no other person, the following passage occurs:[14]

"When the Mexican War broke out there were fourteen officers of the Army upon the work, all but three of whom were withdrawn. Notice was given that the Navy officers might necessarily be withdrawn. Had there been no civil corps in such an event, the work would have been stopped just when a knowledge of our harbors was most wanted."

Could anything be more conclusive than all this? It shows, from the experience of a man who at the time of writing had been Superintendent of the Survey for seven years, that the refined methods of the Survey could not be maintained and transmitted save by the civilian nucleus of the Survey. It shows that, with an organization including officers of the Army and Navy, the work is more expensive than if

[14] Pp. 23 and 24 of the report of the Hon. Thomas Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury. Ex. Doc. No. 86, Senate, 2nd Session, 31st Congress, 1851.

performed by civilians only. It shows that such an organization is justifiable only (and it is confessedly to be justified) by the fact that officers of both branches of the military service, especially those of the Navy, obtain practice inuring to the possible benefit of the country. It shows that, in time of war, the portions of the organization belonging to the two branches of the military service must be paralyzed by the exigencies of their own special services.

Yet people have been called upon lately by astute legislators to believe that the Navy is the proper administrator and executor, combined, of the hydrographic work of the coast. Congress surely will repudiate proposed legislation based on such ignorance as has been shown of the history and experience of the Survey.

In the homely wisdom of Æsop's Fables, uttered over five hundred years before the Christian era, we are taught, in the story of the Belly and the Members, the lesson of co-ordinative functions and powers correlated in their exercise, implying also the existence of subordination. We should certainly, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, have advanced backward far enough to understand Æsop's Fables.

Let us consider this difference between co-ordination and subordination, as applied to the question before us. The hydrographic work of the coast of the United States is, and should be, subordinate to the agency which controls the land work, because it relates to that subtle element which, while it may, as forming the ocean, be said to be everywhere, may also be said to be nowhere without the land. From the days of the ancients, when the ocean was believed to be the universal mother, and the ebb and flow of tides to be caused by the breathing of the old man Demagorgon, seated in the bowels of the earth; when the ocean was the source of abject terror to the noblest minds, as something vast, illimitable, immeasurable, reaching infinitude; when it inspired even more than terror, —horror, at its glassy or turbulent surface, its treacherous and brutal power;—from these, even to our days, when the sentiment, divested of fear, is still one of awe, mirroring in the mind, not the image only, but the very presence of eternity, blended with a feeling which could speak in the magnificent strain of Byron in "Childe Harold"; yet, from the beginning to the present day, the ocean has been physically, although not morally to man, the same vast, untamed and untamable force lying in wait and roaring around the habitable earth, its treachery and fierceness conquered never by the strength of man, but mitigated only by the knowledge and address of the powerful hand that science has laid upon its mane. This, the same,—the ever to be the same, until all things cease to be themselves,—this ocean, fluid, is nowhere without the land. The position of not one drop of water that goes to form its mass is known without reference to the land. The briny deep that is at our doors might be translated to another part of the globe, and other water take its place, and we never the wiser for the fact. Indeed, it is

just so,—the ocean-streams making endless flow from one ocean-basin to another. And just as this is so of the individual drops of water and of the mighty mass in the ever-shifting sea, the surface presented to the eye, or the mass recognized by the plummet, is here to-day and gone to-morrow. The sea is the same through all the gamut of its moods, and yet, is of all things, except the air, the most inconstant and evanescent.

This ocean off our shores might be any other ocean but for this particular land. But for the land, any other ocean might be this. It is the bottom, that despite all this protean fickleness of being, gives individuality by which any place in the ocean can be identified, no matter through what processes of nature, short of cataclysm, it may have been changed. Consequently, it is not because the ocean on this coast is, as everywhere else, water, that the Coast and Geodetic Survey claims the survey of the coast as belonging of right to it as a survey of mensuration. It is because, as the reader will have observed, the bottom is nothing but an extension under water of the land, and, as such, is susceptible of being associated with the nicest geodetic operations. The ocean off our coast being, with reference to surveying, virtually the land, the hydrographic part of the work, equally with the topographical part, should be subordinate to the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

The case of the relations of the Coast and Geodetic Survey to the Geological Survey is widely different. These relations should, from the nature of the circumstances, be made relations of co-ordination with correlated aims. The Coast and Geodetic Survey being a work of scientific mensuration, wherever the system is applied by the Survey, it is applied with the most refined methods known to geodesy. The Geological Survey, on the one hand, deals only with investigation of the structure of the earth's crust, for the discovery of mineral deposits, for the promotion of paleontology, ethnology, etc.; and on the other hand, the Land Survey deals only with the rude measurement of lands in the public domain. Both of these works need scientific bases from which to proceed with their labors. The Geological Survey, for example, obtaining from the Coast and Geodetic Survey the length of a side of one of the triangles with which the Survey is proceeding across the continent, the azimuth (that is, the direction with reference to the true north and south) of the line, and the geographical position (that is, the latitude and longitude) of its extremities, possesses a base from which can be conducted over large areas what are called geographical reconnoissances, with all the nicety requisite for the purposes that the Geological Survey has in view. To carry with the Geological Survey the refinements of measurement practiced in the Coast and Geodetic Survey would be the most preposterous of plans, and most onerous to the Treasury. Suppose that that is not intended,—that these parcel-learned gentlemen, as Bacon calls such persons, should say, "Just

what you are proposing we have had in our minds in making our proposition, just the combination described between the Geodetic Survey and the Geological Survey, by which the Geological Survey could proceed from bases of precision upon long geographical reconnoissances." "Well, for that purpose," let us inquire, "is there any necessity for combination between the two Surveys, greater than that required for obtaining from the Coast and Geodetic Survey such bases as are needed; which would always be at the disposal of the Geological Survey in proportion to the means that Congress would furnish the Coast and Geodetic Survey for the purpose of determining such bases? Do the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, whose Departments pay officers and men in their respective services, consider it necessary to have little Treasuries for themselves?" They draw upon the Treasury Department, and the requisition is promptly filled.

So it is with the Coast and Geodetic Survey with reference to the Geological, Land, and State Surveys. The Coast and Geodetic Survey is, with reference to them all, a treasury of information about mensuration on the coast, and in the interior, on the lines of triangulation proceeding between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and is capable of furnishing the best data to the Geological Survey, to the Land Survey, and to the State Surveys. All that is necessary for any one of these is for it to draw upon the treasury of the Coast and Geodetic Survey for any geodetic information, and the draft can be honored promptly in proportion to the means that Congress places at the disposal of the Survey to expend in acquiring the information for which it is to be drawn upon by any authorized agency.[15]

It is thus seen that there is no close combination, such as that described by the Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Sundry Civil Expenses, necessary between what he is pleased to call the geodetic portion of the Survey and the Geological Survey, but that between them there should be functional co-ordination.

The basal condition of civilization is the power of association. The higher the development of civilization, the more are co-ordination, subordination, and combination in every form, manifested in the fact of originally segregated individuals and masses working more and more to common ends through the division and correlation of labor. In this development is to be observed the action of the fundamental law of life, in the ascension from less to more complex forms, in the endless differentiation of parts maintaining coherence of design. In the Fable, the Belly did not claim to be prehensile, nor the hand to be able to digest upon its palm. The conspiracy against the former alleged that it con-

[15] The Survey acts on occasions even in the capacity of pedagogue. Included in the manual of instructions to the Surveyors-General of the United States, is a treatise, prepared in 1878, by the Survey, for the use of the U. S. land-surveyors, showing how to determine the true and the magnetic meridian.

tributed nothing to the common stock of good. When, however, it was starved by the Members, it was soon found out that all the Members were dependent upon it, as well as it upon them, and had wellnigh come to grief. The moral applies to the Survey at this day.

All is said that can be said. If the reader is not convinced, then neither will he be, though one should arise from the dead.

The Survey has been loyal to its work, loyal to the country in the hour of need in war, loyal within and beyond its line of duty, in season and out of season, in all times and places. Humphreys, Stevens, McClellan, Sherman, Thomas, Poe, Foster, and many others of the Army; Porter, DuPont, Craven, Davis, Wainwright, and many others of the Navy, attest its war record. The daily, monthly, yearly record of its civil career lies in its magnificent contributions to science in books and maps, and in the warm friendship of the whole country's scientific and commercial life.

The Survey has had, could have had, but little ambition save to do its duty. It has had daily danger, exposure, small emolument, no retired pay, no pension-list, nothing, in fact, but the privilege of doing its duty. Its revered chief, Professor Bache, sometimes soothed repining at ignorance of it in high quarters, by the words, "Be patient; all will yet be well; the day will come when the work will be appreciated." Perhaps!—as in many another case, when those who have made it are not here to know. Ah, it was from his kindly nature that he judged too well of men! The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

Yet, after all, the Survey has its reward in consciousness of having done its duty,—the highest reward possible to men;—no body of men was ever more devoted to duty. That must be enough; it must, it seems, suffice. Then, at the worst, having lived nobly, it can as nobly die. Of the two greatest things, not even the gods can deprive a man. Fame is a trumpet and its words are wind that bloweth where it listeth. Fortune showers her favors on the deserving and the undeserving alike, and deserved or undeserved, they come and go. But the two things of which not even the gods can deprive a man, are to live and to die well. Like Achilles, the Survey has lived in the light of open day, fearing no man, invulnerable to attack in front. Like Achilles, it is capable of speaking winged words, because they are the words of truth. Like him, it is capable in its wrath of dragging its foe behind its chariot around the plain of Troy. And like him, it can, after having spoken, be silent, and as calmly die.

"And as Achilles turned, with curving lip,
Contemptuous, to his men, an arrow sang,
And cleft the middle air, and dipped, and plunged
Full on the naked marble of his foot.
Through high-arched instep, ankle, and the strings

That bind the straining heel, it sped, and nailed
The wolf-skin sandal to the crimson sand.
Slow on one knee he sank, his strong, right hand
Staying his fall, and watched with steady eye
The full life draining from the wound, and spake,—
'Mother, thy word was true. The end is come.'
Nor ever spake again."

But the Survey is not yet ready to believe that it must die. Before the intelligence and justice of the American people its cause is to be tried. Small fear is there that the American people are not well represented by the agency which has been selected for the trial in the form of the joint Commission of Congress.

RECOLLECTIONS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

III.

(Continued from page 376.)

EARLY in 1867, soon after the passage of the reconstruction laws, I was ordered to South Carolina, and assigned to the command of Beaufort District, with headquarters at Hilton Head. The task of carrying the reconstruction laws into effect in the several districts was intrusted to the army officers assigned to command, precisely as if the work required to be done was of a purely military character. That they accomplished it in spite of their want of political training and the bitter hostility of the white citizens of the South, without any serious collision, is truly wonderful. It must be remembered that two years had elapsed since the surrender at Appomattox. The South had had a breathing spell, and the people had, in a measure, recovered their *morale*. The operations of the Freedman's Bureau had acted as an irritant to keep old sores open; the breach between the President and Congress had awakened absurd hopes; the civil authorities had been permitted to resume the untrammeled exercise of all their functions, and hardly cared to conceal their contempt for military power; and the number of troops garrisoned in the several districts made the word "force" as applied to them simply ridiculous. Under such circumstances the army was called upon to carry into effect a very unpopular law, or, to put it in the language of the disaffected, "to make their former slaves their future masters."

The district of Beaufort, to which I was assigned, was large, scattered, and black. It consisted of the islands of Hilton Head, Beaufort, and St. Helena, and a portion of the mainland,—five parishes in all,—and, including the water-ways, was about a hundred miles square. The population, even before the war, was principally black, although Beaufort itself was the headquarters of many aristocratic families. The idea that the sea islands were particularly deadly to white people had been cultivated for so many generations that it was now very generally believed, and up to the war no white man except the overseer would have thought of remaining overnight on any of the plantations except during a few weeks in winter. There was, however, on every planta-

tion a residence, a large, rambling, frame structure, in poor repair, and near it a less pretentious but more comfortable building, occupied by the overseer. The negro quarter, generally two or three hundred yards from the seat of plantation government, was simply a collection of rude cabins, sometimes aligned on both sides of what might be called a street, but more frequently huddled together at all sorts of angles, and connected by a net-work of paths half hidden by an almost tropical growth of weeds. The occupation of these islands by United States troops early in the war had had the effect of driving away the few resident white men and attracting great numbers of negro refugees, so that the islands, even at the time they came under my observation, fairly swarmed with colored inhabitants. The proportion of whites to blacks in the whole district was as one to twenty-one, and on the sea islands must have been as one to two hundred and fifty.

The sole industry on the sea islands before the war was cotton culture; and their great value arose from the fact that their soil was peculiarly adapted to the growth of that most valuable grade of the staple, known as "Sea Island cotton." At the time of which I write Sea Island cotton was worth over a dollar a pound, and many ex-volunteer officers had purchased plantations and were as confident of making a fortune as if they were the owners of a gold mine. I am sorry to say that most of them were disappointed. I remember one particularly distressing case. The amateur planter had been somewhat of a fortune-hunter. He had "whacked bulls" across the plains, and was a pioneer settler in San Francisco. He did a large business in that city, and became the owner of a wholesale establishment whose annual profits ran into the hundreds of thousands. He was burnt out, and lost all. But the spirit that had carried him across the plains was not to be conquered. With the only ten dollars he owned after the fire he purchased a hatchet, and went to work at ten dollars a day cleaning the brick of his burnt-down building. He saved money enough to buy a mule, and went into the transportation business. He remained in California until it began to get crowded, and then went to Hong-Kong. When our civil war broke out he was a flourishing tea merchant in that city, but he sold out, came home, and volunteered. Of course such indomitable energy as he had displayed soon made itself conspicuous in his new profession, and he was mustered out in 1866 as a brigadier. He then invested what was left of his capital in a plantation, bought machinery, hired "niggers," and planted Sea Island cotton. I used to see him frequently. He was always jubilant. His cotton came up nicely; grew grandly; was a glorious crop. He almost lived in his cotton-fields. He told me one day that he would not take thirty thousand dollars for his crop. I saw him a week later. He then said he would take thirty dollars for it. It was gone; eaten up. In a single night the cotton-worm had consumed thirty thousand dollars' worth of

cotton. But the general was not disheartened. He was determined to try it again. He planted another crop and experienced another failure, not quite so sweeping as the first, but sufficient to cure him of the cotton-planting mania. I have long lost track of him, but have no doubt that he has been up and down again, perhaps half a dozen times, since.

At the close of the war not a few Northern men settled in the South. Some were attracted by the climate; some had acquired interests which could not be abandoned all at once; and some were simply stranded when the wave of war receded. Then quite a number of philanthropists, teachers, preachers, and politicians hastened to this fresh field during the reconstruction period, determined to do in a month or two what it took Moses forty years to accomplish. Of course the majority of them got disheartened and abandoned the undertaking; but some remained, and constituted that much-maligned class known as carpet-baggers. They were of great assistance to the army officers during reconstruction, as they were intelligent, fairly educated, and, above all, willing to serve. In organizing communities like those which existed on the sea islands a few such men were invaluable.

The first step in the direction of reconstruction under the law was the registration of the voters. To a ward politician in a civilized community this would have been an easy task. To an army officer, among a population of ignorant blacks, it was a difficult undertaking, especially as the white people were bitterly opposed to the measure. The negroes on the sea islands were even less enlightened than those on the mainland. They had mixed less with white people, and some of them were recent importations from Africa. Some hardly knew their own names, very few knew their exact age, and none could claim any fixed residence. Then they all looked alike, and the identity of any individual was hopelessly lost the moment he entered a crowd. The question of identity was perhaps the hardest one the registrars had to encounter. An idea had got abroad that some substantial benefit was to be secured by being registered, and in order to make certain of the prize few darkies would have hesitated to register as often as they had an opportunity. That this in itself would have been no great calamity may be conceded, but military discipline would be satisfied with nothing less than absolute accuracy in the lists, and registrars were instructed accordingly.

There were five reconstruction boards in Beaufort District, one for each parish. Each board consisted of three members, one of whom acted as recorder. The compensation was three dollars a day,—very high wages for that locality,—and there were plenty of competent men sorely in need of the money idle in the district; yet it was difficult to find fifteen men that would serve. If it had not been for carpet-baggers and a few discharged volunteers, registration in Beaufort District would have had to be done by soldiers.

The work lasted several weeks, the boards moving about from place to place for the accommodation of the people. Only a portion of the work came under my personal observation, but I think I know how it was done. Without pretending to give in detail the operations of any particular board, the following illustration will give a fair idea of the difficulties encountered and methods pursued by the registrars.

Imagine a registration board in session. Crowds of negroes,—men, women, and children,—a few mules, and any quantity of cur dogs surround the place. Registration is going on through an open window, inside of which the members of the board are seated. The recorder, at a table provided with writing-materials, is biting the butt end of his pen, and has an impatient look. The other two members are seated near the window, one on each side, prepared to do the questioning. The prospective voters have been gotten into line, and are instructed to keep their places and wait their turns. The women are interested and, as it turns out, useful spectators. They arrange themselves in a dense mass as a background to the picture.

Everything being ready, the first man is called up, and a bullet-headed negro presents himself at the window. Nothing of him is visible to the board but his head. The chairman constitutes himself examiner, and, assuming what he considers a legal air, asks the applicant his name. "George Washington," the darky replies, in some trepidation, as he plucks nervously at an old felt hat which he holds in his hand, and listens to his own heart-beats, plainly audible in the death-like stillness of the crowd. "And what is your age?" continues the chairman, in a persuasive tone, as he glances at the recorder, who has now put his pen to its legitimate use. "Don't know, boss," says the elector expectant; "'specs I's forty." This is manifestly an untruth, for the head has a decidedly youthful appearance. The chairman deems it his duty to cross-examine. "How do you know you are forty?" "When were you born?" These are stumpers. The applicant becomes confused and exhibits some inclination to bolt, but, being hemmed in by the crowd, finds that impossible. He therefore takes refuge in silence. Nothing will induce him to venture any further opinion as to his age. The chairman becomes embarrassed, and the recorder resumes operations on the wrong end of his pen. Silence reigns for about a minute. Then a rather corpulent negress on the outskirts of the crowd, with her head done up in a yellow bandana, testifies as follows: "I knows dat nigger ebber since he was a piganiny. He was borned on Mar's Pope's plantation de y'ar de sorrel colt bruk his leg." This important piece of information was considered by the crowd conclusive as to age, but the chairman still seemed unsatisfied. This looked like obstinacy, and murmurs were heard. At last the chairman, driven to desperation, and determined not to have a failure in the first case, turned to the recorder and said, "Put him down forty, Mr. Simons;

put him down forty." The recorder's pen having again done its legitimate duty, the recorder reads in a rather loud voice, "George Washington, aged forty," by way of information that to that extent the applicant had been registered. The chairman then, anxious to get rid of George, puts the question as to residence very suggestively: "Residence, Pope's plantation?" To which George gives his assent, and is hustled from the window just as the old auntie who settled the question of his age is beginning to take him to task for lying.

The first registered voter no sooner left the window than another, his exact counterpart, took his place. He also claimed George Washington as his name. His age, however, was only twenty-five. This was an improvement, and manifestly fifteen years nearer the truth than number one. The chairman was pleased. It might be possible to get down to hard facts in course of time. He was on the point of complimenting number two on his modest estimate, but gave up the idea. The possibility of inducing further reference to the era of the accident to the sorrel colt stopped his mouth. George Washington number two was got on record, his place of residence being kindly suggested to him by the chairman.

The board now began to brighten up. The business was fairly started. The chairman was particularly happy, and disposed to be facetious about the two G. W.'s. When the third bullet-head presented itself at the window he straightened himself up in his chair, and, looking the applicant straight in the eye, said, in a tone of some severity, "Perhaps you claim to be called George Washington too?" The darky promptly answered, "Yes, sah," and the chairman wilted. His brain was fairly in a whirl. Perhaps they were all George Washingtons. The routine questions were asked mechanically, and several voters registered before the chairman recovered complete consciousness. At last an old gray-headed darky gave the name of Julius Cæsar, and the chairman was himself again. The next, however, created more trouble. His name was Hannibal. He had no other name. He never heard his father's name mentioned. His mother's name was Dinah. She had no other name. His old master's name was Johnson. Here a bright idea occurred to the chairman. The darky's name should be Hannibal Johnson. He was so registered and so informed. Then the list was revised. George Washington number one became G. W. Pope; number two, G. W. Smith; number three, G. W. Calhoun, and so on. The same principle was followed throughout. It was a capital idea, and made the registration lists look respectable, whatever the voters did. I have no means of knowing if the names thus given adhered to the individuals, but I presume they did. I noticed that all the Julius Cæsars, Hannibals, and Pompeys were old men, and that the George Washingtons were young. A horrible suspicion has haunted me ever since that the younger negroes never gave their right names.

They had heard, perhaps, that George Washington was the father of the country of which they were to become adopted sons, and they may have thought it the right thing to mention the old gentleman's name on the occasion.

But reconstruction difficulties were not the only annoyance to which army officers were subjected during reconstruction times. The civil courts were rather hard to manage. I had formed an unfavorable opinion of the civil courts as a co-ordinate military power. My North Carolina experience had taught me that it was unwise to divide jurisdiction with an avowed enemy, and I found, on my arrival at Hilton Head, plenty of evidence on file to strengthen my conviction. Litigants of Northern birth had lost faith in the civil courts. For them to be suspected was to be indicted, and to be indicted was to be condemned. As a rule, therefore, they appealed to the military. I shall cite only one illustration upon this point.

A Connecticut preacher had gone to Beaufort, South Carolina, during the war, and invested in a house and lot, intending to stay. He had a son, a handsome boy,—judging from his photograph,—perhaps about six years of age. A neighbor, a Southern man, had a savage dog,—described as a bloodhound. The hound attacked the boy, lacerating his face and disfiguring him for life. The indignant father armed himself with a shot-gun, entered his neighbor's yard, and shot the dog. All this occurred before my arrival.

The preacher seems to have soured on South Carolina. At any rate, he abandoned his house and lot and returned to Connecticut. During his absence suit was entered against him in the District Court for trespass in entering his neighbor's yard, and also for shooting the dog. Killing a dog was a serious offense under the laws of South Carolina, and damages were laid in a considerable sum. The preacher appealed to the military, inclosing the papers in the case, and among them a photograph, which told the story of the mutilation of his boy. He admitted everything, and pleaded the circumstances in justification of his actions. The picture of the boy was evidence enough to a soldier on the question of justification, and the case was ordered to be stricken from the docket.

I presume that was the first taste of military despotism the old judge had experienced, and he didn't like it. He was an old and, according to report, an able judge, but an ultra Carolinian. He knew that there was a new commanding officer in the district,—a military stripling, as he described him officially,—and he proposed to teach him a lesson. So, in a few days, the sheriff, accompanied by two armed deputies, waited upon the commanding officer with some kind of a summons, commanding him to be and appear before the District Court at Gillisonville on a certain specified date, and show cause why he should not be punished for contempt. I forget the exact language of

the paper, but that was what it amounted to. It was unmistakably a declaration of war, and I dealt with it accordingly. It was returned to the sheriff with a copy of an order closing the District Court at Gillisonville until further orders. Another copy of the order was sent to the court by the hands of a sergeant, with sufficient force to compel obedience should the judge be rebellious. The issue was now fairly made, the Rubicon was crossed, and there was no retreat. A letter was written at once to General Sickles, who commanded in the Carolinas, inclosing a copy of the order, and reporting the circumstances under which it was issued. In a few days the general's reply was received. It was a lengthy and lawyer-like document, the sum and substance of which was, that in no case would the military commander suffer his hands to be tied by the civil authorities.

The sergeant served the order on the judge with the air, no doubt, of a plenipotentiary. I wish I could have seen that interview. The sergeant said the judge "was too mad to say anything." However, he obeyed the order, closed the court, and hastened to Charleston to lay the case before the general. But I had the weather-gauge of him in that quarter. The order was sustained, and the District Court remained closed until the State was reconstructed.

Despotism is mighty fascinating to the despot. My conscientious scruples soon got into working order, and I set up for a regular practitioner in the autocratic line. Having abolished the only court in the district by the stroke of a pen, what more natural than that I should create a few in the same way? So I created four provost courts, defined their jurisdiction, prescribed methods of procedure, appointed judges, empowered them to employ clerks, decreed what salary each should receive, and devised a method of procuring the ways and means, —all upon a single sheet of paper. The last clause of the order was a curiosity. I have never until now had the cheek to recommend it to any Northern community seeking cheap and speedy justice; but it is not copyrighted, and here it is: "Provided that that amount of money be collected in fines during the month." That proviso put the judges on their mettle, and it is a remarkable fact that the fines collected were just sufficient to pay the salaries and expenses, and nothing more. I merely mention it to show what can be done in the way of making the dancers pay the piper. It worked like a charm, and many planters and merchants have since complimented me on it, by saying that chickens never could roost so low in Beaufort District as during the military despotism; and that justice, such as it was, was never so speedy and so cheap. For fear that some may think I claim to have originated these ideas, I beg to state that I only gave them shape. I was guided in all that I did by principles enunciated in orders from headquarters.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHAT will become of the army when the Indian ceases to be hostile is a not infrequent query, and one which the apparently near approach of a time of permanent peace with the Indians invests with some degree of practical interest. The country has so long been accustomed to think of the army as chiefly concerned with Indian matters in the West that it can hardly conceive of any use to which the army can be put when once the Indian has ceased to trouble. The cessation of Indian hostilities is, however, by no means, as yet, an assured fact. It is true that all the signs indicate that we are not likely ever again to have an Indian war on anything like the scale of those which fill so large a portion of our history in the past. Any extensive scheme of confederation between Indian tribes is for the future an impossibility; but we should be over sanguine if we were to shut our eyes to the strong probability that here and there in the wide area covered by our Indian reservations, and the extensive tracts of sparsely-settled regions adjacent to them, outbreaks will occur which will need the intervention of military force to quell. But the office of the army in relation to the Indian for some—probably for many—years to come, will doubtless be, what it has to a considerable extent ever been, the protection of his treaty rights against infringement by white settlers and the whole horde of land grabbers, speculators, and unprincipled adventurers. Meanwhile the concentration of the Indians in reservations, and their gradual divorce from their present habit of roving, will enable the military authorities to dispense with many of the smaller posts, and permit the gathering of larger bodies of troops in a few strategically located garrisons, which will operate very beneficially both to the social and the professional well-being of the officers and enlisted men of the army. Such concentration has already begun, and as time goes on, will be more and more the rule. There will then be possible what hitherto, except in rare instances, has been hardly practicable, the systematic prosecution of tactical and administrative instruction on a large and comprehensive scale. It will probably be twenty years, at least, before Indian matters have definitely assumed so pacific and settled an aspect as to permit the withdrawal from our Western frontier of any consid-

erable proportion of the force at present employed there, and by that time it is not perhaps too much to hope that we shall have some coast fortifications which will require garrisoning, and which, together with the permanent needs of our Northern and Western frontiers, will afford abundant scope and room for the useful employment of every man in our little army. The army will never number less than it does now. By the time Indian hostilities shall have become a thing of the past, our population will have so increased that the disproportion between it and our regular military establishment will be even more absurdly apparent than it is now, and doubtless, too, by that time, causes already at work in our social fabric will have developed into results that will gravely warn against any thought of army reduction.

It is reported that Payne, the persistent land pirate, whose periodical invasions of the Indian Territory have come to be looked for as regularly as the recurring seasons, and who has just been released by the United States Court at Fort Smith, Arkansas, is preparing to make another descent upon the territory, and that General Sheridan has directed General Hatch to prevent Payne's entering the territory, or, if that be not practicable, to follow and bring him out.

Alluding to the demand of the St. Louis newspapers that the Indian Territory shall be thrown open to general settlement, the *Philadelphia Times*, of a recent date, has the following:

"No demand was ever more impudent or preposterous. During the last generation the Indians east of the Mississippi River, after much negotiation and some severe fighting, were induced to move beyond the river into what has since been known as the Indian Territory. The tribes accepting these terms were assured that neither they nor their descendants should ever be compelled to make another move toward the setting sun. The territory, then a wild, uninhabited waste, was guaranteed to them and their descendants forever. Large as this reservation was, and valuable as it has become, it was small, compared with the lands surrendered by the Indians, and its value, either then, now, or in the future, relatively insignificant.

"Not only is the faith of the government thus solemnly and distinctly pledged, but the Indians have done far more on their part than their most sincere friend or well-wisher could have dared prophesy. Under the fostering care of Congress they have established government of their own, republican in form, with all the paraphernalia necessary to secure their own rights, and to put themselves in harmony with civilization. Under this system they have developed varied industries, established churches and schools, and brought themselves into communion with our institutions so thoroughly that in another

generation, if let alone, they may be admitted to the right of full citizenship, and finally into the Union as a State.

"It is no part of the duty of the United States to furnish St. Louis with a market other than as it secures this growth and privilege from the working of general laws. Certainly it cannot be considered any part of the government's duty to disregard a solemn treaty to bring a supposed benefit to any city. In a few years, if kept free from the machinations of designing men, the territory will become a valuable market for St. Louis and every other commercial centre, and at the same time prove the fitness of the Indian for assimilating civilization. The West is quite large enough even for railroad and land sharks, without adding the Indian Territory to their conquests."

THE Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy has accompanied its general report with a special one, recommending a radical change in the appointment of cadets, and making some averments which will strike many readers with surprise, as, for instance, that a naval cadet while at the Academy is not regarded as a part of the navy; and also that, except for the offense of hazing, naval cadets are not amenable to trial by court-martial. It may be that the tenor of the board's report is not properly conveyed in the newspaper version of it, which is all we have at this writing access to, but if the fact is as represented in that version of the report, the status of naval cadets is certainly much in need of legislative ascertainment. We have recently read of a case of the retirement of a naval cadet for an injury received at the Academy, and how this could be without his being recognized as a part of the navy passes our comprehension. Nor can we understand how, even for the crime of hazing, he can be tried by court-martial, if he be not a constituent part of the naval establishment. He is either that, or else he is a citizen pure and simple, in which latter case he certainly is not triable by court-martial for any offense whatever. There is much suggested by the board's report which is worthy of earnest attention at the hands of Congress, and it is to be hoped that it may receive such attention at an early date.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

VAN NOSTRAND has published a book of one hundred and twenty-four pages on "The Attack and Defense of Coast Fortifications," by Captain Edward Maguire, corps of engineers, United States army. The author disclaims any title to originality, his work being compiled from various sources, and largely from an article by Captain Carl Kriwanck, of the Austrian army. It is intended simply to save labor on the part of the military student by giving him in a handy form what is best worth knowing about the rational use of coast artillery, and the development of a correct system of defense, and is admirably fitted to accomplish that end. It is sufficiently illustrated, and both plates and letter-press are creditable to the publisher.

"FIFTY YEARS' OBSERVATION OF MEN AND EVENTS, CIVIL AND MILITARY," by E. D. Keyes, brevet brigadier-general, United States army, has just been issued by the Messrs. Scribner. General Keyes' book is made up of anecdotes, anecdotes in connection with his own experiences, all of which are particularly interesting. There is a great deal about the late General Winfield Scott in this book, for whom General Keyes seems to have had a great admiration. The ruling passion of General Scott, however, he says, was ambition and its uniform attendant, jealousy. In matters of rivalry he was easily vexed, and when the thing pursued caused great dissatisfaction, "he seemed to go out of his own skin into that of an angry porcupine with every quill set fiercely on end, while Medea could not rage as he would against all men who beset the way to the prize he coveted. He poured out his venom against a rival in terms which showed him skillful in the school of obloquy, and after two or three years in his company, if I had credited his descriptions of the superior officers of the Northern armies of the war of 1812, I must have concluded that not one of them was above mediocrity, and that several were far below."

General Keyes thinks that it will be impossible to convey a full knowledge of General Scott's character without describing his relations to the fair sex. He writes,—

"My observations of his conduct in the society of ladies are perhaps rendered more distinct by a certain marked contrariety in his nature. He always declared himself to be a gallant gentleman, and such, in a dubious sense, he was. It is true he never omitted to speak kindly to women, and when he was in their society he addressed them with a sort of tenderness which only appeared strange to me by its quiet sameness. From all I could learn from his conversation and conduct, he never had a desultory love affair in his whole life, he never allowed himself to be swayed or diverted from his purpose by a woman, and no one ever gained the slightest hold upon him. These facts appear strange when we reflect that he possessed in an unusual degree the qualities which universally attract them, such as courage, manly bearing, martial exploits, and contempt for money. Sometimes, however, he would indulge in a license with the young ladies that would appall me. I have seen him, while yet in his prime, call to him the most *débonnaire* maiden present, spread her palm upon his, examine her hand with measured scrutiny, and then bestow a kiss upon her forehead. He would do all this with such an in-

nocent prudency, and such an air of patriarchal gravity, that there was no more suggestion of dalliance in his actions than in the obeisance of a saint."

General Scott once told General Keyes a story of himself to show that he was more scared by a broomstick in the hands of a woman than he would have been by a sabre in the hands of a Turk.

"It was during my college vacation," said he, "and I was at home near Petersburg. One day I started on a long walk through the country, and, after a tramp of several miles, I arrived at a farm-house, where I stopped to get a glass of milk. There was no one present but the farmer's wife, who was a stout, buxom woman, and I fell into conversation with her. In a short time the devil put it into my head to give her a parting kiss, but at my first motion she sprang away, seized a broom, and came at me with a fury such as only an earnest female can display. The door being open, I shot through, she pursuing and abusing me, cleared a high fence, and ran with all speed across the fields till I got clear of the sound of her voice. And that, sir," said he, "is the only adventure of the kind I ever undertook."

"When he was seventy, and we lived at Wormley's, in Washington," writes General Keyes, "we usually walked to the office at about ten o'clock in the morning. As we were moving along in silence through the square in front of the White House, we met Miss ——, to whom we bowed, and whom we both knew and esteemed as one of the ornaments of her sex. After passing her a few steps, I said in a soliloquizing tone, 'I suppose the most calamitous condition of a woman is to be an old maid.' We were then in the shade of a clump of bushes, and the general had hold of my arm, which he pulled violently and stopped. 'I am shocked,' he said, 'at your cruel, senseless speech. You never could make a more wanton assertion, or one that is more undeserved. Instead of its being a calamity it is often a blessing, and those you call old maids are generally the best of their sex.'"

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* (London) says, "Among the several cleverly-written articles which appear in *The United Service* (Hamersly and Co., Philadelphia) is one which will, no doubt, attract a fair portion of attention. The title of the article referred to is 'Our Little Navy,' and the article itself is contributed by 'An Unpensioned Volunteer.' From him, whoever he may be, we learn some particulars as to the present and probable future of the American navy. The object of the article is to tell the country how, thirty years ago, her flag was respected and her men-of-war were invincible,—whereas now the world laughs at the notion. In referring to the discussion going on in Congress as to the necessity of building up the navy, an old and experienced officer draws a few lively pictures of the style in which the American navy was conducted when the nation possessed one which was regarded as the most efficient for its size in the world. No doubt Theodorus Bailey carried matters with a high hand during the time of 'the fifties.' When the American navy was handled by him and other officers of a like stamp, his course of action was always sharp, short, and decisive. If a tithe of what we learn from this article be true, it behooves the American nation to look after her national defenses."

JOHN WILEY & SONS, of New York, have published for Lieutenant C. A. L. Totten, of the Fourth Artillery, a challenge to the Metric System, entitled "An Important Question in Metrology, Based upon Recent and Original Discoveries." The "recent and original discoveries" seemed to be themselves based upon the extraordinary theory propounded by the late Piazzi Smith in regard to the Pyramid of Gizeh, which he argued contained a divinely-appointed system of weights and measures. Piazzi Smith's theory has been more than once exploded, but it still occasionally shows signs of life. It is clear that nothing could be more cumbrous than our present weights and measures, both in names and relations. The metric system has the advantage of being so simple that it can be learned by a bright boy in an hour and never forgotten. It has the disadvantage of not conforming to the

duodecimal system. Lieutenant Totten proposes a system which will combine both the decimal and duodecimal systems. Had he not vitiated his style by totally irrelevant matter relating to Hebrews and Egyptians, one might take pleasure in commending his work. As it is, it is impossible to read it with any patience.

MESSRS. L. R. HAMERSLY & Co. have in press and will publish soon a work on the Indian sign language, by the late Captain W. P. Clark, Second Cavalry United States army, which was prepared by direction of General Sheridan, and with the sanction of the War Department. This work, the crowning effort of Captain Clark's life, will honorably connect his name with the republic of letters, as have his military services with the profession of arms.

THE following poem was written in December, 1862, by Colonel John A. Joyce, at the Galt House wine-room, at one o'clock in the morning, at the request of the celebrated George D. Prentice. It is a gem of its kind, and its authorship should be known:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh! it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

"Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

"Feast, and your halls are crowded
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you to live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain."

ERRATA.—In the poem entitled "The Rescue," by Miss Margaret Forster Owen, in the October number, in seventh line, second stanza, for "it" read "yet"; in fourth line, third stanza, for "unfortunate" read "importunate"; in second line, eighth stanza, for "he" read "ye"; in sixth line, ninth stanza, for "Our" read "O'er."

TWO DUTIES.

Nobody now argues about the duty and wisdom of life insurance. It is almost universally conceded, and a policy in a good company is a certificate of the intelligence, prudent forethought, and business ability of its holder. It is something more than this in the majority of cases, for it is a testimony to those broadened and enlightened views of life which eradicate selfishness and teach us the best part of life is that which is lived for others. It is not wholly unselfish. The law of compensation is here, and the insured finds it in his mental satisfaction—in the conviction of having discharged a great duty, in his release from care and anxiety. Granted the duty of insuring, it is equally incumbent to select a good company. There need be no difficulty, for there are many. Stability, capacity, integrity are not limited to one. Plans differ, rates vary; security while absolute is still relative, for it is greater in some than in others. In this particular the Penn Mutual Life is unsurpassed, probably unequaled. This element has had chief consideration, and next, the cost. The latter has been, through a series of years, considerably less than the average of all the good companies,—a result, we assume, attributable to a careful selection of risks, and close economy of administration. We should have no hesitation in recommending the Penn Mutual as entirely reliable in every way, the equal of any, superior of many, and inferior to none.

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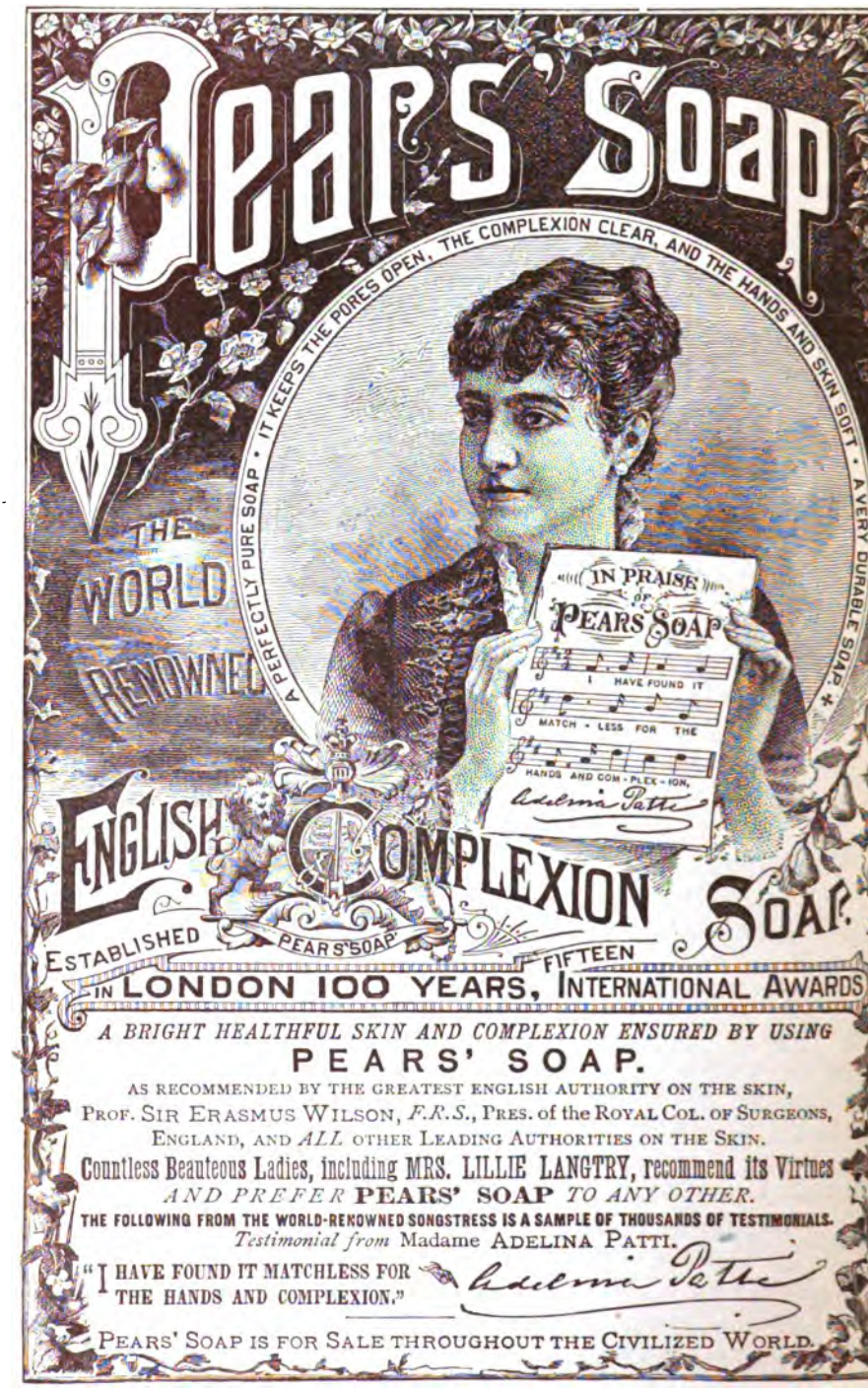
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THE EMPLOYMENT OF QUICK-FIRING SIX-POUNDER SHELL-GUNS FOR THE NAVAL SERVICE.

THE naval part of the machine-gun question has developed with amazing rapidity during the last few years, as evidenced not alone by the greater numbers of machine-guns now considered as a necessary part of every ship's armament, but also that the sphere of utility of this arm has been daily growing in extent until, with the advent of the quick-firing 6-pounder shell-guns recently adopted in the English navy, the limit seems to have been reached, or very nearly so.

When machine-guns were first introduced, and for a long period afterwards, there was but one kind, viz., those of "small bore," or more recently of "rifle calibre," with many barrels, and in which all the other features, now proved to be indispensable for such weapons, were sacrificed to that of "rapidity of fire;" whereas at this time we find a particular kind devised for each function of naval warfare. For instance, there now exist ship, boat, landing, and top *rifle-calibre* machine-guns; anti-torpedo boat, *solid shot* and *shell* machine-guns; ship, boat, landing, and top *quick-firing single-barreled shell*-guns; and, lastly, torpedo boat, *solid shot* and *shell* machine-guns.

While though it cannot be asserted that the military part of the question has been as yet developed in anything approaching the same degree, yet there is a decided tendency just at present to accord the machine-guns a fair opportunity of practically demonstrating their actual qualifications for service in the field.

Hitherto the employment of rifle-calibre machine-guns on shore by the military, or by naval brigades, can only be described as desultory and wanting in any real attempt to utilize to the utmost all the im-

mense advantages undoubtedly possessed by these weapons; and here it is worthy of notice that though more has been achieved in the matter of developing naval machine-guns than has been the case with the military ones, yet it is in military operations alone that this arm has been submitted to the crucial test of actual service.

It was due to the same causes, viz., want of appreciativeness of their value and absence of any practical knowledge of their use, that torpedoes played so minor a part in the Russo-Turkish war.

No implement of war, however inherently perfect, can ever be expected to or will ever prove its true value as such, if it be handled by those lacking practical knowledge of its manipulation and an enthusiastic belief in its power.

But it is of the most recent phase of the naval machine-gun question that I propose to deal in this paper, viz., the adoption of a 6-pounder machine, or quick-firing shell-gun by the English Admiralty. The great size and power of this machine-gun marks this event as of special significance, while in conjunction with the fact that it is the first machine *shell*-gun of any kind introduced into the British navy it must be considered as an epoch in the history of this arm; and as one of the two systems of these English 6-pounder guns is that of a well-known American inventor, Mr. Hotchkiss, a description of these guns and an explanation of their uses for the naval service seems particularly applicable to the pages of this well-known journal.

It is necessary to point out here that these 6-pounders, and all weapons of the same class, cannot be correctly termed "machine-guns," as they are not fed "automatically" but "by hand;" thus we find this new type denominated as "rapid" or "quick-firing" guns.

In the French navy particularly, and in some other navies as well, a special nature of machine shell-gun has been in use for some considerable time for the express purpose of defending ships against the attack of the dreaded torpedo-boat (I refer here to the well-known Hotchkiss five-barreled revolving 37-millimetre gun), but it has remained for England, who has preferred, in common with other naval powers, a rapid and volley-firing solid-shot gun as her anti-torpedo boat weapon (as represented by the Nordenfelt four-barreled 1-inch gun), to appreciate the value of the powerful quick-firing guns, and to initiate their introduction on a large scale into naval armaments as a general service weapon; at the same time experiments are now being carried out by all the principal naval powers with this class of machine-gun, so that we may expect to find at no far distant date the general introduction of one kind or another of these quick-firing guns.

A weapon such as these rapid-firing guns, which, among other valuable properties, has those of considerable penetrative power, accuracy, and rapidity of fire, would for these reasons alone create a demand, supposing that such did not already exist, but there are many causes

rendering the employment of this class of weapon an absolute necessity.

First and foremost, it is manifest that in the event of a struggle for supremacy occurring between any of the first-class naval powers, the destruction and necessarily the protection of commerce will form one of the most important duties to be performed by the respective naval forces; thus we find these powers vying with each other in the construction of iron or steel cruisers specially designed for high speed; further, it is an accepted fact that in future naval wars the better class of merchant steamers will be armed and embodied in the naval forces.

Then, by reason of the great speed of these vessels, and their exceptional manœuvring powers, as well as comparative structural strength, the demand is created for a weapon that shall be effective in the highest degree either for their attack or defense; whilst this class of gun will be most suitable for replacing the present light-gun equipment of all ships of war, which are sadly deficient in penetrative power, accuracy, and rapidity of fire, besides being clumsy and troublesome to manipulate.

As forming part of the armament of the armored fleet-ship (ship of the line), these quick-firing guns will afford her a greater probability of success on meeting one of these cruisers of the enemy; this vessel will always endeavor to escape from her slower but infinitely more powerful adversary, thus a running fight at long ranges will usually ensue from such an encounter, under which conditions the heavy guns of the ironclad will be of little avail, being too slow in their movements, while their great power would be wasted, and her ordinary light-gun equipment would be utterly inefficient for this work, for which is required a weapon having the properties of great comparative power, accuracy of fire at all ranges, fair rapidity of fire, and ease in manipulation, features common to the Hotchkiss and Nordenfelt more powerful quick-firing shell-guns.

There is yet another service for which these weapons are pre-eminently useful, whether employed in an ironclad, cruiser, or other class of vessel who, whether by the fortune or misfortune of war, may become opposed by an armored ship, viz., for searching out the many weak parts of all armor or ironclad ships, such as the gun-posts, covering towers (except when abnormally thick), barbette and turret covers, and the unarmored portions of the hull, which in many instances is of considerable extent; these numerous vulnerable parts would be easily penetrated by the shells of the more powerful of these quick-firing guns, even at considerable ranges, and it is exceedingly probable that a hot fire from them might be the means of effecting serious, though possibly only temporary, damage, but yet sufficient to afford to the cruiser an opportunity of escape, or where two ironclads are engaged an opportunity of making a successful ram attack.

I have endeavored to describe in this brief sketch the main causes which have forced the naval authorities to obtain a class of weapon for the light-gun equipment of men-of-war having in a highly perfected state all those properties that are so conspicuous by their absence in the weapons at present constituting this part of naval armaments, such as accuracy and rapidity of fire, penetrative power, etc.

I will now proceed to deal with the rapid-firing shell-guns which have been recently adopted by the English naval authorities, viz., the Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss 6-pounder guns, of which one hundred of each have been ordered.

Those navies in which the Hotchkiss 37-millimetre revolving shell-gun has been introduced for the defense of ships against the torpedo-boat possess an advantage in comparison with those in which is preferred for this particular service the Nordenfelt 1-inch volley-firing solid-shot gun, and where no shell machine-guns exist, as, in the event of a naval engagement, these Hotchkiss weapons would be more effective under such circumstances, even though firing but very small shells, than the Nordenfelt guns firing solid shots; and to effectually remedy this want of machine-gun shell-fire the English naval authorities at the end of 1881 issued tenders to six of the principal gunmakers of England to submit, for a competitive trial, a rapid-firing 6-pounder shell-gun, subject to certain conditions relating to ballistic and constructive details, drawn up by the director of naval ordnance.

In deciding on adopting this heavier nature of quick-firing gun the English Admiralty were influenced by the knowledge that for a complete ship machine-gun armament it will be necessary to provide, in addition to the rifle calibre and special anti-torpedo-boat guns, two kinds at least of these quick-firing weapons, a *heavy* and a *light* gun, and therefore they determined to adopt at the outset the most powerful weapons of this nature extant, the question of expense not being in their case of sufficient importance to affect this decision; and it must be admitted that in this matter the English Admiralty have most certainly evinced their determination to bring the British naval machine-gun or auxiliary armaments up to the very highest state of efficiency, and far in advance of what has yet been attempted by any other naval power.

The tender was accepted by three well-known gunmakers,—Messrs. Sir W. Armstrong & Co., of Elswick, Mr. Nordenfelt, and Mr. Hotchkiss, who submitted weapons for trial to the Ordnance Committee at Shoeburyness in 1883.

The conditions required to be fulfilled by these experimental quick-firing guns were as follows:

The initial velocity to be not less than eighteen hundred feet per second; the rapidity of fire to be twelve *aimed* per minute; the range with accuracy to be four thousand yards; the total weight of gun and ship mounting not to exceed ten hundredweight, the recoil to be re-

duced to the lowest limits, and the gun to *return after recoil* to the *firing position;* the mounting to be suitable to *either ship* or *boat.* It was also specified that the crew should consist of but three men, and that a method of mounting the guns for field service should be provided.

It will be necessary to draw attention here to some curious anomalies in reference to these trials: first, that though this 6-pounder gun was required for the *naval* service, and, as the conditions clearly state, as *ship, boat,* and *landing* guns, yet the Ordnance Committee, consisting of *ten* members, included only *three* naval officers, the remainder being made up of *four* royal artillery officers, *one* royal engineer officer, and *two* civilian members (civil engineers), and all the experiments were carried out at Shoeburyness with the guns mounted on shore, no test being made with them mounted on board ship or in a boat, though these are the positions where they will be used, and thus the actual fitness of these weapons for the service they are required for was never tested, nor were any experiments made with them mounted on field or landing carriages.

Secondly, that though a certain specified weight (ten hundredweight) was fixed, and though one of the conditions directly stated that the gun is intended to be used as the armament of a ship's boats, yet two of the three systems submitted and allowed to compete exceeded the limit of weight in a considerable degree.

Lastly, that though a means of self-regulating recoil was demanded, yet in one of the systems submitted, allowed to compete and eventually adopted, this essential requirement is not fulfilled.

It must be remembered that these said conditions were determined on by the English naval authorities, who, it may fairly be presumed, are far more capable of understanding the requirements of a ship or boat gun than their compeers in the royal artillery, or royal engineers, or civilians. It is a curious fact that the president of the English committee on rifle-calibre machine-guns in 1879–80 was a naval officer, the competitive trials with these weapons being entirely conducted on shore, while military tests only were applied.

It may doubtless be advisable for a mixed committee to determine as to the ballistic qualities of new guns, but before such are finally adopted for the naval service further experiments should be carried out with them assimilated as near as possible to the actual conditions under which they will be employed.

It may be mentioned that a series of tests have been made recently with the Nordenfelt 6-pounder gun, to prove its adaptability for mounting in the large steam-pinnaces, which have resulted most satisfactorily, but these were instituted after the completion of the Shoeburyness trials, and after the decision had been arrived at to adopt the Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss systems of 6-pounder guns, but surely this should have formed part of the original tests.

It is said that the 100 Hotchkiss 6-pounder ordered will be brought down to somewhere about the required weight; but then the question naturally arises whether it will retain the necessary ballistic properties as to velocity and accuracy, and further, can this system be provided with nature of recoil required by the English Admiralty.

By being permitted to submit a gun- and ship-carriage some seventy-five per cent. heavier than the limit of weight specified by the English naval authorities, the accuracy at long ranges of the Hotchkiss weapon was necessarily somewhat better than that of the Nordenfelt gun, which, with its ship-carriage, was within the limit of weight.

This method of proceeding hardly seems justifiable, and must act prejudicially to the interests of the naval and military services in that no inducement is held out to the leading manufacturers of war material to accept tenders for a competitive trial, and thus the country may lose the opportunity of securing the very best kind of war material it may require by reducing the number of competitors; those who are deterred, by reason of anticipating any unfairness in the mode of conducting the trials, from competing, will go to and always find a market for possibly their superior war material in other countries.

I will now give the details as to weight, power, etc., of the Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss quick-firing 6-pounder guns as adopted for the English navy.

		Nordenfelt 6-pounder.	Hotchkiss 6-pounder.
Weight of gun	cwts.	5.7 [1]	7.125 [1]
" of ship-carriage	"	4.5	6.08
Total weight of gun and carriage	"	10.2	13.2
Weight of powder-charge	lbs.	2.37	1.76
" " projectile	"	6.0	5.99
Bursting charge of common shell	ozs.	3.8	4.056
Rapidity of fire, maximum	per minute	18	18
Rapidity of fire, with deliberate aim	" "	12	12
Velocity muzzle	feet per second	2010	1837
" 1000 yards	" " "	1412	1278
" 4000 "	" " "	748	712
Penetration muzzle, iron	inches	5.19	4.66
Penetration muzzle, steel	"	3.9	3.47
" 1000 yards, iron	"	3.56	3.14
" 1000 yards, steel	"	2.67	2.35
" 4000 " iron	"	1.94	1.61
" 4000 " steel	"	1.45	1.2

As the Armstrong 6-pounder did not find favor with the committee, I shall confine my remarks to the two systems of 6-pounder guns that were favorably reported on, viz., the Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss systems, and I will briefly note the main features of difference

[1] In the Shoeburyness experiments the Nordenfelt gun weighed 4.4 cwts., and its initial velocity was 1870 f. s., while the Hotchkiss gun weighed some 8.6 cwts., with an initial velocity of 1837 f. s.

that exist in the construction of these 6-pounder guns and ship-carriages, as well as their ammunition.

The Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss 6-pounder guns proper resemble one another very closely in outward appearance, with the exception of the shoulder aiming-piece of the latter, which I shall refer to when treating of the method of aiming these weapons. The mechanisms of these guns differ mainly in that the Nordenfelt has a separate wedge and block, which in the Hotchkiss forms a single piece, and that in the latter system no provision is made for automatic firing. The manipulation of the mechanism is effected in the Nordenfelt system by means of a single lever-handle on the right-hand side of the breech, while in the Hotchkiss system a short double lever is employed on the same side.

It may at first sight be thought that there is an advantage in having the wedge and block in one piece by reducing the possibility of a jam from either of the bearing surfaces (when the wedge and block are separate) becoming corroded from exposure, but actually the amount of rubbing surface is practically the same in the Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss mechanisms, and, if anything, less in the former; while the wedge and block being in one piece necessitates far greater care in closing the breech.

In some trials with a Nordenfelt 1½-inch quick-firing gun, having precisely the same kind of mechanism as for the 6-pounder of that system, which were conducted for the Swedish government, the weapon was left for *eight* days in the open, during which period very bad and changeable weather was experienced, and yet the gun was fired with the greatest ease on the ninth day, without having been cleaned or oiled.

It may, however, be said that both the Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss 6-pounder mechanisms are each exceedingly simple and altogether exceptionally good; the comparative durability of these mechanisms remains yet to be proved by constant use on actual service.

Dealing next with the methods of aiming these two guns, we find in this instance a considerable difference existing between the two systems.

The Nordenfelt method of affording a lateral and vertical movement to the gun, consists of screw-gear manipulated by means of two hand-wheels, placed in the most advantageous position for the gunner who aims the piece. This method enables the gun to be laid with every facility and with rapidity, combined with *accuracy*, while, when once the proper aim has been obtained, it is not altered by the discharge of the piece, or by any mere movement of the man's body.

This system of training and elevating a gun is one of the characteristics of the Nordenfelt system, and has proved entirely satisfactory wherever the Nordenfelt guns, whether rifle-calibre, 1-inch, or shell-guns of that inventor, have been experimented with.

In the Hotchkiss system the lateral and vertical movement of the gun is secured by means of a wooden shoulder-piece attached to the side of the gun and projecting some distance (one and one-half feet) to the rear of the breech; against this wooden aiming-piece the gunner presses his shoulder, and thus, by the movement of his body, elevates or depresses, and trains the gun to the right or to the left.

This method of aiming enables the direction of the gun to be rapidly changed from one point to another, but does not admit of accurate aim being rapidly given, while the least movement of the gunner's body will alter the alignment of the gun-sights to the right or left of the object aimed at.

It is, I believe, the intention of Mr. Hotchkiss to adopt a screw-training and elevating gear somewhat similar in principle to the Nordenfelt method, which will undoubtedly enhance the value of the Hotchkiss guns.

In regard to the Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss ammunition, the former with its solid-drawn metal cartridge-cases, and the latter with its folding brass cartridge-case, it seems to be generally admitted that the Nordenfelt ammunition is far superior.

The great objection to the Hotchkiss folded cases is that they are exceedingly liable to be changed in form, and then are difficult and sometimes impossible to load with; while in the more powerful guns these cartridge-cases can rarely be used a second time, whereas the Nordenfelt solid-drawn cases can be used several times, even without being resized. At the Shoeburyness trials, a Nordenfelt 6-pounder cartridge-case was refilled and fired *six* times without requiring to be resized.

The primary cost of the Nordenfelt cases is, of course, greater than for the Hotchkiss cases; but the former becomes cheaper in the end, and, when used on board ships or in boats, no difficulty should be experienced in collecting the discharged empty cases, and they may be readily refilled on board ship.

The English naval authorities have decided on using the solid-drawn cartridge-cases for both the Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss 6-pounder ammunition.

Having thus described the quick-firing 6-pounder guns adopted in the English navy, and noted the main points in which the two systems (Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss) differ, I will proceed to explain their value as auxiliary weapons for the navy.

This new naval weapon has all the essential properties of a ship *light* gun, for it has, taking the Nordenfelt 6-pounder as the representative, rapidity of fire, *twelve* aimed shots per minute; great power, penetration of four inches of steel at the muzzle and one and one-half inches of steel at four thousand yards range; considerable accuracy of fire at all ranges; high initial velocity, two thousand and ten feet per second, with consequently a flat trajectory, which is so essential a prop-

erty for long-range firing at sea; light weight; occupying comparatively small space; requiring a crew of only *three* men; facility in aiming; and, lastly, provided with ammunition where the powder charge and projectiles are self-contained in a solid-drawn cartridge-case. While in the present light naval guns all and every one of these features are conspicuous by their absence.

As the auxiliary armament of the unarmored cruisers these 6-pounder quick-firing guns would prove most effective and invaluable. Such a vessel will have to depend on her superiority in the matter of speed if she happens to meet with a hostile ironclad, to escape capture or destruction. At the same time supposing the cruiser to have actually the advantage of speed, yet she may, at this particular time, be short of coal, or her engines temporarily disabled, when her safety would lie in the chances she may possess of disabling, by a lucky shot, her far more powerful adversary by damaging her steering-gear or by bringing down her spars, and so possibly causing the fouling of the ironclad's screw, or by effecting other serious damage; and if the cruiser be equipped with several of these 6-pounder guns, then a very fair chance is afforded her of attaining one or more of these objects, while, in the event of the cruiser's engines being in proper working order and her coal supply complete, it may be of considerable advantage for her to have the chance of causing temporary disablement to the chasing ironclad.

Take for instance the case of a cruiser equipped with *eight* of these quick-firing 6-pounder guns, one mounted on each quarter with right-astern fire, one on each bow with right-ahead fire, and two on each broadside.

Then if the cruiser find herself chased by an ironclad she would be able to bring her two stern 6-pounder weapons to bear, together capable of firing *twenty-four* shots per minute, either steel shot or armor-piercing shells, equivalent to a total of one hundred and forty-four pounds weight of metal; each shot or shell being capable of perforating a solid steel plate two inches thick at two thousand yards, or a greater total thickness of thinner plates; while if the range be supposed to be two thousand yards and the chances of hitting be allowed as twenty-five per cent. of the shots fired, this would mean *six* shots striking the hostile vessel every minute, or at the rate of *one* hit every ten seconds, and in chasing the ironclad would expose a part of her hull vulnerable to these 6-pounder guns.

Though a 64-pounder rifled breech-loading gun would, shot for shot, be a far more powerful weapon than one of these 6-pounder guns, yet, as only one of the former could be mounted in the stern of a cruiser, and as neither of these weapons is capable of penetrating the *armored* part of the ironclad, while both can effect the penetration of her unprotected parts, the single 64-pounder cannot be considered as so useful

as the two 6-pounder guns, owing to the far greater number of shots that can be discharged from the latter in the same time, and far smaller percentage of hits for the former weapon.

For the same reason in the event of an engagement between two hostile cruisers, one being equipped with *eight* of these quick-firing 6-pounder guns, that vessel would have an immense advantage, as such an auxiliary armament could but prove most terribly effective; four of these weapons could be brought into action on each broadside, which would mean a power of discharge every minute of *forty-eight* solid steel six-pound shot, or armor-piercing six-pound shell, equivalent to a total weight of metal of two hundred and eighty-eight pounds, any one of these shot or shell being capable of perforating her adversary at some four thousand yards range; while even at this long range, supposing the percentage of hits to shots fired to be twenty per cent., this means *ten* hits per minute, that is to say, ten armored shells penetrating and bursting with at least two hundred and fifty pieces every minute inside the hostile cruiser, thus producing a most terrible effect and creating considerable havoc among her guns' crews, and probably causing serious damage to some vital part of the vessel, either her steering gear, motive power, etc., or by penetrating the hull beneath the water-line, and thus filling one or more of her compartments,—a result that would be most disastrous, in so much that her steaming and manœuvring powers would be thus much impaired.

With an armament of heavier guns on the broadside in the place of these 6-pounder weapons, and allowing two shots to be fired from each every three minutes, then only *one* hit at this range would be scored each minute, and to secure this seven to eight of the former would be required in the place of the four lighter guns, affording *ten* hits per minute.

If, instead of these 6-pounder guns, it be desired to use heavier weapons, then from seven to eight of the latter would be required to allow of *one* hit being scored per minute at this range of four thousand yards, supposing each one to be capable of firing two shots every three minutes, while, as I have shown, the *four* 6-pounder guns would, in the same time and under the same conditions, afford *ten* hits.

Of course the *single* hit of the heavier guns (64-pounder) striking the hostile cruiser in the right would doubtless be more disastrous to her than all the *ten* hits scored by the 6-pounder, but the chances of this *single* shot achieving such a result would be exceedingly small.

At closer range, say one hundred yards, these *four* quick-firing weapons, using common or shrapnel shell, would score say twenty hits out of the forty-eight shots fired, that means one such projectile bursting inside the hostile cruiser every three seconds, and these twenty shells or shrapnels would give some six hundred pieces, or nine hundred and forty shrapnel bullets; and it may be fairly assumed that this almost

continuous hitting and bursting of shells would soon clear her gun-deck and demoralize her crew, while it would render the steering and directing of the ship almost impossible. At the same range the seven or eight 64-pounder guns would, under the same conditions, score only *two* hits; shell for shell the effect would be greater, but the constant bursting of the smaller shells would be far more harassing.

I do not advocate for the cruiser a broadside armament, comprising only these quick-firing guns, but that they should form a small part thereof, but I very strongly advocate the adoption of these 6-pounder guns as stern- and bow-chasers, for which purpose they seem peculiarly adapted, as besides possessing comparatively great power, as well as rapidity of fire, they are also light and occupy but little space.

For the same reasons these quick-firing 6-pounder guns are the very perfection of armament for those merchant steamers it is proposed to arm in future naval wars, for in this case the weight of and the space occupied by the weapons forming their gun-equipment are very important considerations. At the same time, though these steamers would only be employed as troop-, dispatch-, or store-vessels, and therefore not intended as fighting-vessels, yet they must be capable of defending themselves against the attack of similar hostile vessels or cruisers, so that the armament should be as powerful as possible consistent with requirements as to weight and space, etc.

Further, these quick-firing 6-pounder guns would also seem to offer some special advantages as the heavy auxiliary armament of the special built torpedo-vessels, as for instance the "Polyphemus," "Hecla," "Alarm," etc., whose gun armament would principally consist of the special class of anti-torpedo-boat machine-guns.

Lastly, these weapons, when mounted in the fleet ship (ironclad of the line), can but prove very effective in a general engagement at close quarters, as at one thousand yards range these 6-pounder steel shots, or armor-piercing chilled shells, are capable of perforating nearly two and three-quarters inches of solid steel, or three and a half inches of solid iron, while their rapidity of fire when using common or shrapnel shells will enable a very hot fire to be poured on the decks of a hostile ironclad, rendering it almost impossible for those of her crew whose duties necessitate their being there to carry out their work, or for the officers in charge to direct the vessel, unless from the interior of an exceptionally thick armor-plated tower, while, if this fire be directed against an ironclad, with her guns mounted in a battery, there is always the possibility of one or more of these projectiles entering either a closed or open gun-port, which, bursting within, might seriously damage the gun mechanism and most assuredly cause considerable among the gun's crew; whilst in those vessels fitted with barbettes an even greater opportunity of effecting destruction of life would be offered to these quick-firing shell-guns.

There is also another purpose for which these weapons will prove of great value in fleet ships, viz., for rapidly determining the range for the heavy guns.

These quick-firing 6-pounder weapons will also be of considerable use for arming the larger steam-boats of an ironclad, but it would seem more practical to adopt a somewhat less powerful gun of this class for this work, which would be more suitable, having less weight, occupying less space, having an even greater rapidity of fire, and yet being quite as accurate as the 6-pounder, and having quite sufficient power.

Similarly for landing purposes a lighter and less though sufficiently powerful gun for this service would seem more advantageous. The total weight of gun and carriage and the question of recoil are for this work of even greater importance than the feature of great power.

In conclusion, I believe that there is a very great future for these single-barreled quick-firing shell-guns, both light, medium, and heavy, for all the purposes of naval warfare, whilst I consider the time is near at hand when the immense advantages of this new arm for the military service as field- and mountain-guns, as well as for the auxiliary armament of fortifications, will be generally recognized, and then for these purposes become universal.

Whether in the Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss quick-firing 6-pounder guns we have the very best of their kind has yet to be determined from constant use on actual service; but, though I do not approve of the Hotchkiss method of aiming or ammunition, yet the 6-pounder guns *proper* of these two systems are, as far as can be determined from the results of the late Shoeburyness trials, nearly of equal value, and there seems little to be desired in respect to either of them.

C. SLEEMAN.

May 26, 1884.

ONE OF THE DUANES.

(Continued from page 522.)

CHAPTER VII.

For three weary, interminable days Bonny was unable to leave her room, and lay tossing feverishly on her hot pillows with wide-open, aching eyes, and a head that throbbed with its burden of contending thoughts.

She was not ill with a definable physical illness, but she was utterly prostrated by all she had passed through in mind and actual experience, and her room was a sanctuary not lightly to be abandoned. She became painfully excited and hysterical when it was proposed to call in Dr. McFarland, and Mrs. Revere was finally compelled with much reluctance to abandon the idea.

There were many solicitous inquiries regarding the state of Miss Duane's health, which was supposed to have suffered from her attendance at the "Wyandotte" reception before she had fully recovered from her headache.

Sammy Minnicks haunted the region of the kitchens, and on one occasion brought an offering to the shrine in the shape of some white grapes, purloined from Mr. Sidney's table, with a few dingy peanut-cakes manufactured by the not immaculate hands of his "gran'maum," Aunt Sukey. These latter Nance indignantly refused to deliver, with a scathing rebuke that "dey warn't fit fur none better dan pore white trash, and fur *dem* on'y wen dey was cla'r outen clay." But still the dauntless Sammy rose unconquered. "Dey's heap sight gooder dan dem ole cookies yo' so proud o' makin'," he ungratefully retorted. And then melting cunningly,—"I'll gib dem to yo' instid, den. Yo'll like dem. An' you let me go up an' shout some ob my songs fur de leddy. Dey'll make her well, ef anyting kin."

Nance was about to deny this request with scorn wellnigh too deep for the utterance she would fain have given it, when Mrs. Revere, who chanced to be passing the door, heard the voices, and interfered. "Wait, Sammy," she said, "while I send to find out if Miss Duane will see you. It may amuse her to listen to your songs."

And so it came about that the happy Sammy was presently admitted into the presence of the invalid, whose fancifully-embroidered wrapper and surroundings of dainty perfume-bottles and jeweled viniagrettes filled his unaccustomed soul with awful admiration. "'Pears ter me yo's dressed up mighty gay fur a sick pusson," he remarked, sagely, before essaying his promised songs. "W'at shell I sing fust?" he modestly inquired.

"Oh, anything—anything that you think best."

"Well, 'pears like now yo's sick, an' mebbe gwine ter glory, yo'd kinder want sumfin 'ligious." Then, striking an unconsciously theatrical attitude, he began:

"'Oh, Jesus, oh, Jesus, oh, Jesus! He's
Gwine hold dem ole lambs
In his *boosum*, *boosum!*
Dem young sheeps in his
Boosum, boosum, boosum!
De flocks am jinin' soon!'

Dat's all dat is ob dat yar song,"—ceasing suddenly with a quick-drawn breath, and a smack of the lips that was quite startling to his audience. "Does yo' like it?"

"Oh, very much," responded Bonny, laughing for the first time in four days, and then feeling rather shocked and surprised at herself that she could have done so. "The sentiment is good, and so appropriate to my case. Only which am I supposed to be, one of the old lambs or young sheep, you funny Sammy?"

"De ole lamb," he responded, promptly, with what was doubtless intended for gallantry, and then proceeded with song after song, until his hearer cried for mercy.

"W'en yo' done git well ag'in,—ef yo' ebber does,"—he amended prudently, "I'll take yo' down to de ole fort, an' show yo' de blue ma'ten's nest I done tole yo' about. It's mighty purty, an' dar's one bird mos' always dar. We mought tote dem some crumbs—leastwise, we mought tote along some cakes, an' we eat de cakes, an' dey eat de crumbs,—see?"

"I see," returned Bonny, smiling. "And I promise to visit the blue marten's nest, if, as you suggest, I ever *do* recover. If I don't, I suppose it will satisfy your craving for excitement just as well to attend a nice funeral, wouldn't it?"

But Sammy vouchsafed no reply.

That night Miss Duane received a large box filled with gracious, queenly magnolias, white as pearl, and perfumed with the very breath of Araby. She had never seen the large Southern magnolias before, and her pleasure and admiration knew no bounds. She laid her face against their pure and fragrant petals, and felt as though the answer to some unconscious prayer for peace had come to her.

"Who sent them?" she asked, for there was no card accompanying the gift.

"Jack Sidney," said Mrs. Revere; "and I happen to know that they are the first of the season. There are none in bloom here yet, nor will there be till April, so of course he must have sent to the very southernest extremity of the State for them. He brought them over to the house himself. I suppose he didn't care to trust the redoubtable Sammy, who might have been botanically inclined."

A few weeks ago this information would have caused the girl to visit upon the gracious gift the imaginary sins of the donor. But now the "usurper" had merged into the "hero," and the existence of the former was gradually fading from her mind.

"It was kind of him to take so much trouble for me," she said. "Did he leave any message with the flowers?"

"Only that he hoped they might please and refresh you. And then he asked me—I don't know if he meant me to repeat it—whether I thought you would be down-stairs by to-morrow evening, and if so, whether you would see him when he brought the birds."

"The birds! What birds?"

"Oh, now I have let the cat, or rather the bird, out of the bag! The truth is, he and Mr. Partridge are going off to the lagoon on a hunting expedition to-morrow, and he asked if he might bring you a duck or two. On the principle of 'ducks to a duck,' I suppose. I said 'yes,' of course, but it was to have been a surprise for you."

"Is there good shooting in the lagoons?"

"Splendid; and it is such fun there. We ladies often go with our husbands, taking a luncheon, and spending the entire day. Fancy on the bay with a sail-boat and riding over the bar, then into the lagoon, where there is the most fascinating, dank, salty odor. Then we land on the sandy shore, gather big scalloped shells that can be utilized as very dainty dishes for cooking oysters, and tiny, bright-colored ones the young girls make necklaces and other ornaments of. We take our luncheon, wander about, read or rest, as the fancy strikes us. If you were well we might make up a little party and go with Jack to-morrow."

"It sounds delightful," murmured Bonny, shutting her eyes over a vision of a long, idle day spent in the soft, salty Southern air, far away from all troublesome thoughts or people. "I almost think I should be able to go to-morrow," she added, a little hesitatingly, as she handled her magnolias with loving fingers. "It would do me good, I fancy."

"Really, I believe it would," responded Mrs. Revere, who was in her element when "making up a party" to go somewhere. "And the weather is so unusually warm for this season, even here, that we could manage it very nicely."

"How would Mr. Sidney and Mr. Partridge like having all their arrangements thus summarily altered?" Bonny asked.

"Like it! Don't be so modest, my dear. But as Jack is down-stairs still talking with Dolph, I will go down-stairs and inquire his sentiments."

Needless to say that Sidney's sentiments were all in favor of the unexpected addition to his party, but it was decided to extend it no further than Bonny and Mrs. Revere. Thus it came about that the two ladies were given the seats of honor in the sail-boat which Sidney and Partridge had hired for the day. Its owner and "captain," Frank Gomez, a mulatto, who was a great character at Warrington and Barrancas, claimed for himself the post of entertainer during the voyage, and related to the amused and marveling ladies the history of his many heroic exploits before and since "de wah."

Bonny, however, was inclined to be a little silent and thoughtful, sitting with bent head and eyes fixed upon her fingers, which trailed through the cool water beside the boat, while Sidney watched her with a vague sense of exaltation, wishing that he were an artist and could paint that perfect face.

Why was she so distrait? he wondered. Could she be absent in spirit with some loved one at her distant home? A man perhaps, and involuntarily his eyes glanced downward for the sparkle of a diamond on the left hand, that gleamed like marble through the water in which it played. But the bright drops of liquid crystal were all that glittered there. Just then a sudden breeze blew aside her loose cloak, and he saw a magnolia-bud at her belt, its stem and thick green leaves thrust through the close-drawn strap. Mrs. Revere's eyes followed the direction of his, and then he felt them fasten on his face. The keen glance vexed him oddly, and a sudden throb of his pulses sent the blood flushing to his forehead in a way unusual with him. He did not know its meaning quite himself. Turning to Frank Gomez, he rather hastily inquired if they would not soon reach the bar.

"I reckoned yo' knew whar dat yar bar was mos' as well as me, lieutenant," said the mulatto, showing his white teeth. And Mrs. Revere smiled also for some reason of her own.

There was a moment of agreeable excitement in riding over the bar, while the little boat rocked on the crests of the waves and then staggered down into smooth water again, the bar being the dividing line between the bay and the lagoon.

Then the rank, penetrating, salty odor that Mrs. Revere had mentioned began to make itself perceptible. Bonny inhaled it gratefully. It was something new, and, with the sleepy, characteristic scenery of the lagoon, seemed in a manner to carry her away from herself.

For to-day she would forget everything, she thought. After all, no *fatal* blight had come upon her life. She was young, and bright, and fair as she had been a week ago, and there were people to whom she could make herself dangerously dear if she tried. Who these "people"

were she did not mentally specify; but why should she not try *just for this one day?* After, to-day, perhaps, she would find herself going back among the shadows again, and then surely it would be a consolation to reflect that she had taken advantage of the sunshine while she could.

Having landed, the gentlemen soon departed with their guns in quest of hapless ducks, while Frank Gomez went off, as he grinningly announced, to "haul up bro' oyster and bro' scallop." The lagoon was silent with the utter hush of an unpeopled world. The only sound was the soft, stealthy lap of the sluggish water as it licked the sand, the piping cry of an occasional snipe, or the splash of some unwholesome little life as it tumbled into the slime of its native pool. Above the sky arched its dome of grayish-blue. All about the sand stretched long, white, straggling fingers among surrounding pools. Stunted bushes here and there reared their feeble heads, and a dark shining line of shells and sea-weed framed in each point of land.

Bonny walked about among the little pools left by the outgoing tide, and endeavored vainly to court the acquaintance of the churlish "hermit crabs" (which with strange instinct drew their long legs out of sight within their borrowed shells as soon as she came near), amused herself by gathering defunct and hardened star-fish, and examining the somewhat indecently conspicuous internal organs of the stranded jelly-fish that lay scattered, like so many transparent clock-faces, along the gleaming sand. The two women felt no greater fear, while left to themselves by their companions, than they might had they been the sole inhabitants of the world, and they made quite merry over the finding, cracking, and eating of an occasional oyster, and the preparing of the rather elaborate luncheon they had brought along.

They were at a very short distance from McRae, and when presently the hunters had joined them (complaining of bad luck), and they had lunched and rested, they decided to walk to the ruined fortification. Would it not be too much for Miss Duane? Partridge and Sidney both inquired; but were informed that *nothing* would be too much for Miss Duane on that day, under such a sky, and while breathing such an atmosphere. She was determinately leaving what for the last few days had been the dull burden of her selfhood behind, and was taking up for the moment a new existence, or, rather, catching the thread of the old, which she had dropped so painfully a short time ago. She had been stunned, and she was recovering from the blow with a sudden strong exhilaration, the most potent effect of which at present was to fill her with a certain, half undefinable feeling of recklessness, which was not unpleasant.

Jack Sidney recognized the subtle difference in her voice and manner without being in the least able to understand or define it; but why should he endeavor to do that, since he found through it stepping-

stones toward the wayward lady's favor? She had been cool, with a certain shy dignity, in his presence since the night of the fire, and even that had been an agreeable change from her manner before. But to-day she was friendly and frank, and openly exerted herself to be charming. He could not understand the change, but he very easily appreciated it.

There was something inexpressibly dreary, albeit picturesque, about the crumbling brick arches and pillars of McRae, which had outlived their usefulness, and now stood waiting their extermination by the sea; for the water yearly encroaches upon their old domain, and at high tide the surf now rolls freely about the outlying walls, buffeting them defiantly. A lofty, broken pile of stones and bricks lay at a little distance from the fort, with a stretch of water gurgling between, and bridged by occasional stones.

Here Bonny ventured, with her sketch-book (which was rapidly filling with characteristic Barrancas scenery), while the others were occupied in manufacturing a comfortable seat for weary Mrs. Revere. And here Sidney presently followed her, approaching slowly, till he saw that he would not be forbidden.

"Do you know," he said, "that if you should chance to linger here when the tide was coming in, you would find some difficulty in returning?"

"Should I? How delightful! Some time I shall surely try it, then, since I fear I won't be able to to-day."

"Why, are you so fond of encountering difficulties?"

"If I can surmount them,—yes. Though I suppose you would call it very foolish to make difficulties for oneself when one is sure to encounter a more than sufficient number in life anyway. Only one has to be a little older than I—than we are—to realize that quite fully; and even a tiny victory over the big, powerful sea would be something of a triumph."

"Please don't make your experiment when alone, then, or the victory might be reversed, and that would discourage you. I wish, however, you would ask me to help you in the encounter."

"Then only half the credit might be mine, and I should hate to share it. But really, would there be danger? One could not drown here?"

"But the water would lie deep between you and a footing on the other side. You might attempt to cross, or become dizzy, and fall off, and then you have no idea, perhaps, what the force of the tide is like. It would be a giant,—you but a grain of the sand."

Involuntarily she shuddered a little. "I think there might come a time in one's life when one would be glad to meet such a giant; when the grain of sand would thankfully give itself up to his power,—do not you?" she asked, looking meditatively, yet half fearfully, at the waves that dashed their spray high under her eyes.

"I hope sincerely that such a time may never come in your life, Miss Duane; and I scarcely see how it could," Sidney answered, gravely. And almost as he spoke the heavy-headed magnolia-bud at her waist broke from its stem, and rolling over the rough bricks with bruised petals, it fell into the water, and slowly, as though reluctantly, floated away. "Oh, my dear flower!" cried Bonny. "It has got into the power of the giant! Poor, pretty, helpless bud! I hate to see it go."

"Do you? Will you grant me a favor if I save it?" Sidney hastily questioned.

"Yes; but you would be wet. You had best not try."

"Did you care for it?" he asked, pausing half-way down the heap of bricks.

"I did, of course,—as I do for all beautiful things. But it is gone now, and I will try to be resigned to its loss."

"Very well, if you cared for it—don't forget your promise." And stepping out boldly into the water, that rose nearly as high as his knees, in a moment he had caught the slowly-departing flower, and presented it—all dripping as it was—to the outstretched hand of Miss Duane.

"Thank you, very much; but I am sorry you have risked an attack of rheumatism and all sorts of horrid maladies for my—for its—sake. I had no idea you really meant to go into the water after it."

"If thirty years from now I suffer from an acute attack of rheumatism, I shall know on what to lay it," Sidney said, laughing, as he stood upright in the pride of his youth and strength. "But now for the favor. You see I hold you to the letter of your bond, which in this case shall be nothing less than that you give me the rescued flower with your own hands."

"You were not entirely unselfish, then," flushing ever so faintly for an instant. "But would you not be something of an 'Indian giver' if, after presenting me with it yesterday, you now ask and receive it back, to-day?"

"Call me so if you will, only give it to me. I shall not feel guilty."

"Very well; here, then. After all, I doubt you were extremely selfish in your heroic rescue just now."

"First an 'Indian giver,' and now 'selfish.' Surely you owe me a reparation after that."

"I believe I have owed you one for a long time," said Bonny, quietly. And then, lest he should by chance answer with some word or allusion she might not care to hear, she added, hastily, "You have rescued one fair life from a fiery death, and now another lesser one from a watery grave, during my acquaintance with you, and for both it is my part to thank you. The first has become my model; the second—has enabled me to pay a standing debt."

Instead of putting the magnolia-bud in a button-hole of his coat, as Bonny had fancied he intended doing, Sidney deliberately hid it away from sight in an inside pocket before he spoke. "By the way," he said, then, divining that Bonny had been desirous of turning the conversation, "have you seen much of the little Spanish girl since the day after the fire?"

"I have seen her only once since she left Mrs. Revere's that day," Bonny answered, her face changing slightly at the recollection thus aroused. "She is a beautiful little creature, and I am greatly interested in her."

"She seems to be rather a pet with every one who knows much about her, and she is certainly very pretty. But it is a pity that she should be going to marry so unworthy a fellow as that George Dane, a private in my battery. It would be foolish enough to throw herself away on any one of the soldiers; but upon a private, and a man like Dane——"

"She—marry—Guy—George—Dane! Surely you are joking! It is impossible!" And Bonny had risen to her feet, standing tall and pale and horror-stricken by Sidney's side.

He was surprised immeasurably at her words and manner, which seemed to him exaggerated beyond all need. "Yes," he replied; "I suppose you have heard things to his discredit from the captain, but probably no worse than he deserves. He is an unusually handsome fellow, and perhaps, after all, one can't wonder at the infatuation in a girl of her type and class. But it *is* a pity, as I said before."

"It is a pity, a terrible pity, and it is impossible," she repeated, seating herself again mechanically, and resting her cheek upon her hand. "I never dreamed of this. I heard she was engaged to a soldier in the regiment, but how could I have thought that it was he? Although I remember now, she did say that she and her father knew him. Nothing further occurred to me then. Poor Francisca!"

"Poor Francisca! yet happy, too, since she has won so deep an interest in her welfare from you," said Sidney, puzzled. "I had no idea you were especially interested in her."

"Interested?" she echoed, looking up with a bewildered glance. "Oh, yes, of course! so I am—interested."

At that moment Mrs. Revere and Partridge appeared, looking ineffably bored, and announced with alacrity that it was "quite time to go home."

CHAPTER VIII.

So the shadows had closed in around her again. Her trouble looked darker and deeper than before.

A few days after the lagoon expedition Bonny accosted old Aunt

Sukey, for whose advent she had long been waiting with a species of reluctant impatience, on the front piazza, and deliberately purchased all her uninviting wares, bartering, for the basketful, the exorbitant sum of seventy-five cents.

Aunt Sukey was a hideous mulatto, whose shriveled form resembled nothing more or less than a bundle of dried and withered leaves. She delighted in telling tales of how she had been one of "Gin'ral Jackson's niggahs before ebber he was de President;" also other remarkable anachronistic anecdotes, which would leave the hearer to believe that she had long passed her centennial birthday. After thus easily disposing of her peanut-cakes and candies to the guileless Northerner, her weird countenance became wrinkled with eccentric smiles, while she readily promised to carry a note from the lady to a certain soldier on the post.

"How *can* I bear it?" Bonny asked herself, as, bathed in blushes, she reascended the piazza-steps. "It is too humiliating so to degrade myself; and yet, what other way is there for me to take?"

Ruthlessly she emptied her purchases over the railing into the side yard, where, later, the prowling Sammy's far-seeing eyes descried them, and enabled him to appropriate them to himself, with the blissful muttered exclamation that it seemed "mos' too good to be anyt'ing but a dream."

Dr. McFarland, among other bachelor officers of the fort, was wont occasionally to descend to the purchase of a few unshelled and therefore reliable peanuts from the old mulatto woman; but to-day, as he sauntered towards her down the street, his hand mechanically seeking his pocket, she held up her empty basket and whirled it round upon her withered finger with a grin.

"Ain't got nary one fur yo' dis yere time, Mass' Doctah," she cackled. "Lilly missy, up dar to de Cap'n 'Vere's, done tuk dem all, ebbery one. Done paid ole Sukey heaps money fur dey—soh! Dem high-toned folks from up Norf, dey know wat's good, dey does!"

"Pshaw!" said the doctor, sharply, the mention of Captain Revere's guest grating upon him, even from the lips of the old colored woman. "Do you suppose she really wanted your trash? She only took it to get rid of you."

"'Deed, no, den," protested the mortified crone, with shrill vituperation. "Lilly missy hab no wish ter git rid ob Sukey! She allays hab a kind word or smile fur hur, an' she trust hur. Gib her dis yere note to fotch,—see!" holding up triumphantly a sealed envelope between her brown and claw-like finger and thumb.

"What is that?" McFarland asked, suspiciously. "Did the lady staying at Captain Revere's give it to you?"

"Yes, sah,"—spitefully. "Ole Sukey done no stealin.' She was one ob Gin'ral Jackson's niggahs."

"What were you to do with it then?"

Without answering, the old woman tossed her turbaned head angrily (Aunt Sukey was famous for her bad temper), and, thrusting her arm farther through the handle of the empty basket, began with uncannily brisk hoppings and trottings to hobble away.

"Hold on," said Dr. McFarland, in a conciliatory tone; "I didn't want to offend you. "Here!" bringing a silver quarter from his pocket (prepared to raise his price, but willing to accomplish his object cheaply if he could), "take this, with my compliments, and tell me what you are going to do with that bit of paper. I have a curiosity to know. Not that I suspect you of anything queer,—oh, no! We all know Sukey is to be trusted."

Though Sukey was not to be beguiled by flattery alone, flattery and lucre together were strangely soothing to her injured feelings. She kept her manner, however, at its stiffest. "Done gwine fotch de note ter Gawge Dane, down at de fort,"—sullenly accepting the coin as she spoke,—"if I ebber gits dar."

McFarland eyed her with a sharp and narrow gaze. "So Miss Duane has made a *protégé* of Private Dane," he said. "Misplaced charity, I fear. Come! what will you take to give me that envelope for a few seconds, before you go any farther? or stop,—you may come and wait on my piazza. It is my duty as an officer, you understand, old woman, to see that the men don't try to extort gifts of money from guests at this post. Now look here," observing her eyes twinkle ominously, "I can have you taken to the guard-house, and I can forbid you selling your wares in future, at this place, if you refuse. While, on the contrary, if you see fit to obey me without any fuss, I will give you a couple of silver dollars. See! did you ever own so much money at one time before in all your life?"

It is said that "every man has his price," and it may be that the proverb is equally true in its application to woman. At any rate, with the doctor's threat and his money held before her together, Sukey's feeble conscience wavered and then succumbed. To be sure, she had been strictly charged by the young lady not to let anybody see the note save the one it was intended for; but still, the lady had not offered her the sum of two dollars as reward, and—she need never know. "Heah, den," she mumbled, petulantly, thrusting the envelope into McFarland's hand, and following close upon his footsteps as he started to walk towards his own house.

Having reached it, he bade Aunt Sukey to wait for him on the back piazza, and then leaving her to wrap her newly-acquired gains in the soiled handkerchief where Bonny's futile silver had previously been deposited, he retired within doors.

Alone in the room which did duty as parlor and library in his domestic economy, he proceeded with a good deal of skill and nicety

of care to cut round the sealing-wax which secured the envelope, and then hastily snatching out the inclosed paper, he read the following, with growing amazement and quickening pulse:

"I will meet you to-night, at eight o'clock, on the beach by that old frame building I think you call the boat house. For pity's sake let it be the last time, for I cannot bear many more such alarms as I suffered the other night. I am even less strong than I thought I was, and I cannot stand this continued excitement, or I shall be ill. And if you must write to me, or I to you, think of some different way to send our letters than through this poor old woman, who may be faithful enough, so far as her intention goes, but who I fear may allow letters trusted to her to be lost or seen by somebody through sheer stupidity. For instance, the one you sent me three days ago came very near being delivered into Mrs. Revere's hands by mistake. Guy, I cannot get you more than half of what you said you must have, but I will give you a small diamond pin when I see you to-night, and that may possibly help you. I tell you all this now, without waiting till to-night, because I would rather you should know it, and think it over, before I see you. I have something to say to you then, however, which is of more importance to you than money or diamonds."

The note was not signed, but McFarland told himself he did not need that proof to know by whose hand it had been written. He read the words over twice, and three times, deliberately. Then he put the sheet of paper back into its envelope again, and dropping a little mucilage under the cut sealing-wax, he fastened it down with as much apparent neatness and stability as before it had been tampered with.

Calling Aunt Sukey, he returned the note to her hands, and then, having warned her not to mention or even hint at what had passed between them, on penalty of perpetual banishment from government grounds, he watched her hobbling towards the fort,—and himself felt like the creature of a dream.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Voorhees happened in at the surgeon's quarters shortly after dinner that night. He found McFarland with his forage-cap and cape on, just ready to go out. He looked a little disturbed, for an instant, at Voorhees's entrance, and the latter paused almost upon the threshold.

"Where were you off to, doctor?" he asked, in the blunt way that was characteristic of him.

"The fact is I have a patient I really ought to see," McFarland rejoined, hesitating slightly.

"And I have just come from some one who bids fair to be another patient, and who told me I must ask you to see her as soon as you conveniently could. If you were dining, you were to finish first, but I was not by any means to allow you to go and see another of your patients before attending to her case."

"Your wife, of course?" in a tone faintly expressive of annoyance deeper than he dared to show.

"Yes. Her neuralgia is troubling her again, and she complains of some new kind of pain in her chest,—is a little alarmed lest it is the heart this time," etc., etc., until in sheer desperation the doctor decided to accompany the captain. He knew there was no escaping the latter's observation, but, vexed beyond measure at his inopportune appearance, he felt that his professional services would prove less valuable than usual to-night.

A storm was threatening outside. It was not yet quite eight o'clock, but the sky was wild and savage-looking, with jagged, inky clouds that rushed across the moonless zenith, and hid the pallid stars. There was an angry, sobbing monotone of ocean, which seemed to find an echo among the live-oaks and swaying pines; and a long white line of foam reared in fantastic changeful shapes where the dark bay and darker ocean met.

It was a night to call up spirits of longing and unrest; a night made for sad memories, and for the resurrection of buried regrets; and it was a night for dwellers in a strange land to yearn, with an uncontrollable yearning, for their homes.

Bonny Duane was filled with a passionate, rebellious homesickness. She thought of her mother and father who adored her, who would not that the rose-leaf beneath her bed of down should be crumpled. What would their feelings be could they see her to-night, alone in the darkness, fighting the fierce wet wind, and going to meet what she feared and dreaded more than either? No one to help her, no one to advise or comfort. What would they say could they know all that had befallen her?

She shivered, though not from the chill of the wind, as she thought of it; but they should never know—never—if she could prevent, she told herself,—at least until the coming of some possible and distant future, when the knowledge might occasion them no such bitter mortification and pain as it would now. But, in the present, there were both for her to bear, and the burning consciousness of it, with the irony of her loneliness and isolation, just outside the old warm, bright world of love which even yet was her own, filled her eyes with self-pitying tears. She had to pass Dr. McFarland's house, and, upon reaching it and seeing a light stream from the open front door, she hovered guiltily in the thick shadow of a live-oak tree, until two men in officers' uniform had descended the steps and walked for some distance away. Then, as she hastened on, drawing her breath quickly, Jack Sidney came towards her up the street, whistling cheerily, as though he relished the contest with the wind.

Folding her arms in her long cloak, and bowing her thickly-veiled face, she passed him without recognition, while he went on,

perhaps to Mrs. Revere's, who, as Bonny knew, would not be found at home. He looked so strong and brave and cheery, whistling down the storm, that the very sight of him, in her moment of wretchedness and humiliation (after the instant's fear of recognition had gone) was vaguely inspiriting to Bonny. "He is my friend," she thought; and it was a time when the mere consciousness of an existing friendship was grateful to her. "I wonder if he would be my friend still if he knew?"

It was not a short distance to the beach by the way that Bonny had chosen, and it was difficult to walk against the wind. But she reached her destination at last, and as her footsteps sounded on the board walk near the old boat-house, a man came forward from the shadow of the building, against which he had been leaning, and spoke to her: "You're late. I've been waiting here ten minutes for you."

"I came as soon as I could," she answered, in a voice that repressed some strong emotion, very like repugnance. "It is hard for me to get away without being noticed as doing something strange. Oh, how I *hate* this being afraid for people to see me!"

"You should be more independent. But now that you are here, suppose we proceed to business. I am due at the fort before long, and haven't any time to waste on trifles. I got your note all right. Have you the pin you spoke of?"

"Yes; but there is something I want to ask you about before I begin to talk about the pin, or money matters. I scarcely know how to commence, for—I do not want to offend you."

"Be very quick about it, then," he said, gruffly.

"Oh, I can hardly realize that it is to you I must put such a question! Still,"—half to herself,—"everything is so strange,—what little I know of your life for these last five years, your having enlisted as a soldier. Why did you do that?—Tell me, Guy."

"I hardly know myself," he said, impatiently. "It came about, I suppose, as a good many things do. But if I did know, I don't think I should be called upon to inform you of my various reasons."

"I won't ask you any more unnecessary questions," she said, with slight emphasis. "I only meant, everything being so strange and unexpected, I feared that even *this* might have some foundation of truth also. More than that it *cannot* have. The whole cannot be true; but—do you know Francisca Suarez?" suddenly, and with a quick, almost appealing look at him, through the darkness.

Her companion started a little, yet perceptibly. "I know her,—yes," he answered, stolidly.

"But surely nothing has passed between you further than mere acquaintance? Nothing—nothing of *love?* Oh, Guy, tell me truly, I beg of you! And you know there would be no use in deceiving me. There are other ways in which I could find out."

"I can't conceive what right you have got to ask me that at all."

"What *right?* Every right which our relations to each other give me, and the right of right itself. It is not as it was between us, and it never can be again, but the relationship cannot be blotted out, and I insist—no, I *entreat*—that you tell me whether or not you have deceived that poor girl into believing that it is possible for you to marry her?"

"Damn!" the man muttered, walking a step or two, impatiently, away. Then, returning as quickly, he laid a hand upon her wrist, and shook it angrily. "Look here, now," he said, in a rough whisper, "once and for all, I would have you understand that I shall not be held accountable by you as to what I may or may not intend to do. My actions are my own at least, and I have lived so that they always have been my own. What I choose to do, I do, in spite of the world and the devil; but this much I will tell you, to prevent any more talking on the subject. Francisca is a handsome girl, and a sweet-tempered girl, and, so far as it is in me to care for a woman, I do care for her. I *have* made her believe I am going to marry her,—you may as well know now as later, for I'm not afraid of anything that you can do to stop it,—and when my time is out here I shall marry her—*to the best of my ability.*"

"Which is not at all," Bonny responded, almost sullenly.

"Well, she need not know that. 'When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.' A girl believes herself to be married. To all intents and purposes she *is* married. At all events it is the best I can do for her, and she has reason to thank me for caring enough about her welfare for that. Now I am waiting to hear how you intend to go to work to stop me?"

"As surely as we are standing here together I *will* stop you, even if—if I have to tell her the whole truth." She spoke her simple words with a passion and solemnity that dignified them, and then uttered a little cry of pain, as her wrist, which he had been grasping, was roughly wrenched and flung aside by her companion.

"You mean to tell her that, do you? Well, I expected to hear you say as much! But, by h—ll! if you do it, every one here shall know the same, and more. The old name you love shall be disgraced, dragged in the dust, and through your fault. Others whom you care for shall suffer what you say you would do anything to spare them. I sha'n't care then what happens to me. And, besides, if all that does not touch you, there is one other thing which may. I haven't been watching you lately for nothing. There is a certain person on this post—I don't mean myself,"—defiantly, with a short laugh—"whom you would be sorry to have come to harm. Well, he won't be safe for a moment unless you promise to hold your tongue,—and when I tell you so, it is not in mere empty words, I can assure you. I mean what I say, every jot of it; and as I informed you just now, I'm not afraid of

the consequences of what I do. I've got all the sham society silk that pretends to make a man a gentleman rubbed off of me long ago,—rubbed off, and knocked off, and cut and smashed off,—and there's nothing to hold me back from doing as I will. Come! you may go home and think of what I've said. You'll find out precaution is the better part of valor where I am concerned, never fear. But I can't stop any longer here. Give me what money you've brought and the diamonds, and I'll be off. I think," meaningly, "I can trust you to come to your senses pretty soon."

Without a word,—for she was trembling too violently to speak,—Bonny's cold little hand took from her pocket what he had demanded.

CHAPTER IX.

"My husband tells me that you gave up an engagement to come to me, doctor," Mrs. Voorhees said, as with a well-cultivated languor she received the surgeon into the room she delighted to call her "boudoir." Some outsiders, beyond the pale of her especial *coterie*, had basely altered its title to "the whispering-gallery," in honor of the gossip, which, whispered there, soon resounded loudly to all four corners of the post. It was, in spite of its perilous reputation, a very pretty room, and had been furnished and decorated in a style and color most appropriate to its mistress, who had rather a genius for setting herself off against becoming backgrounds.

"The agreeable rattle of the ladies' club" was the *sobriquet* she had bestowed upon Dr. McFarland, but it had been so bestowed in a moment of pique, and it was not her fault that it had clung to him. The two possessed many tastes in common, and the society of the man was intensely agreeable to the woman; in fact, placed by her far above the services of the physician, of which latter she stood in no such need as she allowed herself and others to believe she did.

She had crossed the Rubicon of her thirtieth birthday more months ago than she was fond of counting, and already delicate health had dimmed and marred the beauty for which she had once been toasted and praised. Of this cruel truth she was keenly, even torturingly, aware. She brooded with a continued bitterness which corroded her nature over her vanishing youth and the glory which vanishes with it. She hated with an envious hatred all those who were younger and fairer than herself, and by the wicked keenness of her tongue essayed an appeal to men's heads, as in other ways she had once appealed to their hearts.

Although she thus appreciated the changes in herself and her position, she was touchily sensitive to any lack or diminution of the admiration she had been accustomed to look upon as her due. She writhed

under the least fancied neglect, and revenged herself on it in various ingenious ways.

Until very lately, McFarland had been so constant a visitor at her house, both professionally and unprofessionally, that some gossip had been excited within the narrow limits of the fort, and this, instead of offending, had been a secret source of joy to Mrs. Voorhees. But since Miss Duane's arrival a perceptible change had come over the spirit of the doctor's dream, and Mrs. Voorhees had not been at a loss in interpreting it.

She was looking exceeding handsome on this particular evening of McFarland's compulsory visit,—in her white Cashmere dressing-gown, which she had donned as an invalid's privilege,—and the doctor's irritation subsided ever so slightly as his eyes rested upon her. "My husband tells me that you gave up an engagement to come to me," she had said on his entrance, in a peculiarly caressing tone; and then added, without waiting for a reply, "If it was with a lady, I must, I suppose, as in duty bound, send you immediately away to fulfill it, and 'bottle up' the troublesome story of my poor little pains and woes until another day, as the fisherman did the terrible genie."

"Oh, no, it wasn't with a lady," McFarland returned, rather constrainedly. And then, having gazed at him keenly for the fraction of a second, Mrs. Voorhees hastily entered on a graphic description of her various and complicated ailments. It was not until the doctor had counseled and sympathized and warned, and written a prescription or two to be sent to the hospital steward, that she allowed an unprofessional smile to dawn upon her face.

"If you wish me to have any faith in the truth of that statement regarding your recent engagement," she said, "you will stay and condole with me for a while, 'dropping into poetry' in a friendly way, as Mr. Silas Wegg would remark; only, instead of poetry it shall be a dish of harmless gossip, which will perhaps prove more attractive to our practical minds. Come, now, what do you say? gossip or poetry? I flatter myself that in anticipation of that famous prescription I shall be fully equal to either."

"It depends somewhat upon the person the gossip is about," replied McFarland, with a stealthy glance at the clock, which did not, however, escape the observation of Mrs. Voorhees. It would now be too late for him to make a third in that party on the beach, so perhaps he might as well remain where it was warm and comfortable, and where there was a pretty woman to whom his presence was always agreeable.

"Ah, yes, that of course. But I have selected my gossip as I do books and pictures, with due care and discrimination. What if it were about myself? would you think it worth staying for?"

McFarland did not look particularly eager or excited. She watched

his face closely. "Oh, of course," he said. "That would keep me, if there were not numerous other inducements."

"Well," she exclaimed, "I shall not put you to that test. It is *not* about me in the least this time. The gossips at present are all at the service of the charming Miss Duane."

McFarland started and stared a little, involuntarily, as she paused, and Mrs. Voorhees smiled significantly. It was as though the man's own thoughts by some witchcraft had been divined, and Mrs. Voorhees looked at that moment not incapable of witchcraft, with her black, shining eyes and subtle smile. "Perhaps, however," she went on, "I may be telling you an old story. Have any little birds been gossiping to you? I ought to have remembered that you are at all times very favored in that regard."

"I have *heard* nothing concerning Miss Duane," he replied, with a certain jealous reluctance that made itself audible in his voice.

"You say that with a sort of mysterious emphasis as though you at least knew some reason why there *should* be gossip. I delight in mysteries, like yourself; and it will be better than a prescription, my dear doctor, if you can let me into one. Do say you can! Here I had been flattering myself that I was rousing your curiosity, and instead, you have set a match to mine."

"It was done unintentionally, I assure you. You are like most women, after all, in jumping at conclusions."

"We have only our instincts to trust to, not being as naturally clever as the lords of creation, you know; yet, luckily, those instincts seldom lead us wrong," said Mrs. Voorhees, archly. "Now, I don't pretend to be clever, but you would flatter me awfully if you would tell me that my poor little boasted instinct has not been playing me a shabby trick to mortify me in your presence."

"Really, I do not know what you want me to tell you."

"Don't you? Why, can you honestly say that you're not concealing something from me far more entertaining than the bit of gossip I had intended for you?"

It is a rather remarkable psychological fact that the souls of the most unscrupulous persons will suddenly revolt against committing themselves by the palest of "white lies" when an injury be dealt or a grudge satisfied by a strict adherence to the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Those who can at times swallow a camel of prevarication will make loud boast of their rectitude when a gnat of an invasion will prevent the extraction of a choice bit of scandal or a hateful remark they are burning for an excuse to speak out.

If it had been suggested in spirit to McFarland half an hour before that anything he had learned regarding Miss Duane's private affairs could by any possibility be drawn from him at present by Mrs. Voorhees, he would have scouted the idea. Yet now he was on the brink

of an impulse to persuade himself that it would be wandering from the path of manliness and virtue if he evaded her. Still he hesitated, meeting Mrs. Voorhees's eyes with rather a painfully conscious smile, until the latter had skillfully applied the spur to his jealous desire for revenge.

"Come, I will first play my highest card," she laughingly said, "and then I will give you a chance to put down yours, if you have one equal to it. Mine is that Miss Duane and Mr. Sidney are positively engaged to be married, and that the young lady particularly is romantically in love. That is my very best. Was it not exceedingly good in me to play it in the beginning? Then there are a few smaller trumps, such as the sending of rare and expensive flowers by the infatuated youth, the wearing of them by the lady, who was 'too ill to leave her room' a short time ago until suddenly induced to go on an excursion with Mr. Sidney, who has been favored since to the exclusion of *all others*, for which veracious tale I am partially indebted to Mr. Partridge. But I am willing to discard every one of those small cards if you like, and trust to the first alone for our little game. Now, if you *are* concealing any trumps at all worth having, sheer pride will force you to display them, doctor."

The fingers of the hand that had lain carelessly upon McFarland's knee were suddenly pressed against the palm so tightly that the nails grew white. After all, impulse was the master.

"I confess I should be able to take your trick if I chose, Mrs. Voorhees," he said, slowly and bitterly. "In case your entertaining piece of gossip is correct, Sidney, I fancy, would be obliged to own I hold the 'joker,' and be only too glad to throw up all his cards."

"I thought so! Oh, tell me quick! you may trust me," breathed Mrs. Voorhees, laying the pink tips of her fingers on McFarland's arm, and looking up with burning, seductive eyes into his face. She was not afraid to show her eagerness now that she had won her victory, but she had yet another sting with which to spur him on. She delivered it with a glance that wisely displayed her own appreciation of her companion. "They say that Mr. Sidney has won that girl's favor away from you. I want to tell everybody that you never cared for it,—never in the world."

He rose, and her hand fell at her side. He had been scarcely conscious of its gentle pressure. "This is not the sort of talk in which a wise physician encourages a patient for whom he has come to prescribe," he pronounced in a forced tone, with a smile that merely twitched the corners of his lips. "But lest unappeased curiosity cause you to pass a sleepless night, I will just mention this one thing which may tend to soothe it." He paused an instant and bit his moustache irritably. Presently he went on: "Since Miss Duane's slight acquaintance with rules of army etiquette and aristocracy has enabled a certain Private

Dane, in her friend Captain Revere's battery, already to win a warm place in her regard, Mr. Sidney would probably not think it worth his while (I certainly shouldn't consider it worth *mine*) to fill the post when his fortunate subordinate's time expires. I speak, you understand, only as a man has a right to speak,—that is, judging from myself."

"Do you really mean what you infer?" ejaculated Mrs. Voorhees, staring at him delightedly, yet aghast and still half unbelieving.

"I could prove every word I have said, and more, if I cared to take the trouble. But I had no idea of mentioning a word of this to you when I came in here to-night, Mrs. Voorhees, and I don't know if I have been exactly wise or honorable in doing so. Only I am naturally a truthful man, blunt, and not very good at evasions, and I didn't quite see how to get round your questions."

"You may consider yourself at liberty to throw every bit of blame on my shoulders," said Mrs. Voorhees, calming her excitement. "They are strong in every way except physically, and of course you know that you may trust to my discretion. It is an awfully 'fi fi' sort of story though, isn't it, doctor, to have proved upon a young lady of some beauty and supposed refinement visiting in our midst? But being naughty, I am ashamed to say, makes it all the more interesting, and, positively, I shall die to-night if you do not let me hear the rest. Come, please sit down again! I will have one of my very finest, most delectable claret punches made for your benefit while you are telling me all that there is to tell."

* * * * * * * *

"Bonny, you crazy child, where have you been?" were the first words that greeted Miss Duane when, with damply-clinging cloak and wind-disordered hair, she entered Captain Revere's door, while the time-piece pointed to nine o'clock.

Mrs. Revere and her husband had returned from an evening call earlier than they had expected, and the anxious lady had spent the moments since her arrival in inquiring and searching for her missing guest. She was now scandalized at the very event she had been hopefully expecting,—*i.e.*, Miss Duane's peaceable appearance, unharmed and in the flesh, at the front door.

"I have been walking," Bonny said, in answer to her question; and so saying, she sank with a weary little sigh into the nearest chair.

"My *darling* girl!" Mrs. Revere exclaimed, in the aggravating way in which some people preface a scolding with endearing epithets.

"You quite frighten me," said Bonny, with a languid smile, that hovered like a rainbow above a waterfall of tears. "I have noticed, don't you know? that you always address the captain as 'my dear' when you are going to scold him for a heinous sin, and I doubt you are going to be a little cross to me just now. But *please* don't, for the truth is I am a trifle homesick and 'blue' this dreary night."

"Oh, I sha'n't be cross. Indeed, I don't know how to be cross to those I am fond of; but still, to go out for a walk, *alone, after dark*, such a night as this," protested Mrs. Revere, with repressed, though poignant anguish, "and directly after *pay day*, too! Why, you might have met a dozen noisy, tipsy soldiers, let alone the gossip such an escapade would be sure to make if any one had seen you. *Did* anybody see you, my dear?"

"I met several persons," returned Bonny, quietly.

"Oh, dear! I trust they didn't recognize you, then. You see, people about here are never really happy unless they can find something disagreeable to say about somebody else, especially if that somebody else be pretty and attractive, like you. Your mother, I am afraid, would think I was proving but an inefficient chaperon for her daughter."

"She has unlimited trust in me. Too much, perhaps," said Bonny. "But is it really so with the people here, and would it hurt you so very much if I should give them some opportunity to please themselves by saying disagreeable things about me?"

Her tone was rather odd, and Mrs. Revere glanced at her wonderingly. "It is not very likely that you will intentionally do so, my dear," she said, conciliatingly.

(To be continued.)

THE WRECK OF H. M. FRIGATE "HUSSAR," 1780.

As recently as July 30, 1884, I found this paragraph in a Boston daily newspaper, in the letter of its Washington correspondent:

"A letter has been received at the Treasury Department from Mr. Nelson Cross, who represents the interests of the government in the five million dollars supposed to lie in the wreck of the British ship 'Hussar' at the bottom of the East River, saying that the work on the wreck is at a standstill, and that Mr. Thomas, the contractor, is unable to proceed with it. Mr. Cross makes a proposition to go on with the work himself on the same terms as the present contractor, and without disturbing any acquired rights. He says that *there are men of means who believe that the treasure exists*, and who will assist him to complete the search. It is not likely any action will be taken on the proposition before the return of Secretary Folger."

A paragraph in the Boston *Journal* of October 18, dated Washington, October 17, 1884, says, "The Secretary of the Treasury has directed that the contract made with George H. Thomas, of New York, for raising the wreck of the British frigate 'Hussar,' which sank in New York harbor in 1780, be annulled, and that a new contract be made with Messrs. Bean & Hartwell, of Providence, Rhode Island, on the same terms. The contract with Mr. Thomas is terminated on the ground that he did not use due diligence in the prosecution of the work. The new contractors represent the persons who have already advanced money to carry on the work and who are willing to push it to completion. It is represented that the frigate contained about five million dollars in English money when she sank."

Another paragraph, dated Washington, October 20, says, "The Acting Secretary of the Treasury to-day received a communication from Mr. Titus, of New York, representing Mr. Thomas, the former contractor for raising the wreck of the British frigate 'Hussar,' asking that no immediate action be taken by the department toward making a new contract for that work. He gives it as his opinion that the property in question is wholly within the jurisdiction of the State of New York, and therefore the government has no authority to act in the premises. He says, further, that the Governor of the State coincides with this

view, and will have the question of jurisdiction referred to the attorney-general of the State. He asks that action be postponed until that question is settled. The contract with Mr. Thomas was annulled Saturday, and a new one entered into with Messrs. Bean & Hartwell, of Providence, Rhode Island."

This seems to me, therefore, a proper time to explode the popular idea of there having been any treasure lost in the wreck of this vessel, about which so much interest has been kept up for over one hundred years.[1]

The "Hussar" of this shipwreck was the second of that name in the royal navy, the first of the name having been lost off the coast of Cuba in 1762. The "Hussar" with whose shipwreck we have to do was a 28-gun frigate, built in 1763, whose dimensions were—Gun deck, one hundred and fourteen feet four inches; keel, one hundred and two feet eight inches; beam, thirty-three feet eight inches; hold, eleven feet; tonnage, five hundred and ninety-four; crew, two hundred. These dimensions, derived from "a list of vessels of the royal navy built from 1700 to 1800," are to be found in Charnock's "Marine Architecture," which also gives the dimensions of the *four* vessels of the name built respectively in 1757, 1763, 1784, and 1799, the last and largest of which was only one thousand and forty-three tons, sufficiently disprove a statement made some years since in the *New York Tribune* that "the vessel lost near Hell Gate was *two hundred and six feet six inches in length*, and had a breadth of beam of *fifty-six feet two inches!*"

The story of her shipwreck is briefly told. On the 15th of August, 1780, the "Hussar" sailed from Cork, in company with the "Mercury," or according to another account, with the "Charm," 44, and "Licorne," 32, for New York, where she arrived, after a prolonged passage, on the 23d of November following, convoying a large fleet of merchant vessels. According to the *New York Gazette*, she arrived off Sandy Hook November 16, 1780.

It is asserted that, on her arrival, she had on board five hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling, mostly in British guineas, and that to this was added three hundred and eighty thousand pounds transferred from the "Mercury," and that with this immense treasure on board, equaling in the aggregate *four million eight hundred thousand dollars* American currency, which great sum was intended for the payment of the English troops, she sailed for Newport, Rhode Island, then the British rendezvous, taking the in-shore route along the Sound, and incurring the perils of Hell Gate, instead of the safer though longer route outside of Long Island.

[1] In August, 1873, in a communication to the *Boston Evening Transcript*, I expressed my disbelief in the loss of treasure on board the "Hussar." This communication was reprinted, with additions, in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for January, 1874.

At that period the dangers of "the Gate" were greater than at the present time. No attempt had been made to clear it of its most threatening rocks, and all the existing charts were poor and inadequate. At best it was a spot approached with fear and trembling by the smallest craft, and for a heavily-burdened, cumbersome ship-of-war had triple dangers. A negro, it is true, had only a little while before piloted a large frigate through this dangerous passage, and it is probable that this success incited the commander of the "Hussar" to a similar venture. However that may be, on the 28th of November, only forty-eight hours after the "Hussar's" arrival from Cork, her commander attempted the passage, first taking on board, it has been asserted, seventy American prisoners from the prison-ships in the Wallabout, probably to be exchanged for British prisoners held by the Americans, or it may be to transfer them to some other less crowded prison. She was also the bearer of dispatches to Admiral Arbuthnot, then at Gardner's Bay. The "Hussar," at 3 P.M. on the day she left New York, struck on Pot Rock,[2] swung off, and did not go down immediately, but drifted a mile or more to the bay called Two Brothers, near where is now Port Morris, where she was beached, and went down, at seven o'clock in the evening, in seven fathoms (forty-two feet) of water.

The accounts of the loss of life by this shipwreck are strangely at variance. According to Fletcher Betts, whose letter, written in 1827, will be given hereafter, "one hundred and seven fine, brave fellows, part of her crew, were drowned," and as he was one of the petty officers on board, unless he left her at New York with the treasure, his evidence ought to be reliable. Yet Marshall, in his "Naval Biography" (vol. i. p. 88), and the writer of the biography of Sir Charles Maurice Pole, the captain of the "Hussar," in the *British Naval Chronicle*, both state that "the ship was thrown on Pot Rock by the misjudgment of her pilot, and was a total loss. The officers and people, except *one, being all saved*, and as no blame whatever could be imputed to Captain Pole in this accident, he was charged with Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot's dispatches to the Admiralty, and soon after his arrival in England received an appointment to the 'Success,' of thirty-two guns and two hundred and twenty men,"—a larger ship than the "Hussar." This does not look as if over four million of dollars of government money and over one hundred men had been lost by the shipwreck. Ralfe, in his "Naval Biography" (vol. ii. p. 130), tells a similar story, and Scomberg in his "Naval Chronology" (vol. v. p. 47) records the loss of the ship, but makes no note of the loss of life or treasure. The wildest stories were afloat in the American papers at the time, and it was currently stated that "seventy American prisoners, taken from the prison-

[2] Pot Rock has since been removed to a depth of twenty-five feet by the United States government.

ships of the Wallabout, heavily ironed, went down in the vessel." The *Providence Gazette* of December 9, 1780, said, "A new British frigate of thirty-two guns, one of a convoy to the Cork fleet, which lately arrived at New York, we hear, was lost last week coming through Hell Gate, and a great part of her *crew* perished."

The *Boston Gazette* of December 13, 1780, noted as "News from New London of December 5th. We learn that the 'Hussar' frigate was cast away in Hell Gate the latter end of last month, when all the people except eighty were lost with the frigate."

There are many similar notices in the papers of the time, but in none that I have seen is there any allusion to the loss of treasure, nor have I been able to find any account of "manacled American prisoners" being lost in her.

The late Charles J. Bushnell, Esq., well known as the author of a "History of the Jersey Prison-Ship," and the editor of the memoirs of several of the Wallabout prisoners, wrote me in 1873: "The story of the American prisoners is, I think, very dubious. I have examined numbers of papers during the whole period of the Revolutionary war, and have met with no mention of any American prisoners placed on board the 'Hussar.' In fact, I have seen no mention of any American prisoners being released at that date. I think I should certainly have seen some account of it in the laborious and thorough search which I myself made a few years ago. If any manacles were found in the 'Hussar' they were undoubtedly for refractory members of her crew, and not of American prisoners." This will recall the absurd stories set afloat by the discovery of manacles in the wreck of the steam frigate "Missouri" at Gibraltar in 1846.

As full four hours elapsed after the vessel's striking on Pot Rock before her going down in smooth water and close to the shore in Two Brothers Bay, where the wreck now lies, it would seem there must have been ample time to land everybody and whatever treasure she may have had on board. Hawsers, it is said, were sent on shore and secured to trees, to keep her from slipping back into deep water, and some workmen from Randall's Island hastened to help the crew on shore.

The wreck was abandoned, and so far as is known remained undisturbed until after the war of 1812–14 with Great Britain. It is said, however, but the statement has not been verified, that "in 1794 two brigs arrived at Port Morris, the present name of the locality where the wreck lies, and vainly endeavored to raise it by means of grapples. The expedition worked for two seasons, and then was *ordered off by the American government*, upon whose rights it was encroaching. There now stands, it is said, upon the shore nearest the scene of these efforts, a little house, roughly built, but still secure and warm, wherein wintered the officers of the British crew. To the east of it is a little grass-grown

mound, which marks, not a sepulchre, but where a wine-cellar once did 'keep its glowing secrets.'"[3]

The search for treasure in the "Hussar" was not resumed until about 1816.

In 1818 the New York *Commercial Advertiser* of July 18 had this article:

"DIVING-BELL.—A company of adventurers are now operating with the diving-bell on the wreck of the British frigate 'Hussar,' which sunk in Hell Gate during the Revolutionary war. Two or three years ago a part of the same company labored with considerable success, and raised property which rewarded them pretty well. The 'Hussar' is known (?) to have had a quantity of specie on board when she sank, which is the grand object of the present labors. The position of the wreck has hitherto prevented the bell from dropping within the hulk, but by great exertions large masses of the wreck are sawed out, and, elated with hope, the persevering adventurers are approaching the golden prize. The bell descends about sixty feet."

The New York *Register* of December 4, 1819, said that the amount of money in her was one million dollars. This statement was probably published by Samuel Davis, who undertook to organize a company to raise the hulk by means of a grappling apparatus in the shape of ice-tongs, which he had devised. He proposed to place the shares at fifteen dollars each, and to divide the gold recovered *pro rata* after paying the expenses of raising. He advertised in the Baltimore newspapers for capital, saying that Mayor Cadwallader D. Colden favored his scheme and indorsed the statement regarding the lost treasure.

In the *Commercial Advertiser* of December 9, 1819, under the head "Frigate Hussar and Sloop Mercury," there is a letter in which, on the authority of the pilot (no name given) of the "Hussar," it is said that the one million dollars was contained "in several iron boxes and several barrels." The anonymous letter of "a ship-carpenter," published at the same time, said that "the 'Hussar' was bound to Rhode Island with a large quantity of money to pay off the British troops, and a large quantity of assorted clothing."

The newspaper added:

"There have been a large number of persons employed for several summers (except the last) with a machine called a diving-bell, and they have succeeded in getting most of the guns from her upper deck, but have not been able to penetrate her cockpit, where it is supposed the money was deposited. They have taken a quantity of copper from her bottom. She is much worm-eaten, but is otherwise sound, and is probably strong enough to be raised. The water is not over forty feet deep."

[3] *Appletons' Journal*, January 20, 1872, and circular of the Frigate "Hussar" Company, 1866.

From that time almost continuously searchers for the lost treasure have not been wanting.

In 1827, Fletcher Betts, hearing of these attempts to recover treasure from the wreck, addressed the following letter to a Scotch newspaper:

"To the Editor of the Edinburgh Observer:

"Sir,—I read in your paper of the 7th instant a statement made by a Mr. Mitchell, copied from an American paper, regarding the loss of the 'Hussar' frigate. Mr. Mitchell's account of the unfortunate fate of that fine vessel is in many respects correct. I am not inclined to dispute with him the appearances now presented by handles of knives, beeswax, etc., extracted from the wreck; but neither he nor any one else will be so fortunate as to find the 'large treasure' said to have been lost in her. There was, indeed, *twenty thousand pounds on board the ship two days before she was lost*, that is, on the 21st (25th?) of November, 1780, but on that day the money was safely landed and delivered into the custody of Commissary-General Delancy, *and in which operation I assisted, being then a petty officer in the 'Hussar.'* The 'Hussar' struck on Pot Rock near three o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d (25th?) of November, 1780, and did not go down till she swung several miles up the Sound, when she went down in a bay called 'The Brothers' at seven in the evening, same day, in seven fathoms of water, and a strong current then running at the rate of nine knots an hour occasioned the loss, as nearly as could be ascertained, of *one hundred and seven fine brave fellows, part of her crew.* When the accident happened the 'Hussar' was on her way from New York to Gardner's Bay with dispatches to Admiral Arbuthnot.

"I am, etc.,

"Fletcher Betts.

"Castle Hill, August 8, 1827."

This letter would seem to settle the question as to the treasure, but how about the loss of life? If the official reports of Captain Pole and Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot could be resurrected from the musty files of the Admiralty, no doubt the whole might be explained. According to Captain W. C. Gowan's statement, he has made a careful examination of the Admiralty records, but without finding any statement of the loss of treasure; while it is alleged that Captain Taylor, of submarine armor fame, after a similar search, did find accounts of the shipment of the treasure on the "Hussar" and "Mercury," and that the treasure from the latter vessel was transferred to the "Hussar" at New York. Since no court-martial followed the alleged loss of treasure and loss of life, it may be reasonably inferred, wanting other evidence, that there was no great loss of either by the wreck of the "Hussar."

In 1840 operations on the wreck were renewed by a man named Tyler Jacox, who dug out some small stuff, among other things a sailor's "ditty-box," but he sunk more money than he brought to the surface, and soon abandoned the undertaking.

Next we hear of a California adventurer, who made an attempt at etting the treasure, and located it beneath a ledge of rocks, which he blasted away, getting nothing but rocks for his pains.

Another company attempted to build a coffer-dam about the wreck,

and spent fifty thousand dollars before they discovered that the powerful water was their master.

February 27, 1866, the "Frigate 'Hussar' Company," the successor of the "Worcester 'Hussar' Company," was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, where the operations of the company were carried on. By the act of incorporation "all the right, title, interest, and possession of said frigate 'Hussar,' together with all personal and other property belonging to the said "Worcester 'Hussar' Company," have been transferred and conveyed to the said incorporated company, and the interest thereof divided into forty-eight thousand shares of one hundred dollars each, constituting the capital stock of the "Frigate 'Hussar' Company" four million eight hundred thousand dollars, corresponding to the amount of the treasure said to be deposited in the run of the said frigate 'Hussar.'"

At the head of the board of trustees for the "Frigate 'Hussar' Company" was Charles B. Pratt, of Worcester, Massachusetts, who since 1850 had been hovering over this sunken vessel with a watchful eye. The same year the company issued a circular, in which it is stated,—

"Captain Taylor (the patentee of a submarine armor) made a voyage to England for the express purpose of ascertaining the precise amount of treasure shipped on board the 'Hussar,' which he learned *from the records of the Admiralty*[4] to be five hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling; and on board the sloop-of-war 'Mercury,' three hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling, mostly in British guineas ($4,800,000). On the arrival of the vessel in New York the treasure on board the 'Mercury' is said to have been placed on board the 'Hussar,' to be delivered in Newport, Rhode Island, the British rendezvous at that time."

The circular repeats the story of the attempt to recover the treasure with two brigs in 1794, and their being ordered off by the American government; and that "in 1819 the work was again undertaken by a British company by means of diving-bells, but all attempts proved unavailing up to the time of Captain Taylor's submarine armor in 1848."

The result of all these operations may be briefly summed up as follows:

"The decks have been removed, twenty-six of her twenty-eight cannon and some four thousand cannon-balls taken up, also large quantities of rotten cordage, many bushels of gun-flints, several leather buckets marked 'Hussar,' and a *champagne-basket full of human bones.* Numberless huge platters of pewter, dented here and there where falling timbers have crushed into them; upon some, one may discern various initials and names scratched, and rude pictures of flags and

[4] Captain Gowan failed to find any such record.

beasts, done with a nail or the point of a knife-blade. There are pots and jars of antiquated shapes, used in their day for preserves. Upon their sides are the stamps of the vessel and the royal monogram, inclosed in a circle, of Georgius Rex. Slender beer-pots of curious construction also swell the odd collection.

"There are many pieces of silver table-service belonging to the mess-chests of the officers, stamped with crests now half obliterated, and there is a little hand-stamp of the French *fleur-de-lis*, which may have been private property.

"Then there is the ship's bell, twenty inches high and nearly as many across its mouth. This also has the monogram of the king and the seal upon its greenish sides. Its tongue has long since rotted out, and there is a crack that makes the ring of its metal dissonant.

"There are plenty of manacles, huge bands of rusty iron connected with links strong enough in their day to bind a Samson.

"As if to spur to new exertions, and to whet the appetite for what yet remains undiscovered, there has been a constant yet a fitful turning up of gold pieces among the loads of mud and sand, probably the private property of the officers and men who were on board; also several silver pieces, which the action of the water has welded together, at the same time washing away the alloy and totally destroying the stamps of the coins. Upon this little mass of silver are half a dozen true English guineas perched as delicately yet as firmly as garnets in a bit of quartz."[5]

It will be seen from this list that the wreck has been pretty thoroughly explored, but that there has been no discovery of the iron boxes and barrels containing the millions of guineas or of a sufficient quantity of human bones to represent the one hundred and seven of her crew, or the seventy American prisoners said to have gone down with the ship.

In the museum at Central Park are some of the rusty cannon which once did duty on board the "Hussar," and scattered throughout the country in different museums are many of the water-worn relics which the divers have brought up from the wreck.

When the "Merritt's Coast Wrecking Company" succeeded to the rights of the "Frigate 'Hussar' Company," I have not ascertained, or why the latter company abandoned its efforts to secure the treasure. I suspect it did not do so until all the available funds it was able to collect were exhausted. The present operations, however, have been conducted by George H. Thomas, of Hackettstown, who contracted four years ago to raise the treasure, having under his charge a wrecking vessel, named the "Georgiana Bell," which was seized in 1883 or 1884 for a mortgage of three thousand dollars by Mr. J. C. Hartshorne, of Providence, and has probably been sold. "The suit," says a New

[5] *Appletons' Journal*, January 29, 1872.

York paper, "brings out affidavits stating that Thomas was a cigar- and snuff-peddler before he began seeking this treasure; but since then he has lived on borrowed money very handsomely. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage loaned him one thousand dollars. William M. Fisher, of Attleborough, and George M. Bacon, of this city, have, since 1881, loaned him two thousand dollars. Thomas promised them fifteen thousand dollars of the treasure when found. Mr. Eben J. Beane invested six thousand dollars. He was to have forty-five thousand dollars in return. Harriet H. Beane, sister of Eben, loaned three thousand five hundred dollars; Henry R. Evans, of Providence, loaned him five thousand five hundred dollars; and Frank E. Colton, of Providence, five hundred dollars. The lady and Evans were each to have twenty-seven thousand dollars, and Colton two thousand five hundred dollars. Mr. J. C. Hartshorn has five thousand dollars invested, which is secured by a contract for thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars 'when found,' in addition to the three thousand dollars mortgage on the 'Georgiana Bell.' Mortimer H. Hartwell, of Providence, paid two thousand five hundred dollars for an interest of twelve thousand five hundred dollars in the treasure under rock and water. W. D. and E. M. Keeney, of Wilmington, Delaware, own ninety-seven thousand five hundred dollars interest purchased at a like rate. George M. Bacon and Philip Hake, of New York, have each seven thousand five hundred dollars; Theodore Pinkham, Boston, twelve thousand five hundred dollars; Charles Brindlecorn, Barre, Massachusetts, ten thousand dollars; Charles W. and J. T. Jencks, Providence, seventy-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-three dollars each; and Eller F. Jencks, of the same place, sixty-five thousand dollars; Bridget Grady, five thousand dollars; Mary C. Mount, six thousand dollars, and Mary Ann Casey, five thousand dollars, all of New York. These several interests were purchased at an average rate of a dollar cash for five dollars 'Hussar' stock. In all, Thomas is said to have received seventy thousand dollars, of which about one-half is believed to have been used in drilling."

Other suits against Thomas were pending, and an affidavit in the purchasers' suit states that Mr. Thomas at the time of taking the "Hussar" contract was contemplating *street-preaching* as a vocation.

It is said that when Thomas took the contract for taking out the treasure, it was thought necessary (to gull the fools) to get a contract with the government, and Nelson Cross was commissioned to make the contract. The following shows the *modus operandi* of the new company:

"It was in the days of President Hayes, and, although authorized to give the government one-fourth of all the treasure recovered, he clinched the bargain at ten per cent. and reserved the other fifteen for himself. Then President Hayes appointed him a receiver for the govern-

ment. A professor of electricity, Henry Rohrer, was brought on from West Virginia. William Smith, a diver, was employed for the underwater work, and John Wiggin was put on the scow that was anchored over the supposed location of the treasure. Mr. Wiggin[6] was a man of experience in 'Hussar' treasure searches, having been at it since 1854. Diver Smith said that Professor Rohrer 'located the treasure with a magnet. He can determine whether the metal under him is gold or silver or copper or some other metal.' When the location was found the crew began to sink a shaft. An iron tube twelve feet in diameter and twenty feet long was lowered to the bottom standing on end. The bottom found was a sandstone, 'hard enough to make blasting necessary, but yet seamed and cracked in all directions and easily worked.' The diver went down inside the tube and worked out the rock so that the iron tube could settle down into the rock. A heavy sand-pump, with a six-inch draw-pipe, was used to aid Mr. Smith's efforts under water. One day an irregular chunk of cast iron two or three inches through was brought up by the pump. It is labeled as a cannon-ball from the 'Hussar' as it lies in the show-case of Merritt's Coast Wrecking Company.

"'How far down did you go in that place?'

"'I think fifty-four feet,' said Diver Smith. 'Then we found our tubing telescoping in on us. We were almost down to the treasure, but it was necessary before going further to take out all our tubing and begin over again. As that was a very difficult job, we decided to get out the small lot of treasure nearer in shore first.'

"'That was the lot supposed to be lost by the swamping of a small boat?'

"'Yes. The professor said he was able to locate copper over a space just about the size of the copper that would have been placed on the bottom of an English jolly boat in those days.'

"'When did you begin work there?'

"'Last spring. I had Diver Edward Hickman to help me this year.'

"'How far did you go down?'

"'About thirty-two feet.'

"'Did you find about the same kind of rock there that you did at the other place?'

"'Yes. It is the same formation. The indications are that we got down very near to it.'

"Diver Edward Hickman was discharged about the time that Nelson Cross and Ebenezer Beane began to make a fuss about the slow progress of the contractor. He refused to swear at the dictation of Mr. Thomas that due diligence in the search had been made."[7]

[6] *Query.* Was he any relation of the weather prophet?

[7] New York paper, 1884.

The United States government can have no rights in these treasures if found, and it seems singular this wrecking company should have contracted to pay over to it one-tenth of all the treasure, together with any relics of value recovered. The company seems not to have the wisdom of the Eton boys, who when appealed to by the owner of a famous apple-tree to leave the fruit on the tree until it was ripe and he would share with them and give them one-half, held a consultation, and decided not to accept his proposition, as it was not a fair one, inasmuch as they could take the whole whenever they liked.

Colonel James E. Gowan, world-renowned for his success in raising the Russian line-of-battle ships at Sebastopol, said quite recently to the reporter of a New York paper:

"The monumental fraud in the way of sunken gold is right in the harbor of New York. I allude to the British frigate 'Hussar,' which ran into one of the Hell Gate rocks late in the Revolutionary war, was bulged in forward, and sunk near the spot where the Morrisania Gas-Works are now situated, in about forty feet of water. She was a first-class frigate, and, according to the popular belief, carried about two million pounds in gold for the payment of the British army in America. Right where the 'Hussar' went down there is a very strong tide and an eddy that renders work very difficult; but not long after the close of the war efforts to get at her treasures were begun, and they have been kept up, with occasional intermissions, ever since. In 1852 I first had the idea of raising sunken ships that I applied in 1857 in Sebastopol, and I then thought of applying it to the 'Hussar;' but in undertaking a scheme of this sort, I always want to make sure that the treasure I am looking for is where I have reason to think it is. *So I went to England and commenced a thorough search through the records with regard to the frigate 'Hussar.' I hired numbers of searchers, and made a complete investigation among the papers of the Admiralty and in the pay department, and at length satisfied myself that the two million pounds carried by the 'Hussar' had been landed and duly distributed to the paymasters.* When I returned to New York a friend wanted me to go into the scheme of raising the 'Hussar.' I laughed at him, and told him of my search among the records, but in spite of my warning he put ten thousand dollars into the scheme.

"For thirty years the search after this treasure, which does not exist, has been unremittingly carried on, and to-day, if you walk out One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street to the water-front in Morrisania you will see a schooner moored off the shore, equipped with an engine, and sending down divers whenever the tide suits. . . . I never heard of their recovering anything except a few wooden cups and platters, and sundry guineas bearing the likeness of George III. And yet the search has been kept up for thirty years, and good money has been sunk into the

wreck of the old 'Hussar,'—thousands and thousands of it.[8] My friend who invested the ten thousand dollars called to see me when I returned from Russia, and told me he was sorry he had not taken my warning, but I could see that he hankered after the supposed treasure, and that he still had a lingering belief in its existence. I went out to Morrisania and witnessed the diving for the treasure, which was done without concealment, and became more and more convinced that there was nothing worth diving for. The theory of the manager was that the 'Hussar's' guineas had been packed in iron boxes, and that the material in these had been oxidized by the influence of the sea, and that thus the divers were forced to work slówly with drills, and could accomplish no satisfactory results. *The fact is that certain persons interested in the scheme saw a chance of making money without raising it from the deep, and availed themselves of it.* This is one of the most persistently-followed searches for sunken treasure that I ever heard of; but then, you see, there were treasures that never had been sunk that were available for its promoters."

GEO. HENRY PREBLE,
Rear-Admiral U.S.N.

[8] The search has been kept up since 1816—sixty-eight years—almost unintermittingly, and without any valuable result.

RECOLLECTIONS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

IV.

(Continued from page 566.)

MARTIAL law may be defined as the will of the general officially expressed, and government by martial law as a military despotism. But such government would be very imperfect, if not wholly impossible, unless the will of the general, as expressed in orders, was supplemented so as to cover the daily occurrences of civilized life. Manifestly, the orders of the general must fall far short of such completeness. As a matter of fact, they are merely modifications of existing law, made necessary by the condition of war. The safety of his army and the destruction of his adversary are the fountains from which they flow. Government by martial law is much less of a despotism in practice than it is in theory. So far as the law is concerned, the difference between martial and civil administration is rather in form than in substance. The laws of the land, except where they conflict with the orders of the general, remain in force, and military tribunals created for the administration of justice are bound to recognize and maintain them.

The establishment of government by martial law in territory conquered from a foreign enemy is not a very difficult undertaking. But that was not the problem in the South. The Southern States were not foreign enemies. They had merely tried to make themselves so, and had failed, losing their lives in the attempt. So long as they could maintain their cause on the battle-field they were living though rebellious States; when the sword fell from their nerveless grasp they were dead. There were no legal governments in the South when the war closed, and much trouble would have been avoided if that fact had been promptly recognized. The necessity for some kind of government was no sufficient excuse for permitting the officers of the defunct States to resume authority. Martial law without martial government is an absurdity, and the civil administration of martial law, even under military supervision, is worse. Unfortunately, the governments in not a few of the reconstructed districts were of the latter class. In Beaufort district the evil was corrected in the manner already described, and while the

people may have had less law after than before the correction, they had more harmony, and substantial justice suffered nothing from the change. The following description will give some idea of provost courts and provost court practice in Beaufort district during the despotism of reconstruction.

Provost courts were courts of criminal jurisdiction only. Civil causes were attended to by the commanding officer in person. The court consisted of the judge, appointed by the commanding officer; the clerk, appointed by the judge; and the guard (a non-commissioned officer and two or three soldiers), detailed by the commanding officer. The functions of the non-commissioned officer were similar to those of the sheriff, and the soldiers under him acted as deputies and constables. The jail was the common guard-house at the nearest military post. The clerk of a provost court was a very important functionary. He not only recorded the proceedings of the court, including every word of testimony taken, but acted as public prosecutor besides. In short, he was judge-advocate of the court.

Provost court practice was peculiar, perhaps clumsy. Cases were tried without a jury, but the sentence of the judge was inoperative until it, and all the proceedings which led to it, were approved by the commanding officer. Proceedings were begun by filing an information with the clerk. The information was laid before the judge, and, if he considered that there were sufficient grounds for arresting the party, the arrest was made on his order. Meantime, the original information was forwarded to headquarters, with the action of the judge indorsed thereon, for the information and orders of the commanding officer. After examination the orders were indorsed on the information, and the paper was returned to the court. The orders indorsed might be "for trial" or "dismissed." In the first case, it became the duty of the clerk to prepare the case for trial, and, on the day appointed by the judge, prosecute it in open court. If the prisoner was unprovided with counsel, he was required to assist him in getting his case fairly on record. The record was made up similar to that of a court-martial, the finding and sentence, in case of conviction, being added in the handwriting of the judge. The record was attested by the signature of the clerk, the finding and sentence by that of the judge. It was then forwarded to the commanding officer, who indorsed thereon his approval or disapproval, and confirmed, mitigated, or remitted the sentence. If the original information was returned to the court indorsed "dismissed," the prisoner was released, and all proceedings against him under the information were at an end.

It will be seen that commanding a reconstruction district was no sinecure. Reading perhaps twenty pages of manuscript testimony about the ownership of a chicken, for instance, would try the temper of an angel, let alone an army officer. But it had to be done. The

commanding officer was responsible for the actions of the court, and could not shift that responsibility to the shoulders of the judge or any other officer. The provost court was his creature, and its acts were his acts; and, as the judges in Beaufort district were not eminent jurists, as a rule, the necessity for a careful review of all their proceedings was imperative. There was one provost judge who gave heaps of trouble. He was a Connecticut man. In fact, that was his sole recommendation. He was appointed because he was a Connecticut man. When a Connecticut man is found living voluntarily in a district where there are twenty "niggers" to one white man, it is only fair to reward him. And I don't know that his appointment was altogether in vain. Upon the whole, he did good service, but sometimes his methods were exceedingly erratic. I remember the proceedings in a forgery case tried in his court which would have astonished Blackstone and Greenleaf. I give the points of the case from memory without difficulty. Few could forget them. It must not be considered a fair sample of provost court practice, however. It was an exceptional case even in the Connecticut man's court.

There was a plantation in my Connecticut friend's bailiwick employing thirteen negroes. They were to receive no wages until the crop was made and the cotton sold. Meantime, necessaries could be procured at the "Tommy-shop"—a grocery kept by the planter—on orders signed by the overseer. When settling-day came, a forged order was found among those received at the "Tommy-shop." The storekeeper filed an information of "fraud and forgery" with the clerk of the provost court. The judge forwarded it to the commanding officer without comment. It was a rather puzzling paper, and, being sadly indefinite as to the party charged, he being described merely as "one of the thirteen," it was returned to the court endorsed "Investigate." Now, the word "Investigate" was an unusual indorsement, and may have misled the judge. At any rate, the following is a synopsis of the proceedings had thereon. The whole thirteen negroes were arrested, and a day appointed for their trial. The clerk tried hard to prepare the case, but could find no evidence against any of the prisoners, and was compelled reluctantly to so inform the judge on the day set for the trial. This justified the judge in taking the case into his own hands. He was already judge and jury in the case, and why should he not be prosecutor also? He waved the clerk aside majestically, and commanded that the prisoners be brought in one at a time. Number one entered with a scowl on his face, intended for a look of indignation, and, having been duly sworn by the clerk in accordance with the mandate of the court, was asked by the judge, who held a piece of paper, sadly soiled and somewhat rumpled, between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, "Did you forge that order?" It was assumed, of course, that the paper which the judge held was an order, and that

it had been "forged," whatever that might mean, and that the negro recognized it and knew what was meant by "forged;" at least there was nothing in the record to the contrary. At any rate, he promptly replied, "No, sah," and looked around the empty court-room with an expression of exultation on his face, as if he felt that that settled the case as far as he was concerned. The judge seemed to think so too, and directed number one to stand aside. Number two was called, sworn, questioned in the same way, and gave the same answer. And so on, until twelve out of the thirteen had been put through the ordeal, all having answered, "No, sah." Then number thirteen was called,—not to be questioned, but to be sentenced. The court had "investigated" the case, and discovered the criminal. The evidence was conclusive. The information, made under oath, declared that "one of the thirteen" committed the forgery. Twelve of the thirteen had cleared themselves under oath. The thirteenth was now before the court. Either he committed the forgery, or it never was committed at all. But the paper was there to speak for itself. There was a forgery, and this prisoner must be the guilty party. Here the clerk interposed that the prisoner was willing to be questioned under oath. "No doubt he is," said the judge. "No doubt he would swear he didn't do it. What nigger wouldn't? While the investigation was going on, suspected parties were permitted to testify. But the investigation is over. The prisoner now before the court is not a suspected party. He is a guilty party, and the court does therefore sentence him to be confined at hard labor in a military prison for three months." Of course the proceedings were disapproved, and the negro set at liberty, but the judge was never convinced of his innocence, and never forgave the commanding officer for "going back on him" as he did.

It is unnecessary to say that the forgery case was exceptional. As a rule, the provost courts did good work. Their verdicts were rarely questioned, and their sentences never complained of. Their jurisdiction was confined to petty offenses,—thefts, assaults, and the like. Serious offenses were brought before military commissions. The provost court was not competent to try a case of forgery. It might make the preliminary investigation, but when a *prima facie* case was made out against any individual it was referred up to the general, recommended for trial by military commission.

A military commission is the highest court under a government by martial law before which civilians can be tried. It can take cognizance only of such cases as are referred to it by the general, but its powers to punish are unlimited, except that, as in general courts-martial, its sentence is inoperative until confirmed by the general. It consists of at least three commissioned officers of the army, is created by the general commanding the army or department, for a special purpose, and when that purpose is served it is dissolved by the authority

that created it. There were no cases sufficiently serious to require the attention of a military commission during reconstruction times in Beaufort district. In fact, there was no crime deserving the name. Negroes would steal chickens. They had always done that, and I doubt if many of them realized that it was a crime. They looked upon a neighboring hen-roost much as the average school-boy looks upon a neighboring orchard. They believed there was nothing morally wrong in helping themselves to a neighbor's chicken, provided the neighbor had plenty, and they merely took it to eat. Most of them were ready to admit that taking a neighbor's chicken *to sell* was stealing, and they would deny the mercenary intention most violently, even after admitting the "taking." Their ideas on morality in general were very crooked, but they were the legitimate fruits of slavery. They might lie to avoid punishment, and steal anything to eat, without staining their reputation; yet a wanton or malicious liar, and a mercenary thief, were universally despised. Northern philanthropists and teachers never took time to study the negro character. They brought with them what they considered a perfect morality, cold and rigid as a cast-iron jacket, and insisted that the negro should put it on. Taking roasting-ears out of a neighbor's field, even to eat, according to the school-marm, was stealing; yet Christ and his disciples did the same thing and nobody complained. "Whar does dem Yankees git dat ar 'ligion, anyhow?" was a common and not easily answered question in the Freedman's camp.

Civil cases were not sent before the provost courts, but tried by the commanding officer in person, if the proceedings held thereon can properly be called a trial. Perhaps his functions were those of an arbitrator rather than a judge. The complaint was generally in writing. The complainant stated his case in a letter to the commanding officer, fortifying it with all the documentary evidence obtainable. A copy of the complaint was sent by the commanding officer to the defendant, and remarks thereon invited. When all the papers in the case had been received, and carefully considered by the commanding officer, a day was appointed for the hearing, and the parties notified. When the parties appeared, the case was "talked over," the purpose being to clear up obscure points to the satisfaction of the commandant. The parties were then dismissed and the decision announced in orders, copies of which were sent to the parties, and also to the next military superior of the officer issuing them. The decision thus became matter of record and responsibility. Many serious questions, involving considerable sums of money, were thus settled in Beaufort district during reconstruction times, and I never heard of an appeal being taken. Of course parties aggrieved had the right of appeal to the general.

There was one case, however, which it would be hard to forget, and, as it is a good illustration of civil administration by military

methods, I shall give it as it still lives in my memory. It was a partnership case. Snow and Kokemüller had entered into a partnership to plant cotton. Snow was a Southern man of the class known as "poor whites," and illiterate. Kokemüller was a German, and fairly educated. Each partner put a like amount of money into the cotton-planting business, and gave his whole time to the cultivation of the crop. These facts were not disputed. The crop was made, the hands allotted their portion, and some forty bales of cotton remained. Over these the partners quarreled. Kokemüller claimed the whole. The grounds of his claim were that at some previous time—I think before the war—Snow and he had been partners in the ownership of a schooner. The schooner was lost somewhere in the Bahamas. Snow drew the insurance and retained it, thus defrauding his partner out of a certain specified sum. Snow denied that he had ever received any insurance-money, and that the money invested in the schooner was a total loss. In his decision the commanding officer refused to consider the former partnership, as something entirely beyond his jurisdiction, and ordered that the crop should be divided between the partners, share and share alike. When the decision was announced, both seemed satisfied. Even Kokemüller thanked the commanding officer, and apologized for the trouble they had given him. This looked suspicious, and was unusual. So a non-commissioned officer was sent to superintend the division and see that the orders were executed. In two days he reported back that the order had been duly executed, and that both partners were still very much pleased that they had been able to close their partnership and continue friends. In a few days Kokemüller appeared at Hilton Head with his twenty bales of cotton, which he shipped for New York on board a bark then lying in the roads, and disappeared. The Snow-Kokemüller case was almost forgotten, when it reopened itself, thus: Mrs. Snow, the wife of one of the partners, came to Hilton Head, and reported that Kokemüller, after having shipped his own cotton, as already described, returned to the plantation, shot Snow, and carried off the other half, shipping it by rail to Savannah. There was a pretty kettle of fish. Fortunately, the bark with the Kokemüller cotton was still in the roads and under military jurisdiction. A guard was sent on board, and the cotton landed by military force, and against the protest of the captain of the bark, who had signed bills of lading for it. The duplicate bills were produced, and the action of the military authorities duly indorsed thereon, and the captain had to be content. Snow had been shot in the leg, and was laid up for several weeks, so the cotton remained in military custody. It had been landed at Beaufort, and a guard of colored soldiers from the Fortieth Infantry placed over it. Beaufort was some distance, perhaps twelve miles, from Hilton Head, and, although there was daily steamboat communication, the guard was practically on detached ser-

vice. It was visited frequently, however, and always found not only vigilant but painfully military. Everything went smoothly for the first week, and the cotton was considered safe. Early in the second week a northeast storm set in, and blew so violently for four days that steamboat communication with Beaufort was interrupted. On the second day of the storm a colored man made his appearance at headquarters, and reported that two of the cotton-guard had gone off in a sloop, aided and accompanied by a white man, the owner of the sloop, and that they had carried about half of the cotton with them. The "informer" was a stranger, but he stood a searching cross-examination, and had evidently seen all that he reported. He exhibited so much intelligence, modesty, and daring that the commanding officer was led to inquire into his history. He was a Southern negro, and had been educated at Oberlin. He had brought valuable information at the risk of his life, and might reasonably expect a substantial acknowledgment. Yet he seemed to wait for instructions rather than reward. He thought the sloop would make for Savannah, but would lie up in some sheltered spot until the storm was over. It could not be very far away, and might be captured if promptly pursued. Yes, he thought he could find it, and capture the party if authorized to do so. He needed no help. He knew that it would be madness to send soldiers out in an open boat in such a storm, but he could manage his little boat very well, and the storm he thought would help him to make the capture. No, he needed no arms. He didn't expect any fighting. As there seemed no other way out of the difficulty without letting the sloop escape, the desired authority was given, and the colored man was back in his skiff and battling with the storm before the dangers of his undertaking could be considered.

The skiff looked like a cockle-shell as it appeared occasionally on the crest of a wave, showing a triangular patch of sail hardly bigger than a handkerchief, and then disappeared as if it had sunk beneath the seething surface, never to rise again. But it always did, and was evidently managed with such skill that the chances of its weathering the gale were at least even. But the storm was only one of the dangers to be encountered. If he found the sloop, and the cotton and deserters were on board, was it likely that he could effect their capture? On the one side, three men, well armed and desperate. On the other, a solitary colored man armed with a revolver. It was madness to let him go. That he volunteered was no excuse. These reflections were not pleasant companions during the night. At first, hope fought nobly for the colored man, but towards morning it weakened, and finally succumbed. There seemed to be no chance of his success, and if he pressed his undertaking just as little of his safety. It was manifestly all up with the colored man. The elements seemed to rejoice over it; the wind howled it down the chimney; the rain rattled it in mirthful

mockery on the window-panes; and the waves roared it and hissed it in all imaginable tones, until the victim of self-reproach found partial oblivion in dreamland.

Morning came, and the storm had only partially abated; but anxiety was gone. The visit of the colored man, and his rash undertaking, seemed a long way off. He seemed to have died a long time ago. Towards evening there was a lull in the storm. People began to venture out of doors. The sea was still magnificently furious. The waves combed and curled and broke as they chased each other over the shallows of the sandy shore, and hissed like a hundred serpents as they sullenly retired to gather energy for a fresh attack. It was a sight as fascinating as a cage of rattlesnakes. But presently the charm was broken. Something appeared off Seabrook. It was a sloop, close-reefed, and showing just a morsel of jib. It had a skiff in tow, and there were four men on board. Could it be—Yes, it was the colored man and his prize. Strange as it may seem, he had been entirely successful. The storm, and too much corn whiskey on board the sloop, had helped him greatly. The sloop had been forced to take shelter, and the crew had been pleased to take whiskey. The former was at anchor, and the latter were asleep, as the colored man crept on board and secured their weapons. When they awoke they were at his mercy. The Kokemüller cotton was again recovered, and this time converted into cash. Surely the case was closed at last. The commanding officer, as he turned the key of his safe, after having deposited therein the proceeds of the sale enclosed in an envelope addressed to Snow, felt that it was. But he was mistaken. There was another ludicrous scene yet to be played. It occurred after Snow had got his money.

A general court-martial was in session. Some seven or eight officers, in full uniform, were seated around a table and looking as solemn as owls, while the testimony in a clear case of "drunk and disorderly" was being reduced to writing. A stranger was announced by the orderly. He was requested to enter, and forthwith presented himself before the august tribunal. He was a young man, in a traveling-suit, and had a legal look about him, due, perhaps, to the fact that he carried some official-looking papers in his hand. But it was evident he had never seen a court-martial before. He bowed comprehensively and said, "Good-morning." Only one of the uniformed pirates answered his courteous salutation, and he simply said, gruffly, "Good-morning. Can I do anything for you?" The other pirates said nothing. They only stared. This was embarrassing. The young man hesitated, stammered something about interrupting, rustled his papers as if they were a pack of cards and he was about to deal, and said, after swallowing something, which he did with great difficulty, "I represent Kokemüller, and came to see about——" When he had got that far he was interrupted by the pirate who had just addressed him

raising his hand and saying, "One moment. Did you say you represented Kokemüller?—Orderly, send me the sergeant of the guard—We want Kokemüller bad. He shot a man down here and stole a lot of cotton. We should be glad to entertain Kokemüller or any of his associates in these transactions at the public expense." The silent pirates, hearing the well-known name of Kokemüller, gathered themselves up and looked knowingly at each other. The young man was becoming nervous. He had walked into the lions' den, and the sergeant of the guard was coming to do the Lord knows what. At that moment the sergeant arrived, just in time to prevent the young man from bolting, and took up a strong position in the door. Things had come to a crisis. The pack of cards was pocketed, and the young man hastened to explain that he had no connection with Kokemüller, except as a party to a purchase which had never been made. Kokemüller, he said, had offered to sell a lot of cotton "to arrive" by a certain bark remarkably cheap, and that he had come down to see about it before making the purchase. He wound up by saying, "I'm glad I came. When does the next steamer leave?" The spokesman of the pirates replied, "In two hours," and, turning to the sergeant of the guard, said, "This gentleman wants to leave the island by the next steamer. See that he does not miss the boat." He didn't miss it. He had left before the court adjourned, having been entertained in the mean time by the sergeant of the guard, who accompanied him to the steamer, and invited him, in the most cordial manner, to call again when he had more time to stay. But he never did; and it is barely possible that he fancied he was a prisoner during his two hours on the island.

As my purpose in these papers has been merely to illustrate, by examples from memory, the difficulties which army officers had to encounter during reconstruction times, and not to write a history, I shall close the subject with this paper. If I have succeeded in throwing a single ray of light upon those difficulties, silently encountered and modestly overcome by military men in fields entirely foreign to their training and unknown to their experience, my labor has not been in vain.

JAMES CHESTER,
Captain Third Artillery.

AN EPISODE.

In 1870 garrison life on the Eastern seaboard had fairly resumed the state of quiet, verging upon stagnation, that had prevailed before the civil war. The batteries of artillery which left Virginia in 1865, mere skeletons, had been filled up with a class of recruits very troublesome to many captains. But as the intervening years had given time for a gradual weeding out, those of the hard characters who had not deserted, been drummed out, or discharged, were now disciplined into better shape, and the good men were largely in the majority. Of course there were many Irishmen among them, for that has been true since 1828, yet when a battery at Fort Schuyler suddenly received orders, on the 25th of May, to proceed immediately to Ogdensburg, New York, to look after the Fenians no apprehensions were felt but that every man would perform his duty, even were the whole Fenian army opposing, and it is well to say now that this confidence was in no instance misplaced.

We were directed to take the steamer that brought our orders, and in two hours were on our way, with very indefinite ideas as to the probable time of our absence. Reaching Ogdensburg in due time we were then ordered to Malone, New York, the half-way station on the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad.

When we left the train at ten o'clock in the morning (May 27) the streets were full—that is, for Malone—with the inhabitants of the town and surrounding country, who had been attracted by the possibility of hearing startling news from the Fenian attempt to invade Canada, which was to take place at a point but a dozen miles to the northward.

Except that there were more people than usual in the streets there was nothing unusual to be seen, and there was evidently nothing for us to do just then; but the inhabitants were in a fever of apprehension on account of the numbers of Fenians known to be between the town and the Canada line, and when the news came of their defeat or repulse at Trout River that morning, and the stragglers from the battle-field (?) actually began to come in, the excitement became more and more intense.

The bank authorities were sure that by morning their cherished

stocks and bonds would have vanished, and the civil authorities evidently had similar fears.

I was begged to keep the Fenians out of the town, to take their arms away, to arrest them, to do *something*.

By twos and threes, and finally in larger squads, they came straggling in on the Canada road, and at sunset the town was full. They stood around in the streets, sat on the door-steps, stretched themselves on the grassy spots wherever they found them, but all were quiet and orderly. There was not one drunken man. Many of them still had their muskets, but it was soon found that they were selling them for almost nothing, so, evidently, they were short of money.

The people, either through compassion or fear, gave many of them food, but this could not continue indefinitely, and the situation was getting to be really perplexing.

At sunset the whole company was placed on guard, and as the first relief marched towards the public square, to be posted as sentinels over the more important buildings, a low murmur arose from the thousand men there. Those who were lying down raised themselves upon their elbows, the sitting stood, and the standing turned to gaze earnestly towards us. They were evidently startled, and probably feared arrest.

A large, fine-looking man was standing near our line of march, and stopping, I asked him if he had any authority over the men about us. He declined to commit himself in any way; nevertheless, when I requested him to tell his men that the military demonstration was only the post of sentinels over the banks, a slight gesture from him seemed to allay all their apprehensions, and our movements afterward attracted no attention. It was perfectly manifest that the mass of them had no interest whatever in the banks, and no thought of interfering with them.

It was a singular spectacle presented by that quiet town that night. Men were lying on the ground all through the streets, singly and in groups. They were perfectly quiet, seeming to pay attention only to their own griefs, for the result of their attempt that day must have been bitter, indeed, to them. They were men evidently animated by an earnest purpose. The Irish-American Republic was to have been founded on Canadian soil, and was then to have served as a base from which the liberation of the northern country could be attempted. Their method of carrying out this purpose had been devised for them by those in whom they trusted, and they had done what they could to make it a success. They had but shared the inevitable Irish misfortune. Their leaders were unworthy of them, not the captains and colonels, if they had any, but the "Head-Centres" who had sent them there, half equipped and wholly without supplies, to make what they knew would be an utterly hopeless attempt, and then left them, helpless, to get out of the scrape as best they could.

The townspeople finally got over their fright, and the arrival about

midnight of two additional companies of the First Artillery and several of the Fifth Artillery, with General Henry J. Hunt in command, put an end to any further apprehension.

We were there a week, and in all that time I cannot recollect that one of the Fenians was arrested for any breach of the peace. Several of their more prominent men were arrested for their attempted invasion of Canada, and quantities of arms and uniform clothing were seized, but there was no resistance on their part to lawful authority.

The uniform buttons on the officers' clothing, with the letters I. R. A., meaning Irish Republican Army, were eagerly sought for as mementoes of our campaign, but the letters upon them were more generally construed to mean "I Ran Away."

Of course these penniless men could not be left in Malone when not one-tenth of their number could obtain employment, and the government soon took the matter in hand and sent them off to their homes. The second attempt to establish an Irish Republic on our northern frontier had failed utterly, miserably.

The officers of the First and Fifth Regiments of Artillery (there were in all ten companies present), and the staff-officers sent there to provide for us, found the town of Malone a delightful place for a week's pleasuring. Evening parades attracted multitudes of spectators, and Memorial-day was celebrated with an amount of military display never before seen there.

Some of us, guided by a hospitable and kindly druggist, went out after trout, and General Hunt may remember the supper which followed, for he and our friend, the druggist, then sought to prove relationship from the similarity of their names.

Many others will remember the symposiums held in the place of business of our friend after business hours, and way into the small hours, when soda with a stick in it, *alias* "Boomerang," was the usual beverage, and there was a general feast of reason and flow of soul.

Many of us would have been glad to remain in Malone a much longer time, but when the necessity for our presence was over we were at once sent back to our several stations, and the town returned to its normal quiet.

The trip had shown that our two regiments could be depended upon for instant service at any time, and that our officers could be justly proud of the men under their command.

Was it not also shown that courts-martial will have few excuses for existence in an army of earnest men, each of whom has been brought to believe that his undertaking, however unlawful, is for the ultimate good of his race and the liberation of his native land?

BREVET MAJOR WILLIAM S. HOSKIN,
Captain First Artillery, Presidio, San Francisco.

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.[1]

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE MILITARY OPERATIONS AND INFLUENCE OF THE SWEDES.

(Concluded from page 224.)

PART II.

"FIRST YÄGER [Holk's Mounted Yäger Corps]. And to think we should meet in Bohemia here!

"SUTLER WOMAN [Gustel of Blasewitz, a real character, an antitype known personally to Schiller]. Oh, here to-day—to-morrow yonder—
As the rude war-broom, in restless trace,
Scatters and sweeps us from place to place.
Meanwhile, I've been doomed far round to wander:
Up the country I've rambled to Temeswar,
Whither I went with the baggage-car,
When Mansfeld before us we chased away.
With the Duke near Stralsund next we lay,
Where trade went all to pot, I may say.
I jogged with the succors to Mantua,
And back again came, under Feria;
Then, joining a Spanish regiment,
I took a short cut across to Ghent;
And now to Bohemia I'm come to get
Old scores paid off, that are standing yet.

"FIRST CUIRASSIER. To the Netherlands they would lend us now.
Cuirassiers, Yägers, and Shooters away,
Eight thousand, in all, must march, they say.

"SUTLER WOMAN. What! what! again the old wandering way—
I got back from Flanders but yesterday!"

SCHILLER'S "*Wallenstein's Camp.*"

CONTEMPORANEOUS SOVEREIGNS.

Popes.—Paul V., 1611–1621; Gregory XVI., 1621–1623; Urban VIII., "the Protestant Pope," "the Attic Bee," 1623–1646; Innocent X., 1646–1655.

[1] Reader, please excuse everything in this article but the facts, since the writer has been in such pain for over a month that at times he could scarcely take in the sense of manuscript. From this cause, in the November article, several errors occurred, one of the worst, page 468, twelfth line from bottom, where for *Lutherans* should read *Lithuanians*.

Emperors of Germany.—Matthias, 1612–1618; Ferdinand II., 1618–1637; Ferdinand III., 1637–1657.

Kings of France.—Louis XIII., 1610–1643; Louis XIV., 1643–1715.

Sweden.—Gustavus Adolphus, 1611–1633; Christina, 1633–1654.

Spain.—Philip III., 1598–1621; Philip IV., 1621–1665.

Denmark.—Christian IV., 1588–1648.

Great Britain.—James I., 1604–1625; Charles I., 1625–1649.

Elector of Saxony.—John George I., 1611–1656.

Stadtholders of Holland.—Maurice of Nassau, 1587–1625; Frederick Henry, 1625–1646; William II., 1647–1650.

Electors of Brandenburg.—John Sigismund, 1608–1618; after Union with Prussia (1619); George William, 1619–1640; Frederick William, "the Great Elector," 1640–1688.

LIST *of the Principal* BATTLES, COMBATS, *and* SURPRISES *during the Thirty Years' War, between the Protestants and Roman Catholics; the Swedes and the Confederate German States and the Imperialists and the Romanist League.*

Of the *Six Great* BATTLES of this war TORSTENSON was present in *Four*. In the first he commanded the Swedish Artillery, which contributed more than any other Arm to the success of the day; in the fourth he commanded the right wing, which may be said to have done the whole of the hard fighting; in the fifth and sixth he commanded in chief. Of the important Combats between the Swedes and the Imperialists he was present in seven. In the two bloodiest and most decisive Engagements, at the *Passage of the Lech* and at *Nuremberg*, he commanded the Artillery; in the latter in command of Infantry—in fact of the three arms united, he saved a numerous division of the Swedish army at the expense of his liberty and health; and in a third, at *Schweidnitz*, 1642, he commanded in chief, and avenged his martyred master on his assassin. He was the first Swede who displayed the Gothic banner in the sight of *Vienna* and insulted its walls with cannon-shots.

He ruined in succession three of the finest armies which the Empire sent into the field, and performed two marches which are worthy of comparison with any recorded in ancient or modern military annals, and all this while crippled and shattered with disease, the result of his incarceration in a pestilential dungeon by the bigoted Maximilian of Bavaria, who knew his military value and thus hoped to neutralize it.

In enumerating the victories of the Thirty Years' War all are excluded from this List which did not affect Germany proper and influence the great rights and principles involved in that tremendous struggle.

The Battles and Combats between the French and Austro-Bavarians, however glorious to either party, can scarcely be termed "great victories" in the sense that the words are used herein, because they were almost barren of general results, as affecting the great question being fought out, and as conducing to the termination of the war. They were mere sanguinary *episodes*, *side issues*, which, however glorious to the victors, did not affect the main result. The advantage or loss was *immediately* to France or to Bavaria, as the case might be, and only *mediately* to the principal factors,—the Swedes and the Imperialists. The same remark applies to other Combats in different quarters and between different subordinate parties. Success makes heroes; results stamp battles as great victories.

A number of the Battles or Combats have been regarded as absolute models. Von Kausler selects six and Spruner eight as exemplary, Malleson ten, and von Brandt considers Janikau as THE Battle most worthy of study of them all, and dwells more than any other critic on the particulars of the White Mountain and Campaign between Christian IV. and Tilly in 1626.

Even if all the bloody Combats of the Thirty Years' War were allowed to appear in this List, the number would not exceed Sixty.

(Affair of Teyne (Moldau-Thein), three German miles from Thabor, about 8th June, 1619. T. E., i. 152–155, claims that Ferdinand owed his whole future success to this scarcely noted collision; Combat of Langen-Loys, six miles north-east of Crems, in Lower Austria, 1620; Mansfeld defeated by Spaniards under Verdugo and Spinelli.—Menzel, ii. 321; T. E., i. 341.)

[Capture of Pilsen by Mansfeld, 11th–21st November, 1618, T. E., Plan i. 75–'6; Capture of Bautzen by the Elector of Saxony, 23d September, 1620, T. E., i. 372, 373, Plan.]

1st. The *Combat* of the White Hill, or Mountain, near Prague, 7th November, 1620, where the Imperialists, under Maximilian of Bavaria, Tilly, and Bucquoi, determined the fate of Protestantism in Bohemia, was rather a bloody *skirmish* than a *pitched battle*. The victors lost only a few hundred, and the whole engagement, decisive of the immediate result as it was, did not last over an hour. By this defeat the Elector Palatine, "the Winter King," lost not only his newly-acquired kingdom but his hereditary dominions. (T. E., i. 409–411, Plan.)

2d. The combat of Mingolsheim, or Wiesloch, 29th April, 1622, when the Imperialists under Tilly were thoroughly defeated by the Protestants under Mansfeld. (C. ii. 185, T. E., i. 539.)

3d. The Battle, or Combat, of Wimpfen, 6th–7th May, 1622, when the Romanist Confederates, under Tilly, defeated the Protestant forces under George Frederick, Margrave of Baden-Durlach. (T. E., i. 690; von Kausler, 223, Plan.) This battle was lost through the jealousies of the Protestant Generals, or rather a question of precedence.

4th. The Battle, or Combat, of Hoechst, 20th June, 1622. The Imperialists under Tilly defeated the Brunswickers, under their Duke Christian. (T. E., i. 635.)

[Capture of Heidelberg. T. E., i. 645, Plan.]

[Battle of Fleurus in the Netherlands. T. E., i. 667, Plan.]

5th. The Combat of Loen, or Stadtlohn, 6th August, 1623. Christian of Brunswick defeated by Tilly. (T. E., i. 747, Plan.[2])

6th. Action at the Bridge of Dessau, 25th April, 1626; fought, according to General Cust (72), to prevent the junction of Tilly and Wallenstein, which Mansfeld knew would make them irresistible. Mansfeld's troops cut up by Wallenstein, a student of Mansfeld's policy, by which he overcame his Preceptor as a Condottiere. This action finished Mansfeld's military influence in German affairs. (T. E., i. 923, Plan.)

[Siege and Capture of Wolfenbüttel by Pappenheim. T. E., i. 986–7; 1627, Plan.]

7th. The Battle, or Combat, of Lutter am Barenberge, 27th August, 1626. Tilly victor over Christian IV. of Denmark.[3] (C. ii. 198.)

This Battle destroyed the influence of Denmark upon the Contest, and eliminated the quantity it represented from the war-problem.

Wolgast, on the Eastern Coast of Pomerania, 7th May, 1628. The Danes, disembarked, were defeated with great loss by Wallenstein; and like the English at Corunna on 14th January, 1809, escaped in their ships. This was the last effort of

[2] This ends what Loewenburg considers the Palatine Period. Each period or phase of the Thirty Years' War may be said to have been decided by a battle, although that battle may have had no decisive effect upon the ultimate result of the whole war.

[3] A Cavalry fight at Calenberg or Rosing, 22d July, 1626, which was considered worthy of particular study and record, rather shook up the confidence of the Danes in themselves, and although undeniably a very brave people, their conduct at Lutter shows how vain it is to expect green troops, however individually brave, to meet courageous veterans. The Calenberg Cavalry fight was like our gigantic Cavalry battle at Brandy Station.—It revealed the Dane's ideas and strength, as Brandy Station developed Lee's intentions and movements.

the Danes, and the fighting may be said to have rung down the curtain on the Danish-Lower-Saxon period, or part, in the war, closed by the Peace of Lubeck, 6th March, 1629.

[Capture of Magdeburg, 10th May, 1631. T. E., i. 366, Plan.]

8th. The Action before the Lines of Werben, 17th–30th June, 1631. Tilly beaten off, and astonished by *Gustavus Adolphus*. (T. E., II. 416–19, Plan 19; von Kausler, 38, Plan.)

9th. (I. in importance.) The Battle of Leipsic, 7th September, 1631.

The Imperialists and Roman Catholics under Tilly, "the Invincible," completely routed by the Swedes under Gustavus Adolphus. (T. E., ii. 432, Plan; von Kausler, 167, Plan.)

10th. The Combat and Passage of the Lech, 3d–5th April, 1632. Bavarians defeated (Tilly mortally wounded) by Gustavus Adolphus. (T. E., ii. 634, Plan.)

11th. The Action before the Lines of Nuremberg, 24th August, 1632. Gustavus bloodily repulsed by Wallenstein. (T. E., ii. 655, 659, Plans.) This was the first check sustained by Gustavus, and shook his prestige of Invincibility.

12th. The Combat of Weiseloch, 15th August, 1632, between the Swedes, under Gustavus Horn, and Imperialists, under Ossa, Montecuccoli, Montballion, and Vizthum. (T. E., ii. 665; von Lundblad, Gustavus Horn, 53, 54.)

13th. (II.) The Battle of Lutzen, 6th November, 1632. The Swedes and Protestants, under Gustavus, victorious over the Imperialists and Roman Catholics, commanded by Wallenstein. In this battle the great Gustavus is believed by many to have fallen by the hand of an Assassin. (T. E., ii. 747, Plan; von Kausler, 167, Plan.)

The successful Defense of Stralsund against him in 1629 had destroyed the confidence of the Emperor in Wallenstein as a Poliorcetes; and the result of Lutzen shook Ferdinand II.'s faith in him as a Nicephoros, Battle Ruler, and also in his Good Fortune.

[Affair of Steinau, on the Oder, exactly like Lee's running Milroy out of the Shenandoah Valley in 1863; curious coincidence.—M. W. 343.]

14th. The Battle, or Combat, of Oldendorf, 28th June–8th July, 1633, wherein the Swedes, under Kniphausen, and the Lunenburghers and Hessians, under Duke George and the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, defeated the Imperialists, led by Gronsfeld and Merode. (T. E., iii. 85; Geijer, 299–300; Menzel, ii. 362.)

15th. The Combat of Pfaffenhofen, 31st July–1st August, 1633. The Swedes, under Christian of Birkenfeld, victorious over the Lorrainers, under their Duke. (T. E., iii. 90; Geijer, 300.)

16th. The Combat in Upper Alsace, at Wattweil, near Lichtensteg, on the Thur River, seventeen miles southwest of Saint Gall, Switzerland, 2d March, 1634. Imperialists, under Count Salm, Colonel Mercy, and Marquis Bassompierre, defeated by the Rhinegrave Otto Louis. (T. E., iii. 188, Plan.) The severity of this autumn caused great losses to the Imperialists.

17th. Combat of Liegnitz, April, May, 1634. Swedes and Saxons, under Arnheim, victorious over the Imperialists, under Colloredo. (T. E., iii. 274; Naylor, iii. 143.)

18th. (III.) The Battle of Noerdlingen I., a battle of the Dresden (1813) class, delivered on both wings, 6th and 7th September, 1634. Swedes and Weimarians (Protestant Confederates), under Gustavus Horn and Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, defeated by the Imperialists (Roman Catholic League), under Ferdinand, King of Hungary, who did *not* distinguish himself, the Cardinal Infante, who did, Gallas, Piccolomini, etc. (T. E., iii. 334, Plan.)

This battle was lost by the positive recklessness of Duke Bernard, who thereby threw away the fruits of Sweden's victorious career of four years. Besides, "Between Duke Bernard and Gustavus Horn there was no love lost" (Malleson, 118). The Peace of Prague, 30th May, 1635, between the Emperor and the Elector of Saxony, seemed almost to undo all that had been done by the Protestants in seven-

teen years. The hard fighting had now been going on for fifteen years, and was yet to last thirteen, the latter by far the most severe and savage. This Peace of Prague ended the Third, or Protestant pure and simple, period of the War.

This defeat cost Oxenstiern his second sleepless night in Germany, and evoked from the Swedes the despairing cry of the Lacedæmonian commander after Kyzikus, B.C. 410, "Our good luck is gone!"

19th. (IV.) Battle of Wittstock, 24th September, 1636. Imperialists and Saxons, under Hatzfeld and Elector of Saxony, defeated by Swedes, under Banér and Torstenson. (T. E., iii. 707, Plan; von Kausler, 98, Plan.) The turning movement by Stalhanske and King, the moral effect of which alone decided the conflict, was almost as much of a circuit and as desperate as that made by "Stonewall" Jackson at Chancellorsville. It was observed, likewise, by the Imperialists, as was Jackson's march by Sickles, and yet not as much of an attempt at parrying or preventing its effects was made by Hatzfeld as the little done by Hooker. (See de P.'s "Analysis of Chancellorsville," *N. Y. Mail.*)

[Second affair of Eulenburg, January, 1637. (T. E., iii. 750.)]

20th. The Combats of Rheinfeld,[4] 18th [28th] and 21st February [2d March],

[4] A battle scarcely less remarkable than that of Nordlingen, but nevertheless a side dish or issue, so to speak, was that of Rheinfelden, or Rheinfeld, once a strong place, but destroyed by the French in 1744. It was one, and the most strongly fortified, of the noted four Forest Towns, then belonging to the Swabian Circle, about ten miles east of Basle, and must not be confounded with Rheinfels, some two hundred and fifty miles farther down the Rhine, near St. Goar, which was also blown up by the French in 1795. Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, assisted in command by the famous Huguenot General, the Duke de Rohan, was besieging Rheinfelden when the besiegers were surprised by the Imperialists under Savelli, Werth, Enkefort, and Sperreuter, on the 28th February, 1638. The Duke de Rohan was mortally wounded, and this misfortune may be said to have occasioned the defeat, the abandonment of the field and wounded, and the loss of all the artillery and trains. Half of the allied force was either captured or cut to pieces, and the other half fled or retreated some eighteen miles, and when they did halt found themselves without food, ammunition, trains, wagon-transport, and cannon. Everything seemed lost, except that the troops retained their courage and the generals their self-possession. Rohan, who had been so long a party-leader in France, and possessed a mind by nature and experience full of bold and energetic resources, proposed, although he knew that his wounds must prove mortal, to gather up the remains of the army, to resume the offensive, and advance at once upon the enemy, because he knew that they would be disorganized by their very success, and too much absorbed in celebrating it, to dream that the vanquished would dare to deliver a vigorous counter against them, the victors. Weimar found the advice worthy of his own reputation, his manliness, and the extremity to which he was reduced. He assembled his officers, spoke brave words to them, and they, in turn, communicated the courage of their leaders and their own enthusiasm to their troops, who, to a man, gave answer that "they were ready to undertake whatever such leaders should propose." At once the troops formed and moved. Everything turned out as Rohan predicted. A night march, executed with incredible energy, under the most difficult conditions, brought the Weimarians at dawn upon an unsuspecting enemy, with a result such as rarely is recorded and almost without precedent. [Santa Ana made his future by an exactly similar move or counter against the Spanish invaders of Mexico.] All the Imperial generals were made prisoners, their artillery, baggage, trophies, everything, retaken and captured, and the Austro-Bavarian army positively ceased to exist. This triumph was achieved with a loss of less than twenty men to the assailants. The gallant Werth and Enkefort were carried as trophies to Paris. Savelli escaped. Werth was exchanged in 1642 (1641, Naylor) for the Swedish General Horn, captured at Nordlingen in 1634. Several years after, 24th November,

1638. Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, and Huguenot, "perfect Captain," Duke de Rohan, victorious over the Austro-Bavarians, Savelli, Werth, Enkefort, and Sperreuter, of whom all four were captured. (T. E., iii. 912, Plan.)

1643, in the midst of deep snows and terrible weather, at Tuttlingen,* Hatzfeld, the Duke of Lorraine, Mercy, and Werth surprised the French Marshal Rantzau, who, like so many of the most distinguished generals of France, was a foreigner, and by birth a German. On this occasion Werth captured eight generals, and almost destroyed or took prisoners the very same army with which Bernard of Saxe-Weimar had accomplished about the same results at Rheinfelden. The Duke of Savelli, accused by the gallant Werth of cowardice, who had been previously accused of dastardly behavior by Gustavus Adolphus, broke his parole to Duke Bernard, escaped in the appropriate disguise of a monk, lived to injure, "with consistent baseness," a far better associate and rival, Goetz, and to disgrace himself anew, and lives in history with the epithet of "worthless" attached to his name. Naylor styles him "the fitting favorite of the Jesuits and of the Viennese Court."

It may be interesting to learn how it was that the Weimarian troops came into the French service. The year after Bernard of Saxe-Weimar captured Rheinfelden and Breisach, 1639, he died, with the suspicion that he had been poisoned by an emissary of Richelieu, whose opponents always lost their lives with charming unanimity as soon as they became actually dangerous to the Cardinal. Bernard's tomb at Gotha records the charge of poisoning, which Puffendorf, the Swedish historian, and almost every other contemporary writer, do not hesitate to corroborate. The symptoms of his case, however, might justify the belief that Duke Bernard died of a virulent fever resembling the plague, which latter was seldom absent from all armies, certainly those of the Imperialists, during this period. Duke Bernard, like King Frederic the Great, was rather given to tongue-lashing. He said of Louis XIII., who was a puppet in the hands of Richelieu, "Had I been the ally of the Turkish emperor, he would have fulfilled his engagements with greater fidelity than the Christian king," and when the Cardinal offered his rich and beautiful niece, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, better known by the name of "La Combalet," to the Saxon prince as a consort, "Madame de Combalet," said he, a little uncourteously, "possesses every quality that I could desire in a *mistress*, but hardly one that I should expect in a *wife*."

After Duke Bernard died, Erlach, a Swiss officer, an officer with considerable experience, and up to this time of unblemished integrity, sold Breisach to the French Cardinal, and also induced the Weimarian troops to pass over to the French service. Their first commander was the Duke de Longueville, but they soon came under the gallant Guebriant, who died in consequence of the loss of his arm, an injury received during the siege of Rotweil. His successor, Rantzau, was surprised at Tuttlingen, and the Weimarians were pretty much broken up. The remnant of their veteran cavalry, headed by William Hemple, a student of Jena, fought their way back to their native country, Germany, and two thousand of them joined the ubiquitous Königsmark (Geijer), and were with him thenceforth, and took part in the capture of Prague in 1648. The Duke de Rohan, the real victor of Rheinfelden, died 18th April, 1638, of a wound received while charging at the head of the Nassau regiment on the preceding 28th February. (See beautiful notice of de Rohan in Russell's "Modern Europe," i. 519.) As in the case of Admiral Du Quesne, bigoted Romanist France refused a grave to this one of her greatest sons, because he was a Protestant, and he was buried in the Cathedral or Church of St. Pierre in Geneva, under a somewhat striking monument displaying an armed effigy.

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* All these towns—Tuttlingen, Rotweil, Rheinfelden—were places of importance when the numerous German princelings were continually making war upon each other, and required fortified points as bases and protections. Tuttlingen and Rotweil are mentioned in the Peasants' War, in the early part of the sixteenth century. (Menzel, ii. 237.)

22d. The Combat of Domitz, 22d October [1st November], 1635. The Saxons, under Baudissin, completely routed by the Swedes, under Banér. (P. 494.)

23d. The surprise of Eulenburg, January, 1637. Eight Saxon regiments cut to pieces by Torstenson and Stalhanske. (T. E., iii. 750.)

24th. The Combat of Haselemen, 1st [11th] January, 1636. The Imperialists, under the Baron de Ludderssen, defeated by the Swedes, under Kniphausen, who died in the arms of victory. (T. E., iii. 609; Puffendorf, 497.)

25th. The Battle of Wittenweyer, 30th July [9th August], 1638. The Imperialists, under Goetz, completely routed by the Swedes and French, under Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. (T. E., iii. 963, Plan; von Kausler, 102, Plan.)

26th. The Combat of Lemgo, or Lemgau, 7th [17th] October, 1638. The young Princes Palatine, Charles Louis, and Rupert, completely routed by the Imperialists, under Hatzfeld. (Cust, ii. 567.)

27th. The combat of Chemnitz, 4th [14th] April, 1639. The Imperialists, under Hatzfeld, Buckhaim, Furstenberg, and Maracini, or Marazin, completely routed by the Swedes, under Banér and Torstenson. (T. E., iv. 92–96, Report; von Lunblad's Banér, 190–2.)

28th. The Combat of Brandeiss, 20th [30th] May, 1639. The Imperialists, under Montecuccoli and Hoffkirch, both of whom were taken prisoners, routed by Banér and Torstenson. (Von Lundblad's Banér, 192, 193.)

29th. The Combat of Plauen, 10th [20th] April, 1640. The Imperialists, under Baron von Bredau, defeated by the Swedes, under Banér. (T. E., iv. 863, Plan.)

30th. The Combat of Ziegenhain, 15th [25th] November, 1640, between the Weimarians, under Reinold von Rosa, and the Imperialists, under General Field-Marshal-Lieutenant Baron von Bredau. (T. E., iv. 201, Plan.)

31st. The Combat of Wolfenbüttel, 19th–29th June, 1641. The Imperialists, under the Archduke Leopold William, defeated by the French, Weimarians, and Hessians, under Marshal Guebriant, and the Swedes, under Charles Gustavus, Wrangel, and Koenigsmark. (T. E., iv. 590, Plan, etc.)

32d. Combat of Hulst, or Kempen, 7th–17th January, 1642. The Imperialists, under Lamboy, defeated by the French, Weimarians, and Hessians, under Guebriant. (T. E., iv. 800, Plan.)

33d. The Combat of Schweidnitz, 21st [31st] May, 1642. Torstenson victorious over the Imperialists, under Franz Albrecht, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, the reputed assassin of Gustavus Adolphus, who died from wounds received in the action. (T. E., iv. 867, Plan.)

34th. (V.) The Battle of Breitenfeld, or Second Battle of Leipsic, 2d November, 1642. The Imperial army, under the Archduke Leopold William and Piccolomini, utterly routed by Torstenson. (T. E., iv. 884, Plan.)

35th. The Surprise of Tuttlingen, 24th November [4th December], 1643. French and Weimarian army, under Rantzau, cut up and captured by the Austro-Bavarians, under Hatzfeld, the Duke of Lorraine, Mercy, and Werth. This marvelous achievement was due to the proposition of Colonel Hotz, Quartermaster-General, who receives no mention, except in von Kausler, 272, Plan. (T. E., v. 136, Plan.)

36th. The Combat of Kolding, or Coldingen, Danish Cavalry and Infantry destroyed or captured by Torstenson (de P.'s Torstenson, 82–'3), January, 1644. The Danes defeated in their intrenched camp by Torstenson.

37th. The Two Days' Combat of Freiburg, 3d and 5th August, 1644,—another example of an attack on both wings. The French, under the Great Condé and Turenne, successful, but not victorious, over the Bavarians, commanded by Mercy. (Von Kausler, 104, Plan.)

38th. The Destruction of the Imperial and Saxon cavalry, under Bruay and Enkefort, 23d November, 1644, at Niemeck, near Juterbock, by the Swedish cavalry, under Torstenson. (De P.'s Torstenson, 111.)

39th. (VI.) The Battle of Janikau (or Jankow), the Queen of all the Conflicts of this Great War, 24th February [6th March], 1645. The Imperialists,—Austrians, Bavarians, and Saxons,—under Field-Marshals Hatzfeld, Werth, and Goetz, routed, with tremendous slaughter and loss, by the Swedes, under Torstenson. (T. E., v. 544, Plans, etc.; G. des K., 1 B. 4th Abtheil., 355–375, etc.)

40th. The Combat of Mariendal, or Mergentheim, 5th May, 1645. Turenne, with the French, defeated by Mercy, with the Bavarians. (T. E., v. 571, Plan.)

41st. The Battle of Allerheim, or Noerdlingen [2d], 3d August, 1645. The French, Weimarians, and Hessians, under the Great Condé and Turenne, obtained a doubtful success over the Bavarians, under Mercy, which was rendered a victory by the death of the latter hero. (T. E., v. 625, Plan; von Kausler, 174, Plan.)

42d. The Surprise of Susmarshausen, 7th May, 1647. The Imperialists, under Melander (mortally wounded), completely cut up by the Swedes, French, and Weimarians, under Wrangel and Turenne, although the credit chiefly belongs to Koenigsmark. (T. E., VI. 316.)

Besides the above-mentioned Battles, Combats, and Surprises, history presents some few others of minor importance, which are not cited, as they are not cited by the leading military historians and critics who have written on this war.

As a study scarcely any even the most celebrated military critics have ever paid sufficient attention to the Strategy and Tactics of the Thirty Years' War. It was emphatically the transition period between the Old and the New, and when hostilities had closed, war both as an art and a science had been reborn. This may seem a sweeping assertion, and yet it is absolutely a fact. Tilly was according to his training an able general; Mansfeld; Christian of Brunswick, the latter a man of far more ability than ordinary history accords him; Wallenstein, or Waldstein, Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, Banér, were Condottieri of the highest class; Gustavus Adolphus and Torstenson were Great Captains in the grandest sense of the word; the Archduke Leopold, in some respects, resembled Hood; Gallas, in others, McClellan; Piccolomini, a Lee, in his comprehension of the strength of positions; Koenigsmark, a "Stonewall" Jackson in enterprise; Pappenheim, exactly a Sheridan; Wrangel Junior, might recall Sherman, able, erratic, and ever looking to the end; Condé was a butterfly general, who took the field in summer, had the support of the best in the French service, and rested on his laurels in winter, a Grant in pertinacity; Torstenson, and in a far less degree Turenne, was a Thomas. In this comparison there is no intention to introduce the question of morals, since, with the exception of Gustavus, Horn, and Torstenson, morals were an unknown quantity.

It has often been a question and a matter of astonishment to writers on military subjects of how Armies were supplied with provisions for the mouth and for the battle during the Thirty Years' War. This astonishment is increased when the mind ranges back to previous centuries, and especially attempts to penetrate the gloom of the Dark Ages. The Turks, and Hungarians, and Greeks delivered battles in which over one hundred thousand men were engaged, seven or eight centuries ago, in countries, such as Bosnia and Servia, and contiguous

districts, where, with all the improvements of modern times, it has been found almost impossible for forces, far less numerous and nearer to their base, to exist. The question has often been asked, How was the Quartermaster's department and Commissariat managed in Middle and Western Europe from the eleventh to the end of the seventeenth century? There certainly were some sporadic symptoms of the Order which gradually developed itself into the departmental organizations of to-day. Before the era of the general introduction of musketry, missiles of every kind were much more cumbersome, and must have required a large number of transport vehicles. Whoever clears up this matter deserves more credit than is usually accorded to such investigations. One thing is certain, there was some sort of arrangement, even for the transportation with appropriate vehicles of heavy-armed infantry in the fourteenth century. Besides these troop-wagons, there were others again kept on hand for the carrying of material and supplies of all kinds, including tools, and, if not forges, everything they now prepare in the field.

Edward III. of England had with him invading France, 1359–60, six thousand chariots or wagons laden with every sort of campaign necessaries. Enormous trains accompanied the various armies during the Thirty Years' War, and at Wittenweyer Bernard of Saxe-Weimar captured three thousand wagons.

Look at the pictures in the "Theatrum Europæum" and history of Charles X., Gustavus (De Peyster Alcove, N. Y. Society Library, N. Y.). They show every kind of Army equipage, in a ruder shape, that are used to-day; and as a final proof that Quartermasters must have understood bringing forward enormous supplies, and even luxuries, the Austro-Poles captured from the Turks, 22d September, 1683, when they raised the Siege of Vienna, eight thousand to nine thousand ammunition-wagons, eighty thousand tents, etc. (G. des K., i. 4, 479.)

Torstenson must have forestalled Frederic the Great's ideas, and used the light carts and farm vehicles of the country and the sledges of the peasantry in the winter.

This question of transport is of interest, and is worthy of being traced back to the times of Alexander, who carried the artillery of his day on to the battle-field with him. Hannibal's supply-trains included the bringing forward not only of food, but everything indispensable to his engineer corps was admirably managed. (See "Hannibal's Army of Italy," THE UNITED SERVICE, March, 1881.) It does not appear that he had artillery with him like Alexander, and to the want of it is attributed his failure in sieges. The medical service of the ancients was not to be despised, and was in some respects perfectly organized. It was still maintained with considerable proficiency and efficiency down to the ninth century. This can be established by proof; the gap in the administrative organizations occurs between the tenth

and fourteenth centuries, and the uncertainty culminates about the time of the first crusades. Gustavus Adolphus began a new era; he assigned four surgeons to each regiment, when as yet his opponent had none.[5]

The Turks are said to have been the heirs of the Roman discipline and organization, and to that, no doubt, they owed their original extraordinary successes. They certainly understood the art and advantage of field-works. Admirable order undoubtedly reigned in their armies.

The Art and Science of War made marvelous strides forward in the seventeenth century, and if they did not manifest themselves during the Thirty Years' War, it was not because the truth was not understood by, or known to, some of the great lights of the period, but because there was no time for the introduction of improvements. Men were too busy committing crime to busy themselves with useful ameliorations. They had no time. The capabilities of cavalry and artillery were certainly perceived, and in some cases applications of them are patent, beyond which even since there has been no advance.

During the Thirty Years' War the base of the Swedes was the Baltic. Von Bülow says the base of Gustavus was Protestantism, but that is idealism. Only Gustavus and Torstenson carried on war on scientific principles. Four or five times the Swedes were literally beaten back to the Baltic,—almost into it. It was not until Torstenson practically demonstrated that to succeed, absolutely, war must be carried home to the heart of the enemy, on the Danube and at Vienna, and connected, or attempted to connect, the Danube and the Baltic by a chain of posts, that anything decisive was effected. One link he never succeeded in forging, *i.e.*, the capture of Brunn. Otherwise the chain was kept pretty generally intact. Olmutz, from which Vienna was menaced until the end of the struggle, was never recaptured by the Imperialists after Torstenson took it in 1642. Its defense was a model for garrison commanders.

It has been observed that what was accomplished by Mansfeld and Christian of Brunswick has never received due attention. Lowenberg, in his Historical Geographical Atlas, "Germany during the Thirty Years' War," prior to the death of Gustavus, delineates the marches of only three commanders, of—1st, those of Mansfeld and Christian; 2d, of Gustavus. Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, with all his celebrity, especially after Lutzen, was fighting pretty much the whole time for his own hand. He nearly sacrificed everything at Nordlingen, 7th September, 1634. Bernard's best-known victory was Rheinfeld, 1638, which was entirely due to the celebrated Duke de Rohan, the French Huguenot. Bernard was completely defeated. Rohan exhorted him to gather up

[5] See J. W. de P.'s "Medical Organization of the Roman Armies," *Army and Navy Journal*, vols. i. and ii.; 6th August, 1864, "Medical Arrangements of the Ancients;" Ibid., 13th August and 27th August, 1864.

his forces and try it again. Bernard followed his counsels, attacked the Imperialists celebrating their success, and about annihilated them. Rohan, to whom everything was due, lost his life. Banér's Campaigns, with the exception of the time when Torstenson was with him, were raids on a terrific scale. Wittstock, 24th September, 1636, credited to him as chief, was due as much to Torstenson, his lieutenant, and the little army of veterans which the latter brought with him from Poland. It was only when Torstenson became Generalissimo that the operations presented studies worthy of the most scientific critic.

As for the French operations, had there been no Swedes eating into the very entrails of the empire, they would have been little better than rats gnawing at the rind of a large melon.

And now to particulars, more peculiarly military. Of *all* the wars which have desolated the earth, the most terrible was this Thirty Years' War, because its theatre was Middle Europe, and especially those portions of it where learning had made the most progress, and where civilization was laying the basis for the greater part of the changes which distinguish the present condition of society from that which existed in the previous period, generally styled "the Dark Ages."

The cause of this conflict was the determination of a large portion of the population to free themselves from the yoke of *spiritual* tyranny, and, under this consideration, it very much resembles the terrible struggle which our own country, 1861–65, passed through to redeem itself from the curse of *physical* slavery. The origin of the contest is undoubtedly attributable to Luther's first determined stand in Germany against Papal abuses, in 1517, by which he inaugurated the great moral battle of Free Thought, although Zwingli had, it is true, preceded him certainly by a year or more, some claim by three years; but the latter's sphere of action was remote, confined to Switzerland, and comparatively circumscribed.

Exactly one hundred years later, Ferdinand of Grätz, Duke of Styria, afterwards Second Emperor of Austria of that name, a pupil of the Jesuits, in concert with Maximilian, Elector of Bavaria, a fellow-pupil of the same school, struck the first blow which brought on the collision of arms. In 1617 the Centenary of the Reformation was celebrated in Germany by a Protestant Jubilee, and in the same year Ferdinand was crowned King of Bohemia at Prague, and at once began to oppress his Reformed subjects. There is something very peculiar in these dates. The same year, 1517, which beheld the first introduction of negro slaves and the establishment of physical slavery proper in the New World, also witnessed the first decisive steps for the enfranchisement of the Saxon race from the spiritual slavery which crippled every attempt at bettering or improving itself in the Old World.

In 1518, Luther made his famous protest before the Diet of Augsburg. In 1618 the Bohemian Protestants took up arms against their

persecutors, under Count Thurn, and, supported by an auxiliary force under the celebrated Condottiere, Mansfeld, made themselves masters of that kingdom. This Mansfeld was a commander of distinguished ability, and, although landless and a natural son, exercised an influence such as few princes have inherited or acquired. He was a natural son of Peter Ernest, Count Mansfeld, who commanded in chief for Charles V. in the Netherlands. Had he and not Thurn directed the military organizations of Bohemia, public affairs would not have gone from evil to worse, until even his courage and ability, however demonstrated, were of no avail.

The 23d May, 1618, is the accepted date of the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, which closed Aug. 6–Sept. 8, 1648. In 1519, the magnanimous Zwingli, who, as stated, had preceded Luther as a Reformer by some three years, and had aroused the Swiss to the adoption of the Truth,—that Truth which, alas! always strikes down its first champions with the very weapons it furnished, although it inevitably does prevail. Simultaneously with Luther's denial, at Leipsic, of the Pope's supremacy, the Genevan Reformers effected their Union, styled Eidgenossen (oath-confederates), which is said, although doubtfully, to be the origin of the title, Huguenots, applied to the French Protestants. In 1619 the Bohemians chose for their king the Elector-Palatine Frederick V., whose queen was the peerless "Pearl of Pearls," Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England. The new Emperor Ferdinand, after being badgered, baited, and brought to bay in his own palace at Vienna, was rescued by a handful of determined disciplined men, and his veteran generals soon placed him in a position to strike back. The Protestants were mixed in their views, as Lutherans and Calvinists, hating each other as bitterly as they did the common enemy and very much divided in their selfish views, lukewarm principles, and want of homogeneousness.[6] Had the Bohemians, when they had the opportunity, struck as their adversaries never failed to strike, without pause or false mercy, things would have assumed a totally new aspect, and doubtless have had an immediate and remote, a different, result. The unexpected arrival of four companies, some four hundred men, of a newly-formed regiment of cuirassiers, led by the Commander of the Arsenal, Geoffry von St. Hilaire, or Henry du Val, Count de Dampierre, saved Ferdinand. "One by one the rebellious Barons SNEAKED [yes, simply *sneaked*] away. Ferdinand's obstinacy had preserved his position for himself, had regained Catholicism for the Hereditary States, —and for Bohemia." The Rebels, with all the best trumps in their hands, through moral cowardice, the bed-rock of all the failures in this world, threw the game away, and for the most part expiated their folly and weakness by tortures, exile, ruin, or execution. No wonder at first "the

[6] The Lutherans persecuted the Calvinists when they got a chance, and the Romanists did both. There was little difference in the Intolerance.

Imperialists" [like the South prior to 1861 of the North] "us'd to say, in a Satyrical, Contemptuous Stile, that, except the Elector of *Saxony*, all the Protestants were a parcel of Beggars, that could scarcely keep ten Regiments among them all; and, indeed, the next summer" [1630, but, in fact, 1620–1630, until Gustavus disembarked and began his career of liberation, "the arrival of the Swedish King was but the opening of the war"], "the Emperor, without any trouble, constrained the Protestant Princes of Upper Germany to renounce the League of *Leipsick* and advance considerable summes of Money besides." All this was due to the original "sneaking" in 1618. This "giving in" was very much like the weakening of the Austrian governor in Venice in 1548, when he surrendered everything to Manin, and brought a series of woes upon the Queen City of the Gulf, which were only assuaged in 1559–60. Parties now began to arrange themselves unmistakably. Protestantism and Romanism occupied antagonistic camps, and all hopes of any settlement of the matter, except by the arbitrament of the sword, were blown to the winds with the triumphant fanfares of the trumpets of Dampierre's horsemen. The Reformers had lost their opportunity! These cuirassiers, in remembrance of their fortunate arrival, are alone, of all the Imperial-Royal regiments, entitled to enter, their trumpets sounding the very march they had played on that eventful 5th June, 1619, into the interior court of the Imperial palace. Never was there seen a more striking effect of the mere appearance of discipline upon indiscipline. The Bohemians, individually, were certainly brave men, for they proved it on numerous occasions, but their resolution became worse than irresolution in the presence of these few boldly led, resolute regular troops. The next lesson to be learned from this war is the application to human affairs of the fable of the bundle of sticks. Æsop taught it in Antiquity, and the Indian King Hendrik, of the Six Nations, at Fort William Henry in 1755. The members of the Protestant Union were like loose sticks, however strong individually. The Roman Catholic League was a bundle of sticks strongly bound together by the Jesuits with the bigotry and the discipline of that church which, like the discipline of the Roman legion, had undergone the developing and perfecting processes of many centuries. As soon as the former became united, their freedom of action and thought gave them the advantage, but they always labored under the disadvantage of fighting in fractions against a unit,—that united organized fanaticism which is as much a unit in the form of a "solid South" in our nation, at this day, as it was then in Germany. In 1620, the battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, settled the fate of that kingdom, and gave a Protestant land into the hands of those who, through axe, sword, fire, torture, and exile, so thoroughly purged it of freedom of thought, and infected it with their views, that when Banér burst in with material support, expecting to find strong auxiliaries to reinforce

and welcome him in 1639, all that he hoped to find alive was silent or helpless as the grave. Bohemia, once at the head of Reform (Menzel, ii. 382), had become so paralyzed, that not a hand was extended to that deliverer so long and once anxiously expected when he did arrive in strength sufficient to afford redemption, and ever since has been a stronghold against the very principles of which it once was famous as the pronounced champion. The results which followed the Battle of the White Mountain were all due to the conceit and weakness of the "Winter King," the Elector-Palatine. That battle, which was over in a few minutes (less than an hour), was lost through his negligence or his cowardice, or rather more through his unfortunate selection of his military commanders than the fault of the troops. Of the latter, the Hungarians, who behaved the worst, suffered the most, since, endeavoring to escape across the Moldau by a dam, they were still so much under the influence of a panic terror, that instead of attempting to effect an orderly passage, they thronged the substitute of a bridge, and so pressed and jostled each other that more than one thousand were drowned. It is a salutary lesson, however seldom heeded, that cowardice invariably entails upon those under its influence greater losses and sufferings than the most desperate exposure and resistance. Besides, the casualties of cowardice are of no benefit to any one, whereas hard fighting, even if unsuccessful, always occasions loss often even more than equal, to a successful opponent, and makes him pay too dearly for his gain. The Bohemian nobles had the game in their hands when they were baiting Ferdinand II. in Vienna, were scared out, and sneaked away, and threw their trumps and the cards away, and none paid more fearfully for their lack of moral courage, and so it was with all the "*schielwipfeners*," the waverers, and shirks, as Blücher styled such creatures, throughout the war, for the Romanists, when victors, or temporarily in the ascendant, lived off of friend and foe alike, and gnawed everything eatable off to the very bones.

Then from absolute lack of resolution, the Elector-King threw away every chance of retrieving the adverse events of the day. Had he evinced any determination, the arrival of winter with its snows and of Mansfeld with his troops would have reversed the aspect of affairs and have saved Bohemia and the cause. The weakness of this one individual determined the first phase of the Thirty Years' War, for it afforded opportunity to Ferdinand and Maximilian to thoroughly carry out their plans. Tilly appeared at once as a chief factor, and Wallenstein arose as a director of the storm, and although brave and devoted champions of free thought took the field and fought desperately, reverse after reverse carried the Imperial arms to the shores of the Baltic; until, 1629, the cause of the Protestant Union seemed lost (see Turner's "Analysis of German History," pages 65 to 82). Reflection will come to the conclusion that the decade—1618–1629—constitutes the first Act of the

terrible Drama or Tragedy of the Thirty Years' War. The Palatine period was only a Prelude, like that of Wallenstein's Camp, for his grand historical Dramas, "The Piccolomini," and "Wallenstein's Death." The heroic defense of the little Platt-Deutsch Baltic seaport, Stralsund, 14th July, 1628; 7th May, 1629; 31st July, 1629 (like that of Londonderry, relieved by Colonel Kirke, 30th July, 1689, against James II. in Ireland), was the turning-point in the War, and decided the fate of Europe, for it brought Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes to the rescue of Germany.

The operations of the first act, 1618–1629, were a huge scramble, chaotic, no real organization, carried on more for destruction, plunder, selfish ends, and individual purposes, than great principles. Until the Swede[7] came, there was no order, and even afterwards order only existed where Swedes commanded. Even Bernard of Saxe-Weimar became a regular Condottiere after he separated his interests from those of the Swedes and their consistent allies, the Protestant Germans.

The circumstances of the Thirty Years' War read more like the campaigns of Hannibal in Italy than any other phase of Military operations in the whole course of modern trustworthy history.

"While [1620] the House of Austria was thus extending its authority in Germany, a project, no less ambitious and bloody, was concerted for rendering the Spanish branch of that family absolute in Italy. The Duke d'Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, the Marquis de Villa Franca, Governor of Milan, and the Marquis of Bedomar, the Spanish Ambassador at Venice, conspired to subject the Venetians, and with them the rest of the Italian States, under the dominion of their master. For this purpose they had formed a horrid plot which would infallibly have put them in possession of Venice. That city was to have been set on fire in different parts by a band of ruffians already lodged within its walls, while a body of troops, sent from Milan, should attack it on one side and some armed vessels from Naples on the other. But this atrocious design was discovered by the vigilance of the Senate in 1618, when it was almost ripe for execution. The greater part of the conspirators were privately drowned; and Bedomar, who had violated the law of nations, being secretly conducted out of the city, was glad to make his escape. Another project was formed in 1620 for extending the Spanish dominions in Italy by the Duke of Feria, who had succeeded the Marquis de Villa Franca in the government of Milan. He encouraged the popish inhabitants of the Valtelline to revolt from the Grisons, and the King of Spain, as protector of the Catholic faith, supported them in

[7] My sketch of "Gustavus Adolphus" in UNITED SERVICE, vol. iii., No. 3, September, 1880, cannot well be improved from any point except that a feeling has insinuated much to influence the belief that Gustavus was "human" after all, like other sons of women, and looked aside—yes, had an eye—to the main chance. Yes, Gothic "Cæsar was ambitious!" His eyes were so fascinated and dazzled by the proximate vision of Empire, inviting and less dangerous,—the Imperial Diadem, offered by the Elector of Saxony and Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, like the Crown tendered to Great Julius,—that he was blinded to the longing glances of the Protestants of Bohemia and Upper Austria, ready once more to respond in arms, awaiting his advent as that of a Saviour, who approached so near yet never near enough to cross to their bloody and burned shores and rescue and avenge them. Alas! who, except Torstenson, was not selfish or self-seeking? He was not. He was the only self-sacrificing one from first to last, the martyr to duty.

their rebellion. The situation of the Valtelline rendered it of infinite importance, as it facilitated the correspondence between the two branches of the House of Austria, shut the Swiss out of Italy, kept the Venetians in awe, and was a bridle on all the Italian States."

In the first phase of the war (1618–39) there were seven battles (using the term to subserve the popular idea) fought: 1. The White Hill or Mountain, 7th November, 1620. 2. Mingolsheim, 27th April, 1622. 3. Wimpfen, 6th May, 1622. This conflict belongs to the same class as Ravenna, Easter-Sunday, 4th April, 1512. 4. Hoechst, 20th June, 1622. This was a wonderfully well-contested battle, considering the unequal texture of the forces opposed. 5. Loen or Stadtlohn, 6th August, 1623. 6. Bridge at Dessau, 25th April, 1626. 7. Lutter, 27th August, 1626. This was the last pitched battle won by the "Old Devil," Tilly, apparently the Invincible, as he was until he met the originator of a new and more practical system of Tactics and Discipline[8] which was simply a revival of the principles of the terribly mobile Roman legion, now, again, to be victorious—as it had ever been and must ever be—over those of the inert and inflexible Grecian phalanx.

Tilly and Wallenstein had all the wolves or wild beasts like the lions trained to battle of the Egyptian kings,—as sung by Pentaur in his famous epic recently discovered,—and they preyed upon the untrained or partially disciplined until the Swedes came like another genus of wolves or trained hunting-dogs, because the Swedes, or rather their superlative officers, were the real "stuff" that fought out this war for liberal principles.[9]

The French divide the Thirty Years' War into four periods, and that which the writer styles the first phase, 1618–1629, they subdivide into the Palatine Period, 1619–23, and the Danish, 1623–29. Of the latter, the Battle of Stadtlohn is the most remarkable, for Christian of Brunswick, who was fighting "all for God and his beloved queen," Elizabeth of Bohemia; who, at Fleurus, had charged six times the Spanish Tercias, equivalent in formation to the Grecian phalanx, with a portion of his left arm, or rather his hand, shattered, and then had had the gangrened wreck amputated, amid blare of trumpet, fanfare of drums, and swelling military music, in sight of his whole army; this Christian so held his new levies there, at Stadtlohn, up to their work against Tilly's veterans, that the battle drifted with almost ceaseless fighting for three nights and two days (somewhat like our Fredericksburg adjunct to Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863) over thirty miles of marsh- and river-intersected country. Although defeated, Christian maintained his character as one of the bravest, one of the most desperate and undespairing of captains developed by this "Iron Age."

[8] See Michelet, xii.

[9] For magnificent utterances in connection with the Thirty Years' War, see Michelet's "Histoire de France," vol. xii., chapters i., iii., vi.—viii., xix., etc.

In the second phase, the Swedish Period, 1630–34, the prominent figure is Gustavus Adolphus. He fought and won two battles—Leipsic, 7th November, 1631, and Lutzen, 6th November, 1632—which will be famous as long as history endures. Leipsic is one of the most remarkable battles on record, because, there, new tactics, new artillery, new men, conquered old tactics, old and heavier but less practical artillery, and old men or veterans, deemed, and indeed hitherto, invincible. Never was a victory more brilliantly won by the handling or manœuvring of Gustavus, by the "leathern cannon[10] of Torstenson,"—Mitchell says none, Bülow says plenty,—and the general soldiership of the Swedes, and never was a defeat more delayed by a devoted and fearless *soldatesca*, particularly Tilly's old Walloons, or Belgians, countrymen of their general.[11]

[10] "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" What makes it so extremely difficult to write history is the utterly contradictory presentations of the same occurrences by different writers accepted as authorities. For instance, General Mitchell, who made this war a particular study, states positively that Gustavus had NO *leather* cannon, as they were styled, with him at Leipsic; in fact, brought none with him into Germany, although he had used them to advantage in his earlier campaigns; but, on the contrary, had a light artillery on a new and improved principle, styled Hamilton guns, which were still used in the French army as late as 1780, under the name of *pièces Suédoises*. General Cust contradicts this statement, and he says Gustavus used these leather cannons in all his wars from 1628 till his death. Chapman qualifies this, and contradicts Mitchell, stating they were used at, but not after, Leipsic. The celebrated von Bülow indorses Cust entirely and Chapman partially, and assigns five leathern field-pieces to each half brigade or regiment of infantry. He adds, the Imperial cavalry were chiefly put to flight by the *leathern cannon* shooting canister. "The effect of these guns was irresistible." The leathern cannon did the most towards the result. Considering the novelty of such an employment of artillery, Gustavus and Torstenson both used artillery to more advantage even than Frederic and Napoleon. Gustavus perfectly demonstrated the enormous effects of artillery on troops unaccustomed to them, and thus recalls a remark by Müller, one of the great German historians (vi. 120): "Nothing was able to withstand the terrors of artillery, which he [Timour] employed for the first time in these regions [the Dominions of the Golden Horde, now parts of Modern Russia] about 1398–1400." Even such in proportion was the effect of Torstenson's mobilized guns, massed, upon the Imperialists.

[11] After an examination and comparison of at least one hundred works treating directly, indirectly, or incidentally upon this subject, the writer prepared as clear an account as possible, entitled "The Leipsic of Gustavus," to demonstrate the wonderful tactical perfection of this field on the part of the Swedes, which appeared, Part I. in the April and Part II. in the May number of the "*Field-Glass*," published by Schuyler, Hartley & Graham in 1879, New York.

"*Thus ended the most memorable battle recorded in history.* It was not a battle fought between rival nations for spoil, power, and dominion; not for the possession of provinces, or the supremacy of empires; it was a battle between the two great divisions of the Christian race, and fought to determine whether men should be allowed the free agency of thought, or be forced to receive the dictates of self-elected conclaves, on points of vital importance to their worldly and future happiness. And it is according to the view taken of this question that the result of the day's action must be determined. As this question shall be answered, so will the battle of Leipzig be termed either glorious and beneficial to men, or destructive to

Perhaps one of the most interesting moot questions in modern military history or of strategy is whether, after his victory at Leipsic, in 1631, Gustavus should or should not have marched directly upon Vienna. The case is identical with that of Hannibal after Cannæ; not only at large, but in detail. Maharbal, than whom a smarter General of Cavalry never led or directed a charge, and whose superior perhaps has never flashed a sabre upon any stage of the war-theatre, certainly not in antiquity, urged Hannibal, after Cannæ, to march immediately upon Rome; and, when the greatest Carthaginian refused, Maharbal, contemplating the terrible mistake his superior was committing, exclaimed, in bitterness of spirit, "Hannibal, you know how to gain victories, but not to improve them." Exactly so after Leipsic. Oxenstiern, the cold, phlegmatic, calculating chancellor, who often told Gustavus that it required the calm of his character to temper the fire of the king's, upon this occasion developed all the warmth and the king exhibited all the chill. There are many reasons why Hannibal should at least have attempted to go to Rome and why Gustavus should have advanced at once upon Vienna.

First, the "'Burgoyne Scare' was on the country," as was said of New York and New England in 1777. Hannibal could have gone to Rome, two hundred miles, with the scare of Cannæ upon the country, in a week, his cavalry, as Maharbal proposed, in four days, just as Burgoyne could have gone to Albany after Ticonderoga, in three or four days; after Ticonderoga and Hubbarton, certainly within a week; just as Gustavus could have gone to Vienna in two weeks after the annihilation of the Bavaro-Imperial army and triumph over Tilly, hitherto considered "Invincible,"—buoyed up by the scare on the one side and the renewed hope of Protestantism on the other, Gustavus had ninety chances of success in his favor. It is only honest to admit that able military critics unite in a verdict that Gustavus was right in not going, but the writer repeats, as he did in the case of Hannibal, the king was wrong. Had Hannibal made the attempt on Rome, he would have found a powerful element in his favor. Had Burgoyne advanced on Albany, he would

their welfare and dangerous to their salvation." (Mitchell's "Wallenstein," 219, 220.)

The tactics on either side were very much like the doctrines opposed, the Swedes meeting the massive traditional formations of the Romanists with a new flexible organization adapted to a period on which knowledge was beginning to flood with light the darkness of the past. "No modern army has manœuvred so well in a field of battle as the Swedes manœuvred at Leipzig, and no Austrian general of modern times has behaved with the skill, courage, and resolution displayed by Tilly on the same occasion."

So says Mitchell, but Jankowitz was even as noteworthy as an example to be studied, for there the field was more difficult and could not be supervised with distinctness, and a new element had to enter into the calculations of the generals, the strict economy or utilization of time, on which hinged even more than upon tactics and courage the result of the action.

have found a strong party ready to welcome and assist him. Had Gustavus advanced immediately on Vienna, he would have found a large majority of the population of the districts through which he had to pass awaiting the appearance of his ensigns to rise as they rose and fought, like heroes, in the first years of the war. Such circumstances, full of hope, faith, and devotion, constituted exactly the basis which, von Bülow asserts, constituted the real strength of Gustavus, "The Basis of Protestantism," which did not in after-years continue to exist. These elements of power were subsequently almost extirpated. When, in 1639, Banér, and in 1642, 1644, and 1645, Torstenson, did advance, they could find no traces of them in Bohemia, and into Upper Austria Torstenson could not penetrate. In the interval of thirteen years they had grown gradually less and less potent: first, with the death of Gustavus at Lutzen in 1632; second, after the crushing defeat of the Swedes at Nordlingen in 1634; third, through the defection of the Protestant Electors in 1635; and, fourth, by the complete devastation of the lands, especially Bohemia, along the road an invader must inevitably follow,—territories which, in 1632, could have furnished not only ample subsistence for an army, but numerous willing reinforcements.

To understand the arguments better, take the map. From Leipsic to Vienna is about three hundred miles southeast in a direct line. Dresden, the capital of the Elector of Saxony, who was then an enthusiastic ally, and had a passable army, eighty miles to the southeast, would have constituted an admirable base. Eighty miles farther to the southeast again lies Prague, filled with friends, strong in position and stronger in fortifications for the time. The Elector of Saxony occupied it in 1631, after Leipsic 1st. From Prague to Vienna is about one hundred and fifty miles, without a fortress, which could not have been captured with facility. Since the country was destitute of trustworthy armies, Torstenson had no difficulty in capturing any one of the walled towns *intervening* on the direct road between Prague and the Danube with an army not one-half as strong as that of Gustavus, and not to compare in the efficiency of its personal and material. Torstenson's failure before Brunn in 1645 was not due to military difficulties, but to physical causes beyond human control,—want of supplies, desertion of an ally, and torrential rains, followed by a fearful visitation of pestilence, almost annihilating in its violence. As before stated, Bohemia, in 1632, was Protestant at heart, likewise Upper Austria, the country of the Enns west of Vienna and Styria, and Carinthia southwest. Torstenson still expected to find assistance of every kind along the Enns in 1645, but it had been burned out, meanwhile, with actual fire and persecution, and drowned out in blood. Gustavus had other views than the relief of his co-religionists, not but that he did feel for them,—interested motives. Christian IV. of Denmark, Menzel does not hesitate to assert, "greatly undervalued the simultaneous revolt of the Upper

Austrians, to whom he impolitically offered no assistance" in 1625–26, and Gustavus was more culpable in 1631. He hoped to build up a regal or imperial territory in Germany for himself. He left the Saxons under a half-hearted commander, "the Protestant Jesuit," to go to Prague, who took the place without resistance, and was bowled out with equal facility by Wallenstein.

No wonder Schiller makes the Yäger, in his inimitable prelude "Wallenstein's Camp," remark of the Saxons in Bohemia,—

> "War they wag'd as a jest 'twere thought,
> And but half a heart to the business brought.
> They would break with none; and thus 'twas plain,
> Small honor 'mong them would a soldier gain."

The *Geschichte des Kriegswesens* (to translate) reads thus in this connection:

"The determination of Gustavus Adolphus to make the Main and Rhine region the theatre of the continuation of the war [after Leipsic], instead of directing himself on Vienna, has been much blamed, and found in Oxenstiern its most adverse critic. Von Bülow's views on this subject entirely agree with those of Oxenstiern, and are to be found in the former's 'Gustavus Adolphus in Germany,' ii. p. 55. Taken in an entirely military view, these critics may be quite right, but any one who attains a clear idea of the condition of Germany at the time will not, in this case, accuse the king of any sins of omission. The king too, only after mature deliberation, after long balancing the *pros* and *cons*, determined on this *his original plan, to so form the Statum Belli and to go in his own person to Thuringia, there to take up his winter quarters. For the Protestants, General von Clausewitz very rightly remarks, he could have obtained everything at Vienna, but for himself nothing.* For ourselves, although not exactly of Bülow's opinion, that heaven gave the pretext for this war, but that earthly goods were its particular object, it must yet be admitted that the king had many an *arrière-pensée.* Since these could very well be combined with the king's plan of operations, it was very natural that *his first thought was* to form *for himself* a proper theatre of war. And in fact his situation after the battle of Breitenfeld thoroughly justifies his conduct. He was master of Pomerania; in the Markina, the states of his brother-in-law, he held the most important towns and fortresses; for Saxony was guarantied by the character of the Elector, who, kept active by the prospect of the conquest of Bohemia, had no thought just then of reconciling himself with the emperor. In addition, the king had in Pomerania and in the Marke forces which, if not great, were still sufficient to meet any unforeseen occurrences. Magdeburg, Rostock, and Wismar, although yet in the enemy's hands, were blockaded by sufficient numbers. In Brunswick the troops of the Circle of Lower Saxony seemed imposing. Westphalia was nearly purged of the enemy.

"Entirely different was, on the other hand, the situation of Catholic communities [Stände] of the Lower Rhine. Hesse, where Tilly remained after the battle, was already in league with Gustavus Adolphus; Franconia, protected by no fortress of importance, governed by various princes who had not any common interest, and rich in supplies of every kind, offered him *an easy booty.*

"The plan in question must, then, have presented itself to the king under these, at that time, existing circumstances. Besides this, the advantages which favored it from the military side were so preponderating that all reasonings to the contrary, however plausible they may seem, come to nothing. By a rapid march in that direction (to the southwest) Tilly would be cut off from Bavaria and Austria, all the Roman Catholic States of the Middle and Lower Rhine, as well as the military power of the League, which was in Westphalia and Lower Saxony, would be di-

vided from Austria and isolated, and in addition his [first and truest] ally, Hesse, would be freed from an enemy who paralyzed her forces and oppressed her. At the same time the *richest* and most beautiful regions of Germany, there, offered themselves as a Theatre of War.

"Also it was imperative on the king to come out of a region which the war had already severely drained. The king had written to Oxenstiern in July, 'Through great poverty, difficulty, and disorder we of the army have got along so far, since we are forsaken by all our helpers, to the robbery, injury, and destruction of all our neighbors,—a state of things that lasts up to this minute, so that we have nothing with which to content the men except what they themselves take with insufferable plunder and violence. We have placed our hope upon you more than others (to obtain money), but that, too, fails us.'

"Thus necessity itself [questionable] drove the king to press forward to reach the land which, in the perspective, seemed to him a land of promise, and to the soldiers a harbor in which, after long privations, he could find recovery and recompense."

All this is special pleading, not military discussion, and the basis of the arguments adduced is, after all, self-interest.

On the other hand, Russell, i. 525, argues, "This blow—[the victory of Gustavus at Leipsic]—threw Ferdinand into the utmost consternation; and if the King of Sweden had marched immediately to Vienna, it is supposed he could have made himself master of that capital. But it is impossible for human foresight to discern all the advantages that may be reaped from a great and singular stroke of good fortune. Hannibal wasted his time at Capua, after the battle of Cannæ, when he might have led his victorious army to Rome; and Gustavus Adolphus, instead of besieging Vienna, or laying waste the Emperor's hereditary dominions, took a different route, and had the satisfaction of erecting a column on the opposite bank of the Rhine, in order to perpetuate the progress of his arms."

Puffendorf (454–5) says, "This Victory [Leipsic I.] broke the Measures of the Emperor and the Catholick-League, as well as the Intrigue of the Poles, who intended to break the Truce and Invade Prussia as soon as they had seen Gustavus worsted. On the other hand, the Protestants of Germany plucked up a good Heart, and sought all means to shake off the Imperial Yoke. . . . The Elector of Saxony mov'd That he should go to Franconia, and Gustavus to the Emperor's Hereditary Countries. And, indeed, many are of Opinion That if K. Gustavus had march'd thither immediately, in the Confusion and Consternation they were then in, he had in a little time reduced the Emperor to Extremity, and turn'd him out of Vienna: Besides, his Subjects were so provoked by the Change of Religion he had introduced, that they would have sided with the Swedes; especially considering That at that time there was no Army to oppose 'em. Farther, had Gustavus followed this Advice, he had kept the Emperor from setting a new Army on foot. Oxenstern, the Chancellor of the Kingdom, who was not then with the King, was of the same Opinion; because, in the after-part of his Conduct, K. Gustavus harass'd the Protestants by making their Country the Seat of the War, and gave Umbrage to France."

In referring to the Lech Campaign, so to speak, von Bülow observes that the tactical execution of the Swedes was in every respect most admirable, but that the subsequent action was by no means strategical. General Horn, a most careful commander, von Bülow considers was correct in his advice that Gustavus should have marched, after the Passage of the Lech, against Wallenstein in Silesia. This signified neither more nor less than advancing upon Vienna. This was at the time when Wallenstein was raising his second and last grand army, which as yet, in its inchoate, incomplete, incoherent state, was in no condition to resist the victorious veterans of Gustavus. The defeat and dispersion of Wallenstein's army would have left the Emperor without any force whatever, good, bad, or indifferent, to protect his capital.

The British General Mitchell, who criticised all these operations with precision, considers the march of Gustavus upon Vienna after Leipsic would have been a mere chance adventure in the Napoleon style, yet even he admits that the real objective of Gustavus should have been Vienna; and von Clausewitz (iii. 84) justifies Napoleon's course in plunging forward into Russia: "In this view, therefore, we cannot at all join in the opinion that the care which belongs to the Preparation of a Theatre of War, and the impulse which urges us onward, are on a level in importance, and that the former must, to a certain extent, be a counterpoise to the latter; but we look upon any evil which springs out of the forward movement as an unavoidable evil, which only deserves attention when there is no longer hope for us ahead by the forward movement. Buonaparte's case in 1812, very far from shaking our opinion, has rather confirmed us in it. His campaign did not miscarry because he advanced too swiftly or too far, as is commonly believed, but because the only means of success failed. The Russian Empire is no country which can be regularly conquered, that is to say, which can be held in possession, at least not by the forces of the present states of Europe, nor by the five hundred thousand men with which Buonaparte invaded the country. Such a country can only be subdued by its own weakness and by the effects of internal dissension. [This was the very case with Austria, 1681–48.] In order to strike these vulnerable points in its political existence the country must be agitated to its very centre. It was only by reaching Moscow with the force of his blow that Buonaparte could hope to shake the courage of the Government, the loyalty and steadfastness of the people. In Moscow he expected to find peace, and this was the only rational object which he could set before himself in undertaking such a war. He therefore led his main body against that of the Russians, which fell back before him, trudged past the camp at Drissa, and did not stop until it reached Smolensk. He carried Bagration along in his movement, beat the principal Russian army, and took Moscow. He acted on this occasion as he had always done: it was only in that way that he made himself the arbiter of Europe, and only in that way was it possible for him to do so. He, therefore, who admires Buonaparte in all his earlier campaigns as the greatest of Generals, ought not to censure him in this instance."

The fact and the sum total is this. The grandest successes in this world have resulted from "getting a good ready" and then taking the chances, since, after all, the event is with God. Let a steamer of ordinary speed take advantage of the flood-tide at New York and it will boost her along all the way to Albany. Throughout all ages, the wail has been uttered by those who laid their hands to the plow and looked backward. These form the vast chorus of those who sing "it might have been;" never sounding so doleful as when constituting the chant over lost military opportunities. The explorer of the thicket of historical truths must ever hear amid its bushes Talleyrand's cry of common sense to the Allies pottering on the road to Paris in 1814, Osez donc; "*Osez donc une fois!*"—"Take the chances boldly; chance it boldly, if only for once!"

Lucky was it for the deliverance of Europe that the Allies had old "Marshal Forwards" with them, Blücher.

We cannot refrain from quoting from my translation of "Blücher on the Rhine," by Kopisch:

"The Rhine alone the armies stayed.
Shall we or not now France invade?
Some argued 'Yes,' some argued 'No;'
Old Blücher cut them short with 'Go!
Bring staff maps here. To enter France
Presents no obstacle; advance!
Where stands the foe?' 'The foe, just here.'
'Point out the spot; thrash him, that's clear.
Where's Paris?' 'Paris? There it is.'
'The finger on't; we'll take Paris!
Now throw the bridges 'cross the Rhine!'"

It is impossible, on recalling the grumbling of Oxenstiern at Gustavus not

going to Vienna, not to find in it the echo of the growling of Charles V. at his son, Philip II., not pressing on to Paris after St. Quentin, 10th August, 1557; or of Kearny and Hooker swearing at McClellan for not going into Richmond after the affair of the Peach Orchard, 25th June, and after Malvern, 1st July, 1862; or of a strategist's astonishment at Lee not crossing the Susquehanna in the last week of June, and pressing his advantages of the 1st July, 1863; or at Hooker's throwing away his chances on the 1st May, 1863, and Meade on the afternoon of 3d July, 1863. But examples might be multiplied into a volume. Had Suworow and Napoleon and Radetsky argued as Gustavus did, the course of Empire would have been vastly different. What a gallant common-sense exhortation was that of Talleyrand, "Be audacious if only for once"!

Again, just before Lutzen, Mitchell (275) unintentionally confirms this opinion of von Clausewitz: "Gustavus was obliged [by the jealousy of the weak and vain Elector of Saxony], therefore, to abandon the brilliant prospects opening in the south, when the road to Vienna was almost clear, and to hurry with all speed to the aid of this precarious ally" [Saxony]. This cost the life of Gustavus.

Menzel says the road to Vienna lay open after Leipsic. The annihilation of the Imperial power and the ruin of the House of Hapsburg seemed inevitable. He adds that Gustavus "acted in the spirit of a future Protestant Emperor;" did not take the road to Vienna, and his operations led him in the opposite direction.

Von Lundblad, in his Life of Oxenstiern, states that when the Kingdom's Chancellor joined Gustavus at Frankfort on-the-Main, he replied to the courteous greeting of the king, "I would have greatly preferred to have paid my respects to your Majesty within the walls of Vienna, in the heart of the Austrian Monarchy, rather than here on the banks of the Main, so far distant from that the great objective (*Ziele*) of the war." It was Oxenstiern's opinion that Gustavus, after the battle of Leipsic, should have taken the road which the Saxons took towards Vienna, and dictated peace from [in] the capital of the Imperial enemy.

Von Bülow, in his criticisms on the Thirty Years' War, is terribly severe. While praising Gustavus for his improvements in the art of carrying on war he adds, "Except in this respect little can be discovered of regular principles in this remarkable war. The armies were small, and lived off the country by plundering. Torstenson shot like a shuttle from one end of Germany to the other. The Swedes were now on the Rhine, now in Bohemia, now in Lower Saxony. Weimar carried on war like an ever-wandering adventurer with no abiding-place, without any continuing stay (city), no system, no order, no aim or objective, no plan; everywhere a Chaos."

Von Bülow was perfectly right. After the death of Gustavus his successors in the field were very little better than magnificent Condottieri, "perambulating kinglings," and yet in succession each was bolder and bolder in his movements and visitations, Torstenson most assuredly so. He very nearly succeeded in capturing Vienna in 1645. In fact, he only failed through the treachery of an ally, whose co-operation seemed the more certain and trustworthy, since it was his interest to be faithful to his engagements. If Torstenson could do so much with so small an army as he had, through his individual force, how much more should Gustavus have done if he came as the Deliverer of Evangelical Germany with the fivefold base of supreme sovereign power and military command combined; the prestige of victory wherever he fought; the cordial co-operation of a powerful German Prince, who afterwards became the most pestilent enemy of the Swedes, and because, according to von Clausewitz, "he had his centre of gravity in his army;" and last and greatest, as von Bülow expresses it, the "Basis of Protestantism."

The arguments presented by Naylor are too lengthy to be presented, but nowhere except in his work have they appeared as clearly. That Oxenstiern's calm opinion was opposed to that of the king is almost sufficient to influence the judgment of any impartial referee who remembers that Oxenstiern had the whole direction of the Swedish affairs after the death of Gustavus under vastly more difficult circum-

stances, had to encounter the actual defection and vigorous hostilities of Saxony, which Gustavus only feared might occur, besides a war with Denmark and a threatening war with Poland. Yet, after sixteen years, he succeeded in concluding the struggle, with increase of dominion, power, glory, and influence for his country. A second opportunity, as stated, presented itself after the victory of Gustavus on the Lech, and another, a third, such a chance occurred while Gustavus was confronting Wallenstein at Nuremberg. If he had detached Oxenstiern with a portion of his troops against Vienna while he held Wallenstein with the balance, he might thereby have utilized the thousands who perished in the camp and in the city of want and disease.

The Diplomatic Representatives of the Venetian Republic, who made it a business to see that everything which could be of service to their government was duly known at home, reported that in 1556 nine-tenths of the German population had adopted the new principles,—that is, were Lutherans in reality or in tendency. Twelve years later another Venetian envoy wrote home, The system of mutual toleration has become customary. Montaigne, who visited Germany in 1589, confirms this. Ferdinand of Gratz (Styria), a pupil of the Jesuits, afterwards the Emperor Ferdinand II., had adopted as his maxim, "Sooner a desert than a country peopled by heretics." Assisted by the Jesuits, already meditating the Thirty Years' War, he commenced their work in 1598, and by force and persecution soon altered this happy condition of affairs in the Hereditary Territories of the Hapsburg family, Austria proper, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola. In 1626 the Protestant peasants rose and defeated one regular army after another, until Pappenheim, considered by Gustavus as the only Imperial general that he regarded as dangerous, was sent against them. He admits that he never witnessed similar fury, but, despite the heroic bravery displayed, victory crowned the banners of tyranny and bigotry. The country was completely subjected, and militarily occupied in the spring of 1627. Three years afterwards Gustavus came, and in 1631 he was the complete master of the situation. Now take the map again. Bohemia, which was still Protestant at heart, lay directly between Leipsic and Austria. Western Austria, especially that portion of it beyond or west of the Enns, lies directly south of one of the roads leading from Prague to Vienna. The Protestant spirit was still strong, although concealed, in all the Austrian Hereditary States, and Torstenson expected to find partisans there when he first advanced towards the Danube in 1642, again in 1648, and even in 1645. It was that led him to establish a chain of forts to utilize this latent element, that he depleted his army in the field to furnish garrisons for the fortresses he captured in Silesia and Moravia, which chain was never entirely destroyed In fact, the Swedes under the Olmutz, under the famous Colonel Packels or Paykull, even down to 1650, two years after the conclusion of the Peace, and until their arrears of pay and subsistence, etc., had been paid by the Emperor. "Once in possession of the fortified town of Crems, 1645, Torstenson seems for a moment to have determined to cross the Danube and penetrate through the Wiener-Wald into that part of Upper Austria beyond the Enns,—a river which rises in the Archbishopric of Saltzburg, traverses Upper Styria, and then, forming part of the boundary between Upper and Lower Austria, falls into the Danube near a place of the same name. His plan contemplated a union with the oppressed peasantry of Upper Austria, persecuted so fearfully for their devotion to their Protestant belief. As Puffendorf (xvii. § 9) states, the want of vessels rendered his passage of the Danube impracticable. In the absence of any information to the contrary, it is to be supposed that the Imperialists had not neglected to destroy the means of transit by burning or otherwise destroying the bridge between Stein and Mantern. Whatever may have been the reasons which induced the Swedish Generalissimo to abandon a project which must have been exceedingly attractive, from the very fact that it awakened his liveliest religious sympathies, the same historian sets the whole matter at rest, and dismisses the subject with the declaration that to the peasantry in Austria, above the Enns, no human being could penetrate.

There were none of these difficulties to bar the way to Gustavus. He ought to have gone, or at least tried to go, to Vienna, either after Leipsic or his capture of Munich, or at the Nuremberg epoch alluded to.

As to Lutzen, then,—as was said and sung of James, second Earl of Douglas, the hero of Chevy Chase of romance, of the Otterbourne of history,—

"The Douglas dead, his name has won the field."

When Gustavus fell at Lutzen, his army, almost to a man, careless of surviving such a leader, fought as if life was nothing in comparison with vengeance, and they wrested victory from Wallenstein, from Pappenheim, and, it might almost be said, from Fate. Like Epaminondas and Douglas, Gustavus was "victorious after death."

The student of this war must not forget Gustavus's defense of the lines of Werben, 17th–30th June, 1631, when Tilly met with almost his first real check or reverse;—of this the most conflicting reports exist, so entirely antagonistic as to be irreconcilable, except as to the fact that Tilly was foiled;—the passage of the Lech, twenty-two feet deep, by Gustavus, 3d–5th April, 1632, where Tilly, again defeated, received his death-wound; nor the action before the walls of Nuremberg, 24th August, 1632, where Wallenstein baffled, if he did not defeat, Gustavus. The latter delivered a desperate assault, which was most bloodily repulsed, resembling our first battle of Fredericksburg, 13th December, 1862, except that the assault upon Alte Feste was scientifically conceived and tactically delivered. It was not the result of ignorance, rashness, or recklessness of life,—was to some extent a necessity which was almost justified, as events turned out. (See "The Piccolomini.") Wallenstein, in his report, allows that the position was at one time nearly carried. This last series of operations are known as the "Campaign of Famine," for it was decided by want of food and consequent pestilence.

This second phase likewise comprises the Penkum and Pasewalk horrors, and the never-to-be-forgotten sack and destruction of Magdeburg by Tilly, horrors scarcely surpassed in warfare since the Christian era,—certainly never exceeded by troops styling themselves Christians.

The third phase begins 1632–'3, with the Swedes in the ascendency, and terminates with their first great reverse at Nordlingen, 6th and 7th September, 1634, in which the Protestant Confederates, and almost morally faultless but overcautious at times Gustavus Horn and the impetuous Bernard of Saxe-Weimar were disastrously defeated by the army of the Roman Catholic League led by Ferdinand, King of Hungary, afterwards Emperor III. of that name, the Cardinal Infante of Spain, the popular but drunken Gallas, and the dumpy, tricky, but courageous Piccolomini, mean and worthless as a man, however capable

as a commander. This battle is claimed to have been one of the most obstinately contested of all that are recorded in history.

It is said that once only Napoleon attacked both wings of his antagonists simultaneously. This occurred at Dresden, 1813, and if McClellan ever had any plan at all that held water, such was his intention at Sharpsburg, or Antietam, in September, 1862, and such was Lee's conception at Gettysburg, 2d July, 1863. Neither at Antietam nor at Gettysburg was the idea carried out, and the single attack on one wing failed. Hannibal's great victory at Cannæ was fought on this principle, and it may be said to have been the fashion or rule during the Thirty Years' War, and throughout the greater part of the seventeenth century on the continent, perhaps for the reason that the arrangement of the troops was almost invariably identical; *i.e.*, the centre was composed of infantry and either wing of cavalry. To prevent being outflanked, armies if possible rested on a town or village, which, according to the cruel tactics of the "Iron Age," was set on fire to augment the protection and render a turning movement still more difficult and perilous. A close examination will demonstrate that the course of things was identical during the English Rebellion, and almost always with the same result. If, as at Cannæ, the Cavalry victorious on one wing did not follow up the pursuit too far, but returned in time to work in with the rest of the army to which they belonged, a general decisive victory was almost invariably the consequence in favor of the side of which the mounted troops were kept well in hand. Marlborough's battle at Blenheim, 1704, was fought very much, although not identically, on this principle, and its application was owing to the peculiar circumstances of the French position and the locality, the posting of their troops, and the arrangement of his own army. Almost all the best-known battles of the Thirty Years' War commenced with attacks on both wings; both Leipsics or Breitenfeld, I. and II., 1631 and 1642. And here a remark occurs which is noteworthy. In 1631, Tilly allowed the Swedes to pass a defile unmolested in order to make them fight with that dangerous obstacle in their rear, so as to insure their destruction if defeated. Tilly himself was completely worsted. In 1642, Torstenson followed the same course as Tilly, with an opposite result. He enticed the Imperialists through a defile, and then, fighting them on ground of his own choosing, inflicted upon them a most disastrous overthrow. Claverhouse permitted Mackay to file through the pass of Killiekrankie, and then smote him hip and thigh, all avoidance of the shock being impossible. At Novi, 1799, the French fought with a defile in their rear, and suffered prodigiously in consequence.

Having spoken of Leipsic I. and II., the next notable example of attacks on both wings is Nordlingen, which was eminently successful. Wittstock was an attempt at the same process, and the Swedes won through the moral effect, because the Imperialists perceived that if the

attack was delivered upon their right with anything like the same effect as that upon their left, destruction was inevitable. Wimpfen was another example. Others might be cited more or less pertinent.

During this sharp phase the most prominent figure was the Swedish Chancellor, Oxenstiern.

The third phase lasted from September, 1634, until the end of 1641. In it Banér, "the second Gustavus," is the principal military factor, but according to every circumstantial account of these operations, Torstenson, his second in command, certainly bears off an equal share of the laurels. France had now commenced to take an active share in the war, and there is no question but that the policy of Cardinal Richelieu—the modern Lysander as to policy—had a most important effect upon its results. The part played by this astute statesman proves the truth of the proverb, that "Conscience has as little to do with Gallantry as it has with Politics." Whether intentionally or not, this Roman Catholic prelate sacrificed the interests of his church to those of his country, France, and, whatever might have been his ultimate projects, an abridgement or abasement of the Papal power was inseparable from the humiliation of Austria, as again manifested in 1859, 1866, and 1870–71.

What is still more strange, such was the universal dread or hatred of Austrian greed and tyranny, that even the reigning Pope, Urban, styled by some historians the "Protestant Pope," by others for his learning "The Attic Bee" (Mitchell's "Wallenstein," 311–312), actually sympathized with the successes of the Protestant Swedes, since they tended to restrain the atrocious system of that power which, in the rabbling sack of Rome in 1527, and the even more horrible sack of Mantua in 1630, had shown that, whether as regarded orthodox or heretic, its system was equally to be feared and detested,—was alike utterly devoid of mercy, justice, and humanity.

The Swedish victory of Wittstock, September 24, 1636, came just in time to save the Protestant cause. It was, in reality, the third turning-point of the war proper, and was chiefly due to Torstenson, not to detract in the slightest degree from Banér, his superior. It was to the Roman Catholic League exactly what Gettysburg was to the Confederacy, the top high-tide mark of their fortunes. If the Swedes had lost it they would have been compelled to retire home again, beyond the Baltic, and all their sacrifices would have been to no purpose. In one respect, however, it was directly the opposite of Gettysburg. There the champions of physical slavery were the assailants, whereas at Wittstock the upholders of spiritual slavery were the defenders. A consideration of the famous Wittstock campaign had to be omitted from want of space; also many important particulars of strategical, tactical, and personal interest.

Military experts of the highest order and experience pronounce a

successful retreat in the presence of far outnumbering enemies equal to a brilliant victory, and as reflecting more credit on a general than even a triumph in battle. Banér's retreat in 1637 has always been considered one of the finest on record, and therefore worthy of citation as an example.

Early in the ensuing spring of 1637, Torstenson inaugurated his return to Germany by cutting in pieces eight Saxon regiments near Eilenburg. The Swedish generals, Banér and Torstenson, pursuing them, captured Torgau (where Frederic the Great won an astonishing victory over Daun in 1760), and, about this time, Erfurth (*à cheval* the Saale, one of the most important military positions in Germany). They next sat down before Leipsic, the siege of which they were constrained to raise, since all the Imperial generals hastened at this juncture from all quarters to unite and concentrate their forces in order to pour them in irresistible numbers on the Swedish besieging force weakened by its very successes. Torstenson, who had generously borne his part in the failure before Leipsic, had an equal share in the glorious defense of the intrenched camp of Torgau, in which the Swedes maintained themselves in the face of far superior numbers for four months, from February to June, 1637. This fortified camp, in its day, had as great a renown and influence as that of Bunzelwitz, where Frederic the Great bid defiance, in 1761, to the combined Austrian and Russian armies. In fact, Torgau was the more remarkable, since Frederic's stay was much shorter and he had the magazine of Schweidnitz to draw upon, whereas Banér and Torstenson's base was in truth their brains and boldness. Torstenson also participated, as second in command, in that Retreat to Stettin, one of the most remarkable achievements of the kind recorded in military annals, by which Banér saved his army, comprising only fourteen thousand men, with the exception of a few stragglers and invalids, and almost all his baggage and artillery. This was accomplished elegantly, notwithstanding the efforts of over sixty thousand opponents under the command of experienced generals. Although Torstenson acted throughout in a subordinate capacity, and his name is scarcely mentioned in this connection in history, all the credit as usual accruing to Banér, the Commander-in-Chief, there can be no doubt but that as his great Master, Gustavus utilized to the utmost his peculiar abilities in perfecting that artillery inimitable in its day and long after, of which that hero was the chief, in like manner Banér availed himself of the resources of that mighty intellect and military genius whose conceptions in subsequent years far exceed in marvelous results this masterpiece of stratagem which reflects such credit upon Banér. In this respect Torstenson may justly be compared to Themistocles, who saved Greece and Greek intelligence from Persia and its inertia. What Thukydides admires in Themistocles was that *prompt intuition* (*Gewandheit*, the very term applied to Torstenson) *which made it possible for the Greek to hit upon the best expedient in pressing difficulties, and even to penetrate the secrets of the future.* Ranke adds that if he "understands him [the Greek historian] aright he ascribes to Themistocles [Torstenson] the perfection of a healthy common sense, ready to meet every crisis without the necessity of previous deliberation or discipline. He rendered an inestimable service to Greece [as did Torstenson to Sweden and Freedom of Thought], leading her to her goal by his energy and finesse." Both were *vires auctoritatis;* that is, men who exerted wonderful powers of command, not through rank, means, or authority, but through their own imposing personal influence. Having spread the report that he intended to relieve Erfurth, Banér abandoned his positions and all the baggage he could spare at Torgau and crossed the Elbe on the 19th June, with the ultimate intention of uniting his forces with those of Field-Marshal Herman Wrangel Senior, in obedience to the order of the Swedish Regency. As soon as he decamped the Imperialists pursued him toward the left to prevent his carrying out his plans, and sent their light-horse to charge his rear, which were vigorously repulsed with considerable loss

Thus, without any damage to himself, Banér was enabled to achieve the passage of the Oder at Fürstenberg, above Frankfort, on the 28d of June. His troops, fording the stream neck-deep, drew the artillery and baggage across when the horses refused to work, the Commander himself setting the example. Banér had made this movement intending to cross the Wartha at Landsberg. He expected to meet Wrangel at this point, and, reinforced by him, be able to make head against the enemy. That old general, however, who seemed to be actuated by a desire to thwart Banér, did not carry out his orders, so that, on debouching from the marshes at Custrin, Banér learned that Wrangel was on the other—the west—side of the Oder, towards Stettin, instead of the east, and found that just as he deemed himself secure he was utterly at a loss to know what course to pursue, since far from having been able to outstrip his enemies, as he had flattered himself that he would do, on account of the extensive marshes and numerous streams they had to traverse in their pursuit, what was his astonishment when at the end of his four days' march he beheld before him, posted at Landsberg, the whole Imperial army, whose front exceeded three miles in length! The explanation of this is, Gallas, who had kept him invested on the Elbe, and twelve hours after his leaving Torgau received intelligence of his departure, passed the Oder by a shorter road and bridge near Custrin, and effected under the walls of Landsberg a junction with the Imperial general, Marazini, who had been previously ordered thither. At this sight Banér felt that he had thrust himself, as it were, into a net, whence to escape he could only rely on his own resources and those of his own tried brothers in command and the valor and fortitude of his troops.

In his rear lay a pillaged country, whose inhabitants were in arms against the Swedes; on the left the Oder, guarded by the Imperial generals Count of Buchheim and Isolani; on the right Poland, into which he did not dare to venture through fear of violating the Armistice recently entered into; and in front a large and difficult river, guarded by overwhelming numbers, occupying advantageous positions. Under such circumstances who would not have pronounced the Swedes lost men? Having neither pontoons wherewith to construct a bridge nor boats to supply their absence, no other choice appeared except to die with honor or to become prisoners. Banér himself despaired, and, under the excitement of the moment, burst into vain recriminations of his French allies, who, by their inactivity on the Rhine, had permitted the enemy to accumulate such forces for his destruction. This despondency, however, was but momentary. Measures were at once taken to spread abroad a report that the Swedes intended to take refuge in Poland, through which the route was designated back into Pomerania, throughout which circuit his officers were enjoined to maintain the strictest discipline, and to pay for all provisions and necessaries in ready money. For his wife and those of his officers with him he asked and received passports, and actually sent them, together with his principal baggage, in that direction. Persuaded that the army would follow, a portion of the Imperialists advanced towards the Netze, and hastened to construct bridges in different places in order to enable them to pursue and intercept the Swedes amid the forests traversed by the difficult roads which they were compelled to follow. Triumphing in the partial success of this ruse and in order to give greater color of truth to the rumor, Banér burnt part of his baggage, and even burnt several guns in the presence of a Brandenburg cornet known to him to be a spy, to whom also he gave a sum of money and promised a more ample recompense, as well as promotion to the rank of captain, if he would furnish him with a reliable guide capable of conducting him by secure and unfrequented roads into and through the Polish territory towards Farther Pomerania. As might be expected, all that which had taken place was immediately communicated to the Elector of Brandenburg and to Gallas, who—well aware of Banér's ability and headlong courage, not to say temerity; the lofty resolution combined with adroit activity which ever actuated Torstenson; the gallantry of Stalhanske, and Swedish intrepidity,—did not receive it as by any means impossible. Dead or alive they were determined to cap-

ture them, and in order to do this it became necessary at once to counteract this intended advance. Gallas hastened by forced marches to the farthest frontiers of the Brandenburg Electorate to bar all entrance into Poland. Bouchain also abandoned his position to follow and unite his with the other Imperial forces, as if the Swedes had been game and the Imperialists hunters. Commanders and subordinates were carried away by the excitement of the chase, and forgot all prudence in the desire of being in at the death. Thus the line of the Oder was freed from the presence of an enemy. At that moment, when the Swedish soldiery labored under a mistake similar to that of their opponents, unobserved and unobstructed, with the greatest rapidity, at nine o'clock one evening, Banér wheeled towards the left, and, availing himself of the low stage of the water, passed the Oder near Goritz, above Custrin, just as he had a few days previously forded it at Furstenberg, expecting to fight his way through the army of that Bouchain who, deceived by Banér's stratagem, had abandoned his post, and was already overwhelmed with his own disgrace and the reproaches of his superior at having permitted himself to be so deceived. Thus saved as by a miracle, Banér effected a junction with old Wrangel and encamped under the walls of Stettin, on that same spot where his great king, Gustavus Adolphus, had established his army seven years before, 20th July, 1630.

Any one can imagine the astonishment and self-reproaches of the allied commanders when, on their junction along the Polish frontier, they found no traces of the Swedish army there, but heard the next day that Banér had escaped without loss. So satisfied had they been of their ultimate success that they had not only boasted long in advance of a victory which was never won, but partitioned between themselves and the Elector of Brandenburg not only the booty but even the prisoners, proclaiming throughout the Empire that they had the Swedes comfortably in a bag. Upon hearing this report, Banér was not a little gratified that he had outwitted them, and sent them word that when they had him in the bag they ought to have tied the mouth, which saying, and the facts, gave rise to a caricature conceived in the spirit of the time, which represented the Imperial generals very busily engaged in tying securely the mouth of a bag in which the Swedish army is enclosed, while Banér with his sword is slyly cutting a hole through one of the corners to enable it to get out.

There was a very curious parallel to this in miniature during the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," when Averill made his raid in December, 1863, to destroy the Virginia and Tennessee Railway. "This raid," says Lossing (iii. 113), "aroused all the Confederates in that mountain region, and seven separate commands were arranged, in a line extending from Staunton to Newport, to intercept the bold raiders on their return." "These were the commands of Generals Early, Fitzhugh Lee, Jones, Imboden, Jackson, Echols, and McCausland." "Fortunately for them, Averill intercepted a dispatch from Jones to Early, which revealed the position and intention of some of the watchers. By this he was satisfied that Covington, on Jackson's River, between the commands of Jones and Jackson, would be the best place to dash through the Confederate line. He pushed on in that direction, and, as he approached Covington, the Eighth Virginia drove in the Confederate outposts, and secured the bridges there which had been prepared for the flames, when the whole column, four miles in length, passed over the river, excepting one regiment, in spite of brisk opposition. Then Averill destroyed the bridges behind him, and the regiment that was cut off swam the stream and rejoined the command, with a loss of only four men drowned." 'My command,' Averill said, in his report, 'has marched, climbed, slid, and swam three hundred and forty-five miles since the 8th instant.' 'I was obliged to swim my command, and drag my artillery with ropes, across Craig's Creek seven times in twenty-four hours.' A participant in the march said, 'The creek was deep, and the current strong, and filled with drifting ice.'

"A correspondent of the *Richmond Examiner* gave a spirited and somewhat comical account of this raid. 'No language,' he said, 'can tell the sufferings of our

men. They were in saddle day and night, save a few hours between midnight and day. They were beat up by the officers with their swords, the only means of arousing them, numb and sleepy. Some froze to death, others were taken from their horses senseless. They forded swollen streams, and their clothes, stiff frozen, *rattled* as they rode. It rained in torrents, and froze as it fell. In the mountain paths the ice was cut from the roads before they ventured to ride over. One horse slipped over the precipice. The rider was leading him; he never looked after him. The whole matter is summed up in a couple of sentences. *Averill was penned up,—McCausland, Echols, and Jackson at one gate, Lee and Imboden at the other. Some . . . suggested he might escape by jumping down the well and coming out in Japan,*—that is, go to Buchanan.' 'This allusion to Buchanan is explained by another paragraph in the writer's letter when he relates the blunders of ——, 'Major-General commanding,' who believed a story told him that Averill was marching on Buchanan instead of Covington. He acted accordingly, and ordered Lee and Imboden to march to Buchanan. This blunder left the 'gate open' at Covington. The writer says no one should have believed a statement so absurd, for it presupposed Averill had deliberately placed himself past escape.' " In 1863, 13th October, J. E. B. Stuart, with a Brigade of Rebel Cavalry, got entangled in the very centre of the Army of the Potomac, remained all night in a dense picket of field pine between Auburn and Catlett, disentangled himself next morning, and slipped out with little loss,—an incomprehensible affair if the Union generals had had their eyes and ears open.

After this famous retreat, by which Banér saved the Swedish forces, Swedish in little but name, and only so through the commander-in-chief and best officers, the Swedes were now, in the autumn of 1637, driven back into the limited territory which their king first conquered in 1630, the little corner between the Trebel and Peene and the Baltic, retaining only three fortresses,—Anklam, Greifswald, and Stralsund,—of which last the brave defense made by its citizens brought Gustavus into Germany. The treachery of two Hither-Pomeranian noblemen, von Kussow and von Behr, opened the Pass—the Grenz or Pomeranian Pass at Langsdorf and Tribsees, on opposite banks of the Trebel; the Mecklenburg Pass was at Ribnitz—to the Imperialists. It did them little good, however, for Gallas as usual lived up to his title of "Army-Destroyer," and saw his forces melt away through desertion, starvation, disease, and neglect, and the wrecks of his force had to abandon Pomerania. Banér was, however, in no condition to take advantage of his opponent's distress and penury until June, 1638, when Torstenson brought him reinforcements from Prussia, so that he could assemble once more thirty-six thousand men. With these, those two great Generals immediately advanced southward. Torstenson was the first to gather trophies, and by surprise cut to pieces several regiments near the very headquarters of Gallas. Banér failed, it is true, before Freiberg, but he kept on, and, having raided Saxony, burst into Bohemia, which was literally burned to the bone. On a lovely spring day, the 4th–14th of April, 1639, the Imperialists were completely destroyed, scattered or captured, together with their general, Count Buchheim, at Chemnitz and Hohenstein. (T. E., iv. 94, etc.) This was a sort of Catholisch-Hennersdorf fight, in which the Saxons

suffered, 23d November, 1745, at the hands of Frederic the Great, as they did here in 1739 through Banér and Torstenson. In both cases the audacity and activity of the attack tumbled the defense into rubbish. Never had the Swedes gained a more important victory with as little loss,—scarcely three hundred killed. The Capture of Pirna, the Key of the Saxon Elbe Valley, followed, and these brilliant successes were crowned by another equally glorious, at Brandeiss, 20th–30th May, 1639, where Generals Höffkirch and the afterwards famous opponent of Turenne, Montecuccoli, endeavored to prevent the Swedes from crossing the Elbe. The Imperialists were thoroughly whipped and run out, and their commanders captured. On the heels of the flying foe Banér followed close, and took up a position on the White Mountain, the first battle-field of the war, 7th November, 1620 (M. 382), and thence cannonaded Prague. Finding that the Imperialists were still too strong for him to venture upon a regular siege so far from his base, Banér occupied and fortified Brandeiss, Melnik, and Leitmeritz, northeast and north of Prague, on the Elbe, to make himself master of the course of that river and that portion of Bohemia. Leitmeritz is almost north and opposite Theresienstadt, one of Austria's strongholds, built in 1780–87, under Joseph II., as a check to possibly Prussian invasion. A few miles west of it is Lobositz, where Frederic the Great beat the Austrians in 1756 and won the first victory of the Seven Years' War. These are all classic places for the military student. From his temporary triple citadels, and from this base, Banér dispatched his partisan corps into Silesia, Saxony, and even into the Hereditary States of the Emperor, and everywhere these carried with them terror and destruction. Several thousand villages, nunneries, cities, and castles were burnt or ruined otherwise, and during the night often the smoke was seen ascending from one hundred different places at once. According to the historian of Bohemia, Cornova, one of Banér's lieutenants, Adam Pful, boasted of having himself destroyed eight hundred towns and villages.

"Unfortunate Bohemia," says a writer, resembled a sea of flames. From the mountains the smoke could be perceived rising from the consumed lowly habitations of a peaceable population, as well as from the glorious monuments of past ages and of religion. The rocks resounded with "the cries of misery" from the homeless exiles. Anything which could not be burned or carried away was rendered worthless. For himself, the general kept nothing but the chinking coin which was brought into the war treasury. The terror which these acts, fit for the times of the Huns, inspired among the people has been preserved in Bohemia, and also in Saxony, in the popular lament "The Swedes-Song." A proof of the unheard-of cruelties inflicted by the Swedes is manifest from the report that even Banér appeared to abhor them. One of his confidants once remarked at table in Bunzlau, that

the Imperialists assuredly would describe such cruel treatment of the country in the darkest colors. "It is certainly unchristian," answered Banér; "but those who have commanded me to do it must be responsible for it to God and to history." The Emperor, who realized how beautiful Bohemia was plundered and beheld the Swedish partisans in the very vicinity of Vienna, concentrated all the available forces of the Empire to drive the Swedes from his frontiers. He increased his army to thirty thousand men, and removed Gallas, who had always been unfortunate and in whom the soldiers had no confidence, from the command. He gave it to his brother, the Archduke Leopold William, and created Piccolomini as his ADLATUS, Alter Ego, co-commander or counsellor. The latter, a general formed under Wallenstein, stood forth at this time conspicuous for his successes in the Netherlands, under the Spanish colors. Before the arrival of Piccolomini, however, the Archduke, with his superior forces, had compelled Banér to abandon his intention to attack Prague and captured Königgrätz, where many of the defeated Austrians found refuge after Sadowa in 1866. In that fortress the Archduke captured a large portion of the Swedish magazines and recovered a great part of the treasures amassed by the invaders and deposited therein for safe-keeping. From this fortress the left wing of Banér was threatened, and thus his advantageous position at Bunzlau was endangered. Banér therefore resolved to abandon his fortified posts as well as Bohemia. When he had destroyed the bridges at Brandeiss and Leitmeritz, he moved into the mountains of Misnia, the Central District of Germany, bearing off with him a part of the treasures he had seized, and took up a position near Erfurt. There the Weimarian army, under Guebriant and Longueville, and the Hessian and Luneburg troops, joined him. These reinforcements enabled him to try his fortune against the Imperialists, who had intrenched themselves near Saalfeld. Banér offered them battle, but Piccolomini, famous for his gift of selecting strong positions, avoided fighting and withdrew into his field-works. In vain the Swedes lay before these for almost four weeks, insulting them and offering battle. In vain hunger began to rage in the camp of Piccolomini. Unmoved he remained in his position, knowing that after a lost battle the Emperor would not be safe in his own palace. "As long as I have one man left, I shall not leave my camp," was his answer to an officer who described to him the condition of the army. When the Swedish leader saw that the Imperial troops preferred to be ruined by hunger and sickness rather than risk a battle, he marched off to Thuringia, and shortly afterwards thence to Hessia, whither the enemy had preceded him. At Fritzlar, sixteen miles southwest of Cassel (T. E., iv. 370, Plan), an engagement occurred in which both generals ascribed to themselves the victory. But Banér had the best of it, since by a quick and unexpected march he frustrated the intention of Piccolomini to march

into the districts of Luneburg and Brunswick. Immediately afterwards, the Princes of Luneburg had an interview with Banér at Hildesheim, to consult about the continuation of the war. At dinner, according to the custom of that time, they drank more than they could digest. Two of the guests present, the Prince or Landgrave of Hesse and the Count of Schaumburg, died soon after the bout ended; Banér and Prince George of Luneburg fell ill. This occasioned a rumor that they had been poisoned in their wine by a French monk.

Meanwhile winter set in. The Imperialists had gone into winter quarters in Bohemia and their own territories, the Bavarians in Würtemberg, and other contingents were scattered in different cantonments, and the Emperor had summoned together the German Princes to an Imperial Diet in Regensburg (Ratisbon). Its principal object was to devise some method of terminating the ruinous war, but only to the advantage of the Roman Kaiser and Romanists. Banér, in Luneburg, concerted a plan in union with a congenial spirit, the French Marshal Count Guebriant, hoping by a quick march, which was favored by the severe winter, to capture the Emperor and the convened Diet, and thus to finish the war in a profitable manner to their own party interest. Banér and Guebriant assembled their troops in the vicinity of Erfurt, and began their march on the 27th of December, 1640. In spite of the extreme rigors of this exceptionally severe season, like lightning they advanced through Thuringia and Vogtland (S.S.E.) without permitting any idea of their movements to get abroad, and appeared before Regensburg 17th January, 1641.[12] Every one except the Emperor was overcome with astonishment at their appearance. All the princes prepared to fly and abandon the courageous Emperor,

[12] "From Schwardorf, which they reached about the middle of January, 1641, Wittenberg and Nassau, both officers of merit, were ordered to reconnoitre the country. Pushing forward with ardor, they crossed the Danube on the ice, and, after carrying devastation to the gates of Ratisbon, returned to the camp with a valuable booty. This predatory enterprise had wellnigh proved decisive with respect to the final issue of the contest, as Ferdinand, together with many of his principal nobility, must inevitably have fallen into the hands of the Swedes, had they not been prevented by accident from leaving the city for the diversion of hawking till an hour after the time originally appointed for their departure. Several domestics belonging to the Emperor were captured, together with his hawks, his hoods, and his litter. This, however, was not the only instance in which Ferdinand was indebted to fortune. Had the frost, by continuing only a few days longer, allowed time for the allies, by passing the Danube, to have blockaded Ratisbon on the opposite shore, there can be little doubt that want of provisions must very soon have compelled the Emperor to surrender with all his adherents. Determined, however, at all events not to relinquish the enterprise without throwing the assembly into consternation, the confederates advanced with their artillery to the banks of the Regen (which unites with the Danube under the walls of Ratisbon [*Regensburg*] after giving its name to the city), and, having gratified their vanity by gratuitously insulting the chief of the Empire with a discharge of artillery, abandoned the undertaking." (NAYLOR, iii. 386, etc.)

Ferdinand III. (his father, Ferdinand II., had died 15th February, 1637), who declared that, for his part, he would remain in the threatened city.

Banér already believed himself at the summit and goal of his glory; like the Turkish Pasha in Halleck's unsurpassed ode, "Marco Bozzaris,"—

> "In dreams through camp and court he bore
> The trophies of a conqueror;
> In dreams his song of triumph heard;
> Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
> Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
> As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
> As Eden's garden-bird."

—dreamed, indeed, that he led in triumph the Emperor to the capital of the North (Stockholm); already he showed to his soldiers, as it were,—at a distance, it is true, but certain,—the rich prey, consisting of none but princes and distinguished men, capable of paying the most exorbitant ransoms. A few days more of frost, and he must have passed the Danube with his whole force and guns to complete the investment of the place on the south bank. But Fortune, which never deserted Banér in moments of peril, often traversed and ruined his best plans, and especially when favorable enterprises seemed ready for fruition. A thaw coming on loosened and broke up the ice, and made the capture of the city impossible. Nevertheless, the insult stung the Emperor deeply. Moreover, his equipages and chancery had been captured and rifled. Furious at what had occurred, Banér posted his batteries on the left (north) bank of the Regen, from which river the city Regensburg takes its name, and saluted the inhabitants with five hundred cannon-shots, and tried to persuade the French commander to transfer the war once more into the heart of Bavaria. But Guebriant, when he perceived the fruits of their united efforts had been lost, would no longer remain with Banér, whose objects he mistrusted. In spite of all the arguments and entreaties of the Swedish leader, and of the danger which both armies ran in case of such a separation, Guebriant determined to march back to the river Main. Thus left alone, at a time when the Imperial forces were concentrating upon him, Banér found himself in a most desperate position near Cham, on a river of the same name, an affluent of the Danube, thirty miles northeast of Ratisbon. The enemy, coming in on three sides, threatened to be able to surround him at this place. Nothing remained for him but a precipitate retreat through the Bohemian Forest to Saxony, amid the snow and ice. Guebriant reported that for three days during his own simultaneous retrograde his soldiers marched through snow knee-deep. To keep back the pursuing cavalry under Piccolomini, Banér had to occupy Neuburg u. d. Wald, and leave behind therein, as a garrison, three of

his best cavalry regiments under the Swedish Leonidas, Eric Schlange,[13] who, in the camp at Saalfeld, in the previous year, had lost an arm. When summoned to surrender, he replied, "He would not as long as he had his remaining arm!"

What Soissons was in strategic importance in 1814 both to Blücher and to Napoleon, Neuburg was on this occasion, in 1641, to Banér and to Piccolomini. Just as the Centurion Cassius Scæva defended for Cæsar the intrenchments at Durrachium, and baffled Pompey; just as Harold Hardrada's brave companions defended Stamford bridge across the Derwent against the troops of the great English Harold; just so this brave warrior Schlange held out until the fourth day, and detained the whole Imperial force before an almost open town, of which the walls had fallen down, and repulsed three storms, some accounts state five successive assaults. Only at the fourth or sixth he consented to surrender. The delay caused to the Imperial army by this unexpected and desperate resistance procured a sufficient start for Banér to enable him, by availing himself of every resource of genius and experience, to escape through Eger, in Bohemia, across the Ore Mountains, to Annaberg, in Misnia (Saxony). How, like sleuth-hounds, the Imperialists followed hard upon the Swedes, is demonstrated by the fact that Mercy and Piccolomini, selecting a by-road through Schlackenwald, overtook the extreme rear-guard of the Swedes in the defile near Presnitz. At this place the two armies were only half an hour's march apart, and nothing but that half-hour's gain of time saved the Swedes. It is recorded as evidence of the persistence and activity of this pursuit that for eleven days the Cavalry horses of Piccolomini's command were not unsaddled.

A similar narrow shave occurred during the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," 28th November, 1864 (see Col. Fletcher, iii., 418–19):

[13] This defense won for Schlange (his name means Snake, the very epithet applied in honor, "*Le Serpent agile*," to the Last of the Mohicans) the title of "the Swedish Leonidas," in the same way that the Burgomaster Berthold Dermlings was hailed as "the German Leonidas" after his self-sacrifice at Wimpfen, when all was lost save honor. To save his lord paramount and general, the Margrave of Baden-Durlach, Dermlings, at the head of his Pforzheim Burghers, some three hundred in number, constituting what was known as the "White Regiment," threw themselves upon the pursuing victorious veterans of Tilly, and perished to the last man, but preserved their lord, and on German ground renewed the glories of Thermopylæ. A defense somewhat similar to that of Schlange occurred at Sumarshausen, 17th May, 1647. When the Swedes and French had surprised the Bavaro-Imperialists on the Lech, mortally wounded or killed their General, and routed their army, Duke Ulric of Wurtemberg, with a few squadrons of troopers, who had kept their heads amid the panic, arrested the victors at the passage of a small river, and actually maintained his post until friendly night came to his assistance. It is perfectly wonderful how much determined men, especially Commanders, can effect. A gallant commandant in Leipsic foiled Banér in January, 1637, and another in Freiberg Banér in the spring of 1639, and afterwards, Torstenson, in the winter of 1643.

"Hood, leaving one division in Columbia to occupy the enemy's attention, carried forward, by a rapid march, without baggage, and with little artillery (only one battery to a corps), the main body of his infantry, hoping to place himself on Schofield's direct line of retreat, and, after capturing his supply-trains, to inflict on him a decisive defeat. Very nearly did the enterprise succeed. Stanley, with one division detached to protect the wagon-trains, arrived but just in time to repulse the Confederate cavalry, and when Cheatham with his corps came up there seemed every prospect of an important success for the Confederate arms. The long trains, protected by but one division, were hurrying in confusion along the road to Franklin. Cheatham was on their flank, and the remainder of the Confederate army, minus one division, was advancing rapidly in support. But Cheatham did not attack: he awaited Stewart, and when Stewart arrived and darkness had closed in, failed to fall on the disordered and retreating foe, the sounds of whose march were heard in close proximity to the woods in which the Confederate force was now bivouacking. The blame of this failure was attributed to Cheatham, whom Johnson, a general of one of the divisions, is narrated to have urged to make the attack, and whose men, hearing the rattle of the accoutrements, and even distinguishing the forms of the Federal soldiers as they marched through the darkness, saw and longed to seize the opportunity. It passed, and Schofield, harassed in rear, but not greatly incommoded by the division left to watch him in Columbia, effected his retreat to Franklin." No wonder Suwarrow wrote, in a spirit embittered at the comparative inertion of the Austrians in Italy in 1799, "Money is precious, human life is precious, but TIME is most precious of all." There are occasions when gain of time can be purchased at no equivalent of money and scarcely any reasonable sacrifice of life. In Sparta War was the unique study and practice of the people, and yet at the supreme moment, when Sparta had Athens by the throat, nothing but the former's dilatoriness saved Athens. This, too, when the supremacy of Greece depended on the action or inaction of an hour. The advantage taken of a few minutes saved the Round Top, the key-point of the Field of Gettysburg. On many occasions a very short delay or arrest has preserved an army, a nation, a cause. Ah! those "diamond seconds and those golden minutes" which men throw away in war as if they were worthless, and yet on their utilization or waste the destinies of humanity depend. One of the wisest books that was ever written is Solomon's Ecclesiastes. In it, iii. 1, he declares, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven: . . . a time of war and a time of peace." "Money answereth all things," but "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;" "and" (Proverbs xx. 18) "with good advice make war." General Ambert in his "Histoire de la Guerre de 1870–71," Book iii., Chapter iii., relates an almost identical parallel case attending the escape of the French XIII. Corps after Sedan; and General Cust, ii. 482, another, the escape of Horn from the Imperialists prior to Nordlingen.

In Zwickau, Banér reunited with Guebriant, but even after this junction they were not strong enough to face the hostile army in the field, and the Imperialists, unmolested, crossed the Saale and conquered one city after another. Often Piccolomini in the evening would occupy the quarters which Banér had left in the morning, just as was the case with Blücher pursuing Napoleon after Leipsic in 1813. Thus harassed and pursued, Banér arrived in an almost dying condition at Halberstadt, and there ended his glorious career. These narratives occupy but little space and take but little time to read, but what terrible sufferings, what sacrifices of life, what destruction of property, what general misery, do they embrace! For a long time Banér had carried

within him the germs of a consuming disease, which had been augmented by chagrin arising from so many baffled hopes, so many fluctuations of fortune, so many labors, privations, and aggravations of mind and body, suffered during the course of the last campaign. He could not rally, but grew worse and worse. The causes of this sickness have been variously reported. Some say they are to be traced to French poison; others that his debaucheries occasioned it. For the credibility of the former charge there is no competent reason, and the latter is only attributable to the popular addiction to finding fault. The principal reason of his early death—he was only forty-two—was none other than his never-resting activity and the prodigal expenditure of his vital forces. He was literally burned out. *Banér resembled a volcano which consumes itself.* The soldiers had long since foreseen the death of their general, either in consequence of the wide-spread rumor concerning the poisoning or through superstition, since, shortly after the death of Banér's second wife, two sentinels in charge of her corpse at a halting-place on the Esch road believed that they heard a solemn voice, which cried, "Come! Come, Banér! the time is come." This story was reported throughout the whole army, and reached the ears of Banér himself, who, elevated far above fear and credulity, comforted his followers by declaring the utterance to be an omen of victory. During his last retreat, and two months before his death, the general fell ill. This soon turned into a low fever of those days. At first the physicians did not consider it to be dangerous. They only requested him to avoid exposure. But the near approach of the enemy, his own anxiety, and the danger of his situation gave his soul no rest. Now temporarily carried upon a litter by the soldiers, as his dear friend Torstenson was ever, as a rule; now again in his coach, lying upon a bed and supported by cushions and pillows, he followed the army. He carried within himself all the cares of a general, which were too great for his diseased and exhausted body. This made his condition the harder to bear. The sickness soon turned out a black jaundice. In Merseburg his features were no longer recognizable. His eyes, which in health beamed full of genius and force, were weak and closed. His speech left him for several hours, and vehement convulsions soon deprived him of his last strength. At the last he summoned together to him the principal generals of the army, Adam Pful, Arwid Wittemberg, and Charles Gustavus Wrangel, and turned over to them the command of the army, confiding it thus into their hands until Leonard Torstenson[14] should arrive, whom he had appointed by testament to

[14] Torstenson's health, always frail, had been completely destroyed for the time by the rough campaign of 1639, and, although he remained in camp with Banér until the autumn of 1640, his terrific maladies compelled him to solicit permission to return to Sweden for rest and recovery, which, however, was not finally granted until the spring of 1641. He was to Banér what Thomas was to Sherman, "a balance-wheel," as Thomas expressed it to the writer. Banér gained no great or

succeed him as alone worthy the distinction,—who he felt was alone able and worthy to command such an army. He knew his man,—a MAN, indeed and indeed! So much space and time has been devoted to these independent campaigns of Banér because this great General is so little known or understood in this country. The writer believes that Banér's greatest successes and achievements were due to the advice and co-operation of Torstenson, but still, as he was the latter's superior, the chief merit must accrue to him. Nevertheless it must be admitted that he was a superb commander.

Banér exhorted those he left in temporary command to concord and the burial of all private grievances. Even on the borders of the grave he set them all an example of calm resolution, just as he had done in his days of health and in battle. Forgetting at this supreme moment all his dissatisfaction and controversies with the gallant Guebriant, who commanded the Weimarian army, a bone of contention since Bernard of Saxe-Weimar's death between the French and Swedes, he extended his hand to him, and, as a token of friendship, made him a present of his victorious sword, which he had worn in all his campaigns. As he was no longer safe in this city, Merseburg, he was carried farther on to Quedlinburg and then to Halberstadt, where, amid terrible suffering, he expired early on the morning of the 10th May, 1641.

The corpse was carried along with the army. When the Imperialists—feeling assured, after the death of the commander-in-chief, of winning the victory—attacked the Swedes near Wolfenbüttel, the soldiers placed themselves around Banér's bier, touched it, and swore to show themselves worthy of their deceased leader. Then they precipitated themselves upon the enemy and repulsed them, driving them from a field on which lay two thousand of their dead and wounded. Thus even after death Banér animated his troops to deeds of daring and enterprise. His corpse was sent home to Sweden under reiterated salvos of the Swedish and French army, and was deposited among the tombs of the Swedish kings, where his ashes lie still, surrounded by the time-eaten trophies of his victories. The quiet enjoyments of peace were strange to Banér. Since his twentieth year he had spent his days in

striking success after his associate left him, but the remembrance of the immense influence which Torstenson could exert, as well as his superlative generalship, demonstrated to the "Second Gustavus," as Banér had been exaggeratingly styled, that in the crippled hero lived Sweden's only hope of ultimate success. In accordance with this conviction, Banér bequeathed his army to Torstenson as the only one competent to handle it and lead it to victory; and that invalid, an absolute prey to disease and agony, was compelled to leave his sick-chamber to take command of a mutinous soldiery, bring order out of chaos, exhaust the last remnants of his failing strength in overcoming apparent impossibilities and achieving triumphs which alone made the end of the war certain and advantageous to his native country and the Protestant cause.

absence from his country in the field, therefore his biography is interwoven into great events. This makes it so difficult to do justice to him. His life resembled one continuous battle, in which it is not always possible to observe the individual acts and influence of the general. The observer only hears the sound of his cannons, and stands astonished at the ascending pillars of smoke and flame. So much is known with certainty: that the mind of Banér in the peaceable hours of his life was just as ardent as in the busiest bustle of war. He was like a certain wonderful lake in the North, which roars even in calms. In friendship and in hatred, in sorrow and in joy, at the table and in all other enjoyments, he knew no restraint. Thus he laments more at the death of his king than is proper for a man; thus with fire and sword he pays back the insults of Saxony; thus, almost in despair, he moistens with tears the earthly envelope of his dead wife; and from her grave passes over into a love even more ardent than the first; thus in the effusion of joy on receiving the "Yes" of his new father-in-law, he commanded the artillery to thunder in his camp, so that Cassel and the adjoining country believed a terrible battle was in progress, and the frightened inhabitants thronged into the churches to pray for the success of his arms. Thus he drinks around with his companions in arms so that he weakens his health and becomes the subject of general condemnation. Thus at the last he is captivated by a young girl to such a degree that he forgets country, honor, and victory. His beloved is the only subject of his thoughts and conversation in the camp, and he, simply to visit her in a country occupied by the enemy, exposes himself to personal danger and leaves the soldiers without a leader, murmuring over the hero degenerated into an effeminate woman-worshiper. But in the very moment when all consider him as entirely lost to duty he appears among them a new Alcibiades in the entirety of his gloriousness, and leads them against the enemy and to victory. At Castle Avolt, where he was celebrating his wedding with his third wife, during the ceremony news arrived that Piccolomini had moved to take advantage of his inactivity. Without awaiting the close of the clergyman's address, he hastened from the altar to the camp. At the head of his cavalry he defeated and pursued the enemy. When he had chased him away, he brought his wife to his tent, and welcomed her, amid the thunder of cannon, to his army drawn up in order of battle. Thus Banér excelled by a multitude of singularities. If these had exhibited themselves in a man of less spirit and energy, they would certainly have called forth solely the animadversions of posterity. In the character of Banér they appeared natural and appropriate as shades in a picture to tone down too splendid a light. He alone who prefers the cold-blooded reflection of common men, or prefers the immaculate sun of winter, in learning these facts will find occasion to blame Banér. He was a sun of July, full

of spots, but burning with an intenser, a fuller heat and a more dazzling brilliancy.

In ordinary intercourse, as at the head of his army, he was commanding. This made him many enemies among the Swedes, especially among those who could not resist the clink of gold. What Banér took in conquered countries was not for himself, but for the support of the army. The soldiers loved Banér, and were inconsolable at his death, although he never permitted them or their officers to enrich themselves with the prey of conquered countries. The former got their pay, and the latter he promoted, or conceded to them proper recompenses. The war was not maintained at the expense of his own country, but at that of the enemy. If he, like Hannibal and Torstenson, had no luck in sieges, he was irresistible on the battle-field, where he never found his superior. The testimonies of his triumph were six hundred captured flags and standards, which he sent back to Sweden to adorn the mausoleums and arsenals. In his campaigns eighty thousand enemies found their death. Let the despoiled cities of Saxony and Bohemia witness his prowess, the fortified places which he took, the walls and towers, the hundreds of towns, castles, villages, and hamlets he left behind him in ruins and ashes. The King of France, in his correspondence, styled him "cousin," and the Emperor tried, by offers of princely dignities and the forfeited domains of Wallenstein, in Silesia, to shake his fidelity to his country. A Count Schlitt [Schlick], President of the Bohemian Council of War, and a relation of his second wife, did not neglect any tricks of intrigue and exhortation to induce him to betray his trust; but all in vain. Banér possessed a vigorous body, an attractive and lofty stature, a searching glance, blue eyes, from which streamed forth the evidence of the spirit which animated him. He resembled so closely his king and friend, Gustavus Adolphus, that those who did not know them intimately often mistook the one for the other. Beauregard, who was in the Swedish camp, as Representative of Louis XIII., wrote as follows about Banér: "He spoke often, but with modesty, about his campaigns. He repeated with pleasure that he never had left anything to Fortune, and that he never had made a plan without having had reason or hope for its success." With aversion he saw in his army the sons of the high and principal nobility: "They ask too high rewards for service, and require too much consideration. The liberties which they take, and which I often have to overlook, are of evil consequences as examples and ruin the others." Frederic the Great held very much the same views. In his operations and in his army Banér suffered no dependence upon the court. In his camp he would be and act the absolute monarch. He would have relinquished the command rather than have paid attention to a single interference by the civil administration. "What is the reason," he asked more than once of his friends, "that Gallas and Piccolomini have always been

unfortunate when opposed to me? They were dependent upon the Ministers at Vienna, who do not understand war." Banér's second wife, Juliana Elizabeth, Countess of Erbach, widow of a Count Löwenstein, was a lady of great genius and of frank and winning manners. She followed Banér in all his campaigns, endeavored to soften his heart in favor of the conquered, and never gave him advice which was not to his honor. The universal respect of the officers and of the soldiers, who adored her as their mother, followed her to the grave, and her funeral in the camp at Saalfeld was a day of mourning for the whole army. The third was the Margrafin (Countess) of Baden-Durlach, Johanna Marguerite, a young princess of seventeen years, whom Naylor styled a "Circe." After Banér's death she married Thurn. There exist many likenesses of Banér which appeared in Germany during the course of his victorious career. Under several of them appear the following lines in German:

> "Save yourselves the trouble of describing Marshal Banér:
> He is his own painter, he can portray himself
> With enduring color. His pencil is the sword,
> His paint the blood of enemies, his canvas the whole earth!"

This consideration has now reached a phase of the war which lasted about three years and was second only in importance to the campaigns of Gustavus himself. As a great many of its incidents have been presented in an article entitled "The Battle of Janikau," in THE UNITED SERVICE for July, 1879, there is less need of going into details.

Banér died 10th May, 1641. Torstenson's active participation in Banér's operations seem to have terminated late in the fall of 1640, but he does not appear to have received leave of absence, even in his condition of extreme suffering, and permission to return to Sweden, until the spring of 1641.

> "'Ye request furlough by reason of illness, but Banér is also ailing, and we have no one who could supply him. Stand out yet some time for love of your Fatherland.' The Administration to Torstenson, July 7th, 1640. But on the 8th May, 1641, the Chancellor [Oxenstiern] writes to Banér, 'We have been obliged to allow Torstenson, for ill health, to go home.'"

The necessities of his government and the cause imperatively demanded that he should sacrifice himself, and he "was obliged to accept" the chief command in Germany.

> "To his remonstrances the Chancellor replied 'that if the general's health allowed of it, there was no doubt of his capacity; he remembered very well the judgment of the late king, before the general was taken prisoner at Nuremberg, that his majesty could well venture to entrust him with the [or any] army; now the general had since been constantly there, was accustomed to this war, and beloved in the army.' Shortly before, the Administration wrote to the General of Artillery, John Lilyehoek, then governor of Hinder [Farther] Pomerania, '*So soon as we have named a chief general, you shall become unto him what Torstenson was to Banér, for your known assiduity, skill, and trueness.*'"

The interim between Banér's decease and Torstenson's arrival in November, 1641, was one of great disorder, disaffection, and even danger to the State and cause. The three Major-Generals, Pful, Wrangel Junior, and Wittemberg, exercised joint command, but there was no cordial co-operation, no one "whose authority could be compared with his [Torstenson's] even remotely." Affairs were in a very critical state, and the Imperialists and their Allies took advantage of it. The French as Allies behaved very badly, to such a degree that Marshal Guebriant was so much affected by it that he wrote home, "I swear and protest on the faith of an honest man, that, except disgrace at the hands of my royal master, I would prefer not only the Bastille, but death itself, to remaining any longer here."

Torstenson joined the army then encamped around Winsen, on the Aller, forty-four miles south-southwest of Luneburg, 15th November, 1641. He had been delayed by relapses, and only aroused himself to meet the imminency of the peril. When the delegates of the army had been asked "in what way the distressed condition of the troops could be remedied," they answered, "If Torstenson was but with the army, then we should need no further aid." This was immediately proved. When the Imperialists learned of the approach of this invalid, carried on a litter and unable to sign his name, they abandoned the siege of Gottingen. Such was the commencement of his brilliant career as Generalissimo. This bright promise, this moral success, was shadowed immediately by the secession of the French, withdrawn to the Rhine to cover Richelieu's operations on the Spanish frontier. Deaf to all expostulations, the French crossed the Weser, and, passing through the Westphalic Gate, marched thereby into Westphalia. This incident, although it changed Torstenson's present plan of operations, was in another respect not without the most beneficial results, because from that moment he was independent of all foreign control, and could form and change his plans and course of action without the interposition of uncertain allies, governing thenceforward all his movements in accordance with his own views alone, and the condition of his own troops.

Fortunately, the weakness and wickedness of the Imperialists, reduced by fatigue and disease, neutralized their superiority in numbers, and Torstenson was afforded time to remedy every internal evil and "get a good ready." Torstenson now develops into the grand figure destined by Providence to deliver the mortal blows. Von Bülow, the first modern military critic of universally acknowledged ability, has characterized the operations of the Thirty Years' War as "chaotic." They had been so, as far as the results are apparent to the world, whatever may have been the secret plans of those who directed the movements. Oxenstiern, even as early as 1631, certainly saw clearly the *objective;* but Torstenson was the first who not only saw but struck for

it. His ideas were those of Alexander, of Hannibal, his great prototype, of Frederic, of Napoleon, those which determined the result of the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–71. He comprehended that to end the matter he must aim at the heart of the Imperial power; that he must make the Austrian Hereditary States feel those miseries which had hitherto been confined to the outlying Circles; and as he planned so he acted. One of the principal causes of Wallenstein's fall was his desire and intention to utilize the resources of the Imperial Hereditary States and quarter his army in the midst of their abundance. This prosperity continued down to the visitations of Torstenson in 1642, 1643, 1645, when he bravely availed himself of it. To demonstrate the folly and selfishness of the Emperor, he and his ministers cared more for their possessions than for the ultimate result; and, when it was a question of a few hours, while the Swedes were besieging Egra, they allowed the city to fall because the Imperial army, commanded by the Emperor in person, took a circuitous route, lest the direct march of the troops should injure the property of a favorite minister, Count Schlick (Schlitt), President of the Council of War, the very official, the relative of Banér's second wife, who sought, through her, to shake the great Swede's fidelity. Henceforward there were no more balks, no more drawn battles, no more doubtful victories, no more precipitate retreats. As Radetsky said in effect to his troops in 1848, when he evacuated Milan, "I make this movement simply for strategic reasons, to fall back on my reinforcements and supplies, to recuperate and organize, and retrace our steps to ultimate and assured triumph," so Torstenson never fell back but to return the stronger and more dangerous.

ITINERARY OF TORSTENSON.

On the 15th November, 1641, Torstenson assumed command, and, with the exception of certain minor operations to the westward, spent the winter trying to gain sufficient health and strength to discharge his duty and in reorganizing the army, which had almost fallen into ruin after Banér's death. Like Hannibal, he was as great in stratagem as in strategy. The enemy never knew where he was going or what he was about to do. He succeeded by his "bluff game" in making the Bavarians separate from the Imperialists, and through laborious marches in bad weather they suffered as much as if they had lost a battle. It is true that he was greatly assisted by one of the smartest partisan leaders who ever distinguished himself as such,—Koenigsmark. While his real intention was to march upon Vienna, through Silesia, where Stalhanske was holding his own with difficulty, he struck the Imperialists at Quedlinburg, thirty-one miles southwest of Magdeburg, and caused the enemy, with much loss, to raise the siege of Thal-Mansfeld, in Prussian Saxony.

Just as Washington and Rochambeau deceived Clinton in 1781 by collecting supplies and making movements as if to assail New York, Torstenson made a feint of establishing magazines as if he was about to invade Westphalia. Then assembling his whole army at Werben, 20th–27th March, 1642, he forced the passage of the Elbe, and joined Stalhanske at Sorau, near the Bober. Their joint forces now amounted to twenty thousand,—nine thousand cavalry, seven thousand infantry, and three or four thousand dismounted troopers. The *Theatrum Europæum*, v. 862 (2), augments this force, and states that Torstenson had nine thousand cavalry and twelve thousand infantry before Stalhanske united with him. On the 24th April, 1642, he took Glogau by storm, captured other fortified places, fell upon Franz Albert, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, entangled in certain defiles while advancing to relieve Schweidnitz, annihilated his forces 21st May, and on the 24th May took that fortress which the Duke had lost his life and army in attempting to save. On the 4th June, Olmutz, the capital of Moravia, surrendered to the Swede, and Colonel Hellmuth Wrangel carried the Swedish colors to within six miles of Vienna. Leaving a garrison of three thousand, under Colonel Paykull, in Olmutz, Torstenson stormed Kosel and Oppeln, and laid siege to the fortress of Brieg. The approach of Piccolomini with greatly superior forces compelled Torstenson to fall back to an intrenched camp at the junction of the Neisse and the Oder. Here he was joined, 26th August, by Wrangel Junior, with four thousand infantry from Sweden. He now resumed the aggressive, drove the Imperialists ignominiously, 7th September, from their siege of Glogau, took among other strong places, Zittau, 29th September, under their very eyes, without their daring to interfere with him. Piccolomini excelled in the choice of positions. Torstenson, finding that he could neither induce him nor compel him to accept battle, wheeled to the left, and marched into Saxony to obtain food, clothing, etc., for his suffering troops. In the last week of November he laid siege to Leipsic, intending to take up winter quarters there. In eight mor ths he had marched sixteen hundred miles in straight lines, destroyed an army, captured some of the strongest towns in the Empire, and raided within sight of the watchmen stationed on St. Stephen's steeple in Vienna.

To preserve the alliance of Saxony, and prevent the Swedes from obtaining possession of the wealth and abundance which had been accumulating for years in Leipsic, the Archduke Leopold and Piccolomini advanced with nearly double numbers to attack the Swedes. Torstenson made them believe he was afraid of them, deceived them thoroughly, enticed them through a Pass, fought them with the defile in the rear, and routed them on the 23d October–2d November, 1642. The Imperialists lost all their artillery, baggage, valuables, and half their troops. The other half were run out of Saxony back into Bohe-

mia. As soon as he had reclothed and refreshed his exhausted troops he advanced southward, and in February, 1643, besieged Frieberg, before the walls of which Banér had failed in 1639. The garrison had been reduced to the last extremity, when the Archduke Leopold and Piccolomini, having gathered together every available fighting man, advanced to relieve the place. As the Swedes were suffering severely from want and disease (always his most persistent and irresistible enemies), Torstenson gave up the siege, but considered that by thus having lured the Imperialists out of their quarters in the midst of a cold and stormy winter he had caused them as much damage as if he had defeated them in battle, especially as they lost five thousand horses, which could be replaced only with the greatest difficulty and expense.

Torstenson now expected to be joined by the French under Guebriant, but the latter failed him in 1643, as he had already done in the previous year, as he had before done to Banér, ruining thereby his best plans, and as he was yet to do again and again to Wrangel. Doubtless much of this false dealing was due to the intrinsic trickiness of Mazarin. Torstenson's movements were little molested as he marched hither and thither to subsist his army. At Senftenberg, Count Bruay, striving to harass him with twenty-two hundred cavalry, came bitterly to grief and the Swedes acquired rich booty. Again the Swedes took the road to Vienna by the route of Prague, and, wheeling to the left, entered Moravia in June, compelling the Imperialists to raise the siege of Olmutz. Torstenson then entrenched himself at Tobitschau, about five miles south by east of Olmutz, about eighty north-northeast of Vienna,—a field work equal as a specimen of field engineering in 1643 to Frederic's famous camp at Bunzelwitz in 1761. At Eulenberg, eighteen miles north of Olmutz, 23d September, 1643, Torstenson received orders from Sweden to invade Denmark. Having completely outwitted the Imperial general, Gallas, in his front, Torstenson commenced his unrivaled march of about five hundred miles, accomplished in fifteen days, and by the middle of January, 1644, he was master of Continental Denmark, with the exception of two fortified towns, Gluckstadt and Krempe, in the southwest corner, and his troops in the full enjoyment of the possession of a country which abounded with everything which they and their general needed, at a time when war was entirely self-sustaining through free quarters, contribution, and plunder.

It was a proverbial saying, down to her terrible overthrow by the Prussians in 1866, that Austria existed in her Camps or her Army,—"In seinem Lager is Oesterreich,"—and the idea may be the popular belief even yet. This boast or idea was a fact during the Thirty Years' War, and Trans-Baltic Sweden undeniably had its sole real vitality in Torstenson's army.

Civilians little dream of the effect of weather [15] upon military operations. It is as potentially influential in war upon land as upon water. It has been shown how a thaw saved the Emperor and Imperial Diet in Ratisbon; another thaw prevented Torstenson from crossing the Little Belt on the ice and carrying war home to the capital of Denmark, if not dictating peace in Copenhagen, in 1644, whereas severe frost enabled his pupil, Charles X. Gustavus, to do so triumphantly eleven years after, in 1656. The Swedes were masters of the sea in 1644–45, through a Dutch merchant self-converted into a Swedish admiral, a revival of Spinola, who was an Italian banker transmuted into a very able and successful Spanish general. Prince Rupert, a general of cavalry, a few years afterwards, took to the sea as a Condottiere commodore, and throve at the business. To save Denmark from utter ruin, the Emperor dispatched Gallas with twenty thousand veterans floundering through the snow to join the Danes and with their assistance shut Torstenson up in Schleswig. Gallas, on his march northward reinforced in Misnia by Colloredo and Bruay's divisions and by the Danish forces at Oldeslöe, occupied the only known pass, fourteen miles east of Frederickstadt, by which the Swedes could escape from Jutland. Since, amid all his faults, Gallas was competent in selecting positions and strengthening them with field-works, he had reason to calculate on success. Torstenson, however, was a better engineer and a more enterprising general. By building a road through marshes deemed impassable, the Swede made his way out around, insulting the camp of the allies, and offering battle. The Danes soon after, disgusted with his incapacity, abandoned Gallas, who was eventually utterly ruined by the Practical Strategy of Torstenson. Not over two thousand of the Imperialists ever made their way back to Bohemia over the route they had travelled northward with such brilliant hopes of success. Thus, again, the year 1644 closed with nothing but misfortune for the Emperor. With troops remounted and reinvigorated and reclothed, his guns and trains rehorsed, Torstenson got "a new ready" in the winter of 1644 for another stroke at Vienna. By a march over the Ore and Pine Mountains, unsurpassed in daring in military annals, crossing the rivers on natural bridges of ice, Torsten-

[15] A sudden shower, by stopping McCulloch's turning movement, saved the Union Army at Pea Ridge; an unexpected thaw, together with a sudden storm of wind, snow, sleet and rain, converted Burnside's Campaign, 20th December, 1862, into the "Mud March;" opportune frost enabled Torstenson to leave his litter, mount on horseback, direct in person the movements at Janikau, and win a victory; extreme cold frustrated the Union Campaign of Mine Run; alternate cold and thaw, snow and ice, ruined Napoleon in Russia; excessive heat prevented Clinton from defeating Washington at Monmouth; torrential rains enabled Blücher to annihilate Marmont, so that he had to write to Napoleon, "Sire, your army of the Bober no longer exists," and Blücher used to hail the rain with, "Here comes our faithful ally of the Katzbach!"

son penetrated into the heart of Bohemia and defeated the only army that the Emperor could gather together with the assistance of the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony, at the battle of Janikau, 6th March, 1645. The first phase of this battle was not unlike Hannibal's action previous to Cannæ, and the second and decisive phase exactly represents the dispositions of the great Carthaginian for the battle itself. The Swedes advanced with a convex and the Imperialists received them with a concave line of battle. The Imperial centre, like the Romans at Cannæ, long held out, until, enveloped by the successful cavalry of either wing, they were simply crushed. It is curious to observe that all these battles were fought on the same principle, and wherever a wing of cavalry broke the opposing troops and did not carry the pursuit too far, or fall to plundering, but returned in time to work in opportunely with their comrades, they invariably decided victory in their favor. John de Werth lost Janikau by such precipitation for Hatzfeld, as he afterwards lost Nordlingen 2d or Allerheim for Mercy, and Rocroy and Leipsic 2d and other battles were won by the opposite course, holding successful cavalry firmly in hand. This victory carried the Swedes to the Danube opposite Vienna, and although they captured the Bridge Head, and although they were masters of the left bank of the stream for one hundred and fifty miles, they could not get across, since the bridges were burned or broken and all the other means of transport had been removed or destroyed. If Torstenson could have crossed into the District of the Enns, he would have found a population ready to welcome him as a savior, who would have fed his troops, furnished every needful supply, and filled up his ranks with brave and devoted recruits. But it was not to be so. He now had to depend for success in capturing Vienna upon the co-operation of Ragoczy, whose Hungarian hordes came like swarms of locusts, solely to devour the country, and disappear when their assistance was most necessary. Meanwhile, the Emperor's Hereditary Domains, north of the Danube, were wasted with a merciless severity. Then, as conceded by all the chroniclers, Torstenson, compelled by acute disease to relinquish command in the field, in the fall of 1645, having won "imperishable renown," "bore off with him immortal laurels, but left behind him nothing but wasted lands and desolation, ruins and corpses." The operations of Wrangel, his successor, in 1646, 1647, 1648, carried out under Torstenson's supervision according to his plans, were little else than a renewal of Wallenstein's Grand Tactics against Gustavus Adolphus, a War of Positions and Campaigns of Famine. Both sides depended rather upon mutual exhaustion than upon the sword, and armies, in confronting fortified camps, wasted away, fearful to risk a battle, and thus lost more men by maladies and want than could possibly have fallen in the most bloody conflict. It was wisely said by a British

general that "every battle comes down to the last ten minutes, and that side wins which has ten minutes the most fight in it." This was exactly true of the Thirty Years' War. The Swedes had in them ten ten-minutes' longer fight, and every year they were carrying the war nearer and nearer to the Imperial Holy of Holies. Suffering in Germany had almost reached the utmost point of endurance. No place, however remote or strong, seemed any longer secure. Sweden felt the burdens grievously, but fire and sword did not invade or even menace its people's homes. As an instance of the ubiquity of Wrangel's dashes, take his stoop upon Bregentz, on the Lake of Constance, at the extreme southwestern corner of Germany, wherein the population of all the neighboring districts had stored everything they valued. Wrangel captured the place, and realized a booty so enormous as to be estimated at forty tons of gold, which at the lowest calculation represented $4,000,000, which to-day could not be calculated at less than $40,000,000. Contemporaneous historians used the expression of "singed" to express the condition of many districts of Austria in these last years: burned to the bone would hardly afford an idea of the situation in very many formerly opulent territories.

Torstenson's campaign of 1642–3 was equivalent to the combined campaigns of Rosecrans, of Grant, and of Sherman ending at Atlanta. Schweidnitz was Stone River, and Breitenfeld or Leipsic 2d Chattanooga. His invasion of Denmark, 1643–4, was Sherman's March to the Sea. His battle of Janikau was the victory of Thomas at Nashville, decisive on the spot and decisive of the result everywhere. Janikau was, as regards Torstenson, an even more gallant example of the flank movement of Stonewall Jackson, afterwards capped by the indomitable tenacity of Thomas at Chattanooga and his vigorous aggressive at and pursuit after Nashville. The importance of Janikau is acknowledged by all military critics and critical investigation. It first rendered the Imperial plenipotentiaries courteous and made them earnest in their desire for peace. This man, whose body was held in the fiercest of fetters, with his army flew across Germany as the eagle, the bird of Jove, to its prey. Like Argus, he looked out everywhere with a hundred eyes, and, like Briareus, he struck with a hundred arms. He hastened across a continent like the Lightning—to which his soldiers compared him—through space. Like lightning he fell upon the antagonistic forces, and the result was exactly the same as when the thunderbolt falls upon a stately tree, splintering it, as often witnessed, into fire- and even into kindling-wood. "Equal in genius," said his French biographer, "to his brother-in-arms Banér ["the Second Gustavus"], he far surpassed him in energy: although a continual invalid (*infirme*), he was, nevertheless, the general most renowned for the swiftness of his marches, the hardihood of his surprises, the unexpectedness of his movements." He retired from the scene as the chief actor in

December, 1645, but although hostilities continued for thirty-four months, in spirit he still continued

"To ride the whirlwind and direct the storm."

Although this Torstenson was so eminent in every direction, like Gustavus, he was peculiarly so in handling cavalry and for supreme excellence in the command of all mounted troops. He possessed two qualities indispensable for this,—perceptiveness—foresight, insight, farsight—and boldness. These characteristics, favored by circumstances, have made, make, and will make a man successful always, everywhere, in any line he selects. The rise of Herod the Great has been attributed to the same characteristics he originally displayed as a daring cavalry-officer. Had Hannibal possessed the peculiar gift of Maharbal, his chief of horse, he would have gone to Rome after Cannæ and sounded the knell of Latin supremacy, restoring that of the Semitic over the Japhetic race. Arnold, writing as a Christian philosopher, found only one valid excuse for Hannibal: "God did not will it to be so." Such reasoning is simply destructive of the doctrine of Free Will, and establishes that which is generally known as Fatality. If the whole course of human affairs is the result of the Inevitable, man is nothing but a tool and his genius the edge. However this may be, Torstenson accomplished his greatest destruction with cavalry and mounted infantry, on the battle-field and by making marches and raids which surpass anything done during the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," even by Grierson. Perhaps the greatest utilizer of cavalry is, after all, the greatest general. During the middle of the seventeenth century a large proportion of an army consisted of mounted men, who, like dragoons proper, could on occasion fight as well on foot. All the great monarchies of the world except the Roman could dispose of swarms of cavalry. The aggregation of the Persian Empire was due to them. To understand the niceties of their employment is one exhibition of transcendent genius. When Gustavus found his light-horse were no match for the Imperial heavy "black rascals" in full armor on mighty horses, he gave the order to his own troopers to cut at the heads of their opponents' horses, which was nothing more than a revival of Cæsar's idea at Pharsalia when he ordered his Batavian cavalry to strike at the faces of their antagonists.

So much space has been devoted to this Torstenson because he is the only general on record whose physical abilities made him averse, after his criminal incarceration by Maximilian and its terrible effects upon his health, to take the field. He consented to take command only because his services were indispensable to his cause and country. He left a bed of agony to succeed Banér. He was constantly entreating his government to supersede him, and his petitions for leave of absence were answered by counter-petitions to hold on, to hold on a little longer, a little longer still, because the army and state could not do without him. And he did hold on until at length the gout seized upon his breast and head,—the seats of vitality and thought,—and he was carried along in a worse condition than even Blücher in 1814, when an invidious Franco-Russian corps-commander asked, "Why the Prussians were dragging that corpse along with them." The Swedes answered as Gneisenau replied, "Because in that corpse resides the soul—animating principle—of the Army of Silesia."

Torstenson's only failure was in the Siege of Brunn, and even then he did not come short of success through any fault or mistakes of his own. He was betrayed by the Transylvanians, whose treason had already saved Vienna from his clutches; depleted to exhaustion by the plague among his troops and the desperation of the defense, which equaled that of Sigeth, in 1566, against Solyman, directed by a deserter, who fought with a rope around his neck. Nor must it be forgotten that in the seventeenth century the advantages of the defense far exceeded those of the offensive. Any strong town or castle, with "flankarts" sufficiently provided and garrisoned and commanded, as in the case of Stralsund in 1629, of Leipsic in 1636,

and of Freiberg in 1636 and 1642–43, could bid defiance to an army. Artillery was comparatively in its infancy of effectiveness as compared to the development of the next half-century, whereas the strength of works in regard to guns was at its best. Nor were the value and application of earthworks misunderstood or underestimated: witness the camps of Werden and of Nuremberg, both those of Gustavus and of Wallenstein, so that it passed into a proverb that "when Gustavus was weakest then he digged most in the ground."

Considering all these facts, it is no wonder that the epithets of eulogy and admiration have been lavished upon the "inimitable" Torstenson, summed up by the pregnant sentence of General Mitchell,—a critic of the highest order,—"*it may fairly be doubted whether* TORSTENSON has yet been equaled."

Charles Gustavus Wrangel Junior, his successor throughout the closing or fifth phase (1645–48), followed his counsels, with deference, to the last. After the Peace of Bromsebro, 13th August, 1645, Wrangel was dispatched into Germany to succeed Torstenson, whose completely shattered health compelled him to relinquish active command. Wrangel, nevertheless, continued to follow with deference Torstenson's counsels ("dont il suivit du reste les avis [de Torstenson] avec déférence"). Wrangel's Affair at Susmarshausen (17th May, 1648) was exactly Wright's and Sheridan's (Little) Sailor's Creek (6th April, 1861), a big skirmish (*echauffourée*) or Surprise, rather than a battle on anything like equal terms, and that is the principal conflict to be credited to him.

In maintaining harmony among the generals, in planning movements, in imparting energy, it is perfectly marvelous to see the influence of a master-mind, like that of Torstenson, upon events, and when Koenigsmark made his telling dash on Prague the Onfall was morally due to Torstenson, since Koenigsmark was his selected instrument, and, if it had not been for him, this famous partisan—erratic in his movements as a comet—would have been weakened in force by the interference of Wrangel, or deflected from his course by the superciliousness of that superior. Koenigsmark's capture, on the 31st July, 1648, of the Kleinseite, the western or the "Little Side," but the richest half, of Prague, was momentous, and exactly equivalent in startling effects to the closing scene of a spectacular drama. Although there was some little subsequent action, the curtain within three months fell upon hostilities. "Koenigsmark," says Schiller, "won for himself the glory of having ended the Thirty Years' War by this brilliant action." If the writer has not dwelt more at length upon the operations of the French, it is because this nation was simply "fishing in troubled waters" for their own benefit, and no party profited by the results so much as they did.[16] As Torstenson said, with bitterness unusual to

[16] This essay has not gone deeply into the French operations, for they were rather skirmishes around the edges, demonstrations, diversions, side issues, rather than independent, national action. France was simply self-seeking, fighting for her own hand, and would have sacrificed the Swedes at any moment if she could have gained her point without them. In very many respects this war was very much like the great American Conflict,—without true objective in '61–'62, eyes

him, "It was else their fashion to lie still in winter, and thereby give the Imperialists and Bavarians opportunity to fall conjointly upon the Swedes, so that these usually lost in winter what they gained in summer." This was said in regard to Turenne,—a most overestimated man. "Concerning Turenne's delay, the Duke of Longueville swears on his conscience and honor that France conceals under it (the delay complained of) no secret design, but that Turenne has not fully executed his orders as he ought to have done." Banér did not bear like treatment with Torstenson's equanimity, and, eleven years previous, he had spoken out to the French Minister Beauregard. "If it should come to pass," said he, "for the Swedes and Germans to make common cause against your king, we truly will not stand upon ceremony in crossing the Rhine."

Did those two great Swedes foresee, in their Teutonic souls, 1814 and 1870? If so, they must have indeed rejoiced in spirit. In regard to the Union in Arms of Sweden and Germany, consummated in 1814, it is supposed that such was the intention of Gustavus Adolphus, and this idea constituted the ambitious project with which he was charged. It would have been a blessing for the Saxo-Germanic or Teutonic race if such a plan could have been realized under a sovereign of ability, force, and prescient energy.

The peace of Westphalia was a more momentous event in German history than the Coronation of Otho (1208), which gave it temporary unity, or the death of Frederic (1250), which plunged it back into anarchy and confusion. By this peace, signed at Osnabruck, 6th August, and at Münster, 8th September, 1648, (1) equality was established between the two great bodies of Catholics and Protestants; (2) the close tie that had hitherto united the Empire with the Papacy was severed; (3) the Empire ceased to be so except in name; (4) the Empire became a Confederation of Independent Kinglings and Princelings, with a constitution styled a "monster of republican semblance;" (5) France took the place of Germany, and succeeded to its preponderance in Europe. France was indeed the great gainer, acquiring Pignerol, Alsace, Brisach, and the Three Bishoprics, Toul, Metz, and Verdun, the latter reclaimed in 1871 by the Prussians. (6) Sweden gained Upper Pomerania, the Island of Rügen, part of Lower Pomerania, Stettin, Wismar, and other places. The Swedish army received five million rix-dollars, equal to fivefold, perhaps tenfold, as many dollars of our currency, and as much more, making the whole amount ten million rix-dollars, since Austria, the Empire, had to pay and maintain the Swedish garrisons which held various fortresses and were to re-

were beginning to see it in '63, hands struck at it in '64. Grant was right in one respect. He saw that to end up the work armies must be hammered to pieces, resources and sources of supply destroyed and dried up, and steel and fire no longer applied to the surface but to the soul.

main therein until the principal war contribution was paid. Two years and more elapsed before this was done. Becker (ix. 161) says the Swedish garrisons would not quit or budge until the last half-farthing (*Heller*) was paid. Some regiments held on in the District of Munster until 1654, six years after the signature of the peace 24th October, 1648, and others stuck it out even as long if not longer in the Brandenburgh States. They were right. They had saved free thought in Germany and deserved the highest wages. On this occasion, as on almost every other, Austria saved whatever it did preserve by the betrayal of Germany, surrendering Alsace, and what was almost equivalent to yielding the whole western bank of the Rhine to France, selling the bulwarks of Germany to its most constant and dangerous enemy, advantages which were not reclaimed for two centuries and a quarter, and then by Prussia, for whose eventual rise this place undoubtedly laid the corner-stone and bases. It (7) also settled the question of the independence of the Seven United States of Holland, thus relieved from the tyranny of Spain and of Rome, after a contest of Eighty Years of Bloodshed; (8) of the Thirteen Cantons of Switzerland, freed from any embarrassing claims of the Empire; (9) cut loose the German Princes in a measure, if not entirely, from the interference of the Emperor. It established religious freedom. It is one of the most astounding results accomplished by the sword in the history of the world. This terrible war demonstrates that armies are, after all, the Midwives of Progress, and that War is a bloody act of Parturition, for a new birth, a new phase in the progressive development of the best interests of humanity.

As von Clausewitz says (i. 62–63), "War," especially such an one as this now treated of, "belongs not to the province of arts and sciences, but to the province of social life. It is a conflict of great interests, which is settled by bloodshed, and only in that is it different from others. It would be better, instead of comparing it with any art, to liken it to trade, which is also a conflict of human interests and activities, and it is still more like state policy, which again, on its part, may be looked upon as a kind of trade on a great scale. Besides, state policy is the womb in which war is developed, in which its outlines lie hidden in a rudimentary state, like the qualities of living creatures in their germs."

J. Watts de Peyster,
Brevet Major-General S. N. Y.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

As announced elsewhere THE UNITED SERVICE, with the issuing of this number, passes from the hands of its founders and present publishers, and comes under new proprietorship and new editorial control. This change involves the necessity for a word of farewell which we find it impossible to utter without emotion. Our nursling of six years ago, which, like many a human being, was ushered into existence under conditions of grave uncertainty as to its survival, has waxed and grown, taking on strength and symmetry with the passing years till, in its present state of comparative maturity, it bears itself proudly among its contemporaries, and challenges comparison with any kindred publication the world over. While this result has not been achieved without effort on our part, we are keenly sensible that it is largely due to the enthusiasm and ability with which our contributors have rallied to the support of the magazine, and to the taste and skill of those who have been concerned with its mechanical make-up. The relations which have come to exist between us as conductors of the magazine and these several collaborators, as well also as the pleasant relations we have always maintained with its large constituency of subscribers and readers, all combine to fill us with regret that these relations have now to be severed.

While, however, the sale and transfer of THE UNITED SERVICE breaks one of the ties that have hitherto linked us with the army and navy, we have the gratification of feeling that a new enterprise which we are about to inaugurate will in a measure keep alive the associations that we would be very loath to have entirely destroyed. In addition to a continuance of our business as general publishers, making a specialty of military and naval books, we purpose at the opening of the new year to begin the publication of a quarterly eclectic review, which shall be devoted to the republication on this side of the Atlantic of the most notable papers appearing in the military and naval periodicals of England and the continent of Europe. We have been led to the adoption of this idea by the consideration of the fact that the foreign periodicals devoted to military and naval literature abound in matter very valuable to our services to which at present the latter have no access, and believing that there are among the officers of the two services in this coun-

try a sufficient number who care to keep themselves fully abreast with the development of professional knowledge to support such a periodical, we purpose offering them the opportunity to avail themselves of the best thought and intelligence current in the great centres of Europe on the live, practical questions of the day pertinent to military and naval affairs.

It may be proper to add that in selling THE UNITED SERVICE we expressly reserved the right to publish the Quarterly here announced, and that the transaction was consummated with the full knowledge of our intention to do so.

WE go to press amidst the excitement consequent upon the Presidential election, which is unfortunately so close as to cause a constant fluctuation between hope and fear in the minds of the adherents of both the principal candidates. It is a matter of regret that the final decision should rest on a narrow plurality of votes in the most populous State of the Union, and it is still more to be regretted that, warned by the experience of eight years ago, there has not before now been devised and adopted some reform in our electoral system that should minimize, if not remove entirely, the dangerous defects which again threaten the peace of the country. While, however, the present situation puts a powerful strain upon the good sense and true patriotism of our citizens, we have perfect confidence in their ability to bear the same, and to comport themselves with the calmness and dignity essential to the preservation of law and order. As in the lives of individuals so also in national existence, times of trial come which test the stuff we are made of, and which often prove in their results highly beneficial by compelling the exercise of traits and virtues which otherwise might lose in dormancy their vitality and force. If, in the progress of the exciting political campaign now ended, we have afforded foreign nations spectacles, not always edifying, of the bitterness and ferocity of party warfare, we can show them also how our people, by calmness amidst trials, majestically assert their self-respect, and vindicate their right to the enjoyment of the blessings of free government.

THE annual reports of the chiefs of bureaus, summaries of which have been given to the public in the newspapers, are not likely to receive at the hands of the people the attention they deserve while the country is convulsed with political excitement, but it is to be hoped that when they are submitted to Congress they will be accorded the careful consideration which the importance of the facts and suggestions contained in them demands. To provide for the national defense is one of the enumerated duties of Congress, and it is time that something more comprehensive and efficient in that direction shall be done than has been in the recent past. Our navy is a laughing-stock at home and abroad, our

fortifications are obsolete, and in respect of material we are in condition neither to protect our citizens and our honor in foreign parts, nor to repel attack upon our frontiers and coasts. Parsimony and extravagance are alike to be avoided, but there is a middle ground that can safely and advantageously be taken in dealing with the matter of appropriations for military and naval purposes on which our national legislators should plant themselves, and without abandonment of which they could vastly improve the condition of the country both offensive and defensive.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

REAR-ADMIRAL PREBLE writes as follows: "I have received the following epigram from the United States Customs Collector at Sitka, Alaska, as an 'Addendum' to my article on 'Grog' in THE UNITED SERVICE for September. I had never before seen it, but he thinks it was published in 'Vanity Fair' about the time grog was abolished in the United States navy:

"'Jack piped his eye, and hove a sigh,
And said I hadn't oughter;
But at seven bells I damn the *Welles*,
Who gives us naught but water.'"

ADMIRAL PORTER'S romance, "Allan Dare and Robert le Diable," is winning golden opinions from all sorts of people, and besides charming its readers with its wealth of incidents and vivacity of style, its revelation of our old naval hero in the *rôle* of novelist is a surprise that gives peculiar interest to its perusal.

WE note with much pleasure that the new overcoat for the use of army officers, designed by our business neighbors, Messrs. Gleason & Co., has been officially adopted, and we invite attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Gleason & Co. in this number. It goes without saying that the designers of this elegant and comfortable garment are most likely to furnish it in strict conformity with the model, and we confidently commend Messrs. Gleason & Co. to our army friends as abundantly able to give them entire satisfaction in equipping them with the new overcoats.

PURELY MUTUAL.

"If you know what a Republic means, or what is the chief element in a Democratic government, you need not inquire what I mean by a purely mutual life insurance company. I take it, a pure democracy exists where every citizen has an equal share in making the laws and is equally subordinated to them,—he makes them, he shares in their advantages. That's the way it is, for instance, in the Penn Mutual Life. Every policyholder is a member of the corporation; he elects the Trustees who manage the company, and is himself eligible to election. Annually an election is held for nine trustees to serve three years, the entire Board consisting of twenty-seven insured members. To them the powers of the corporation are delegated; you delegate them. They are the Senate and House of Representatives, the President and the Supreme Court; in them all functions of government repose, and solely because you have willed it. They exercise every corporate power, being responsible to you for the abuse thereof and amenable to the laws of the State. If they fail to represent your views, you substitute some one who will. Mutuality, that is to say, this democratic recognition of the rights of the individual, with individual power to enforce them, has been found best for National prosperity, and it is undoubtedly the best for corporations conducting the business of life insurance. The sense of responsibility is the dominant and saving one, and it is this which has rendered the success of the purely mutual companies almost phenomenal. In reality there has been no success outside of their methods,—such as it appears has been of more advantage to stockholders than insured members. No; there is nothing like the democratic principle, even in life insurance."

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have sold and transferred to Mr. T. H. S. Hamersly, of New York, all our right, title, and interest in and to The United Service magazine, the transfer taking effect immediately on the publication of the current number. Commencing with the number for January, 1885, therefore, The United Service will appear with the imprint of its new proprietor. Owing to the fact that Mr. T. H. S. Hamersly is the brother of our Mr. L. R. Hamersly, it may be proper, in order to guard against possible misapprehension, to state definitely that the sale and transfer here announced is a *bona fide* business transaction, that Mr. T. H. S. Hamersly has given a good and sufficient money consideration for the property he acquires, and that the firm of L. R. Hamersly & Co. have parted, fully and finally, with all proprietary interest in the magazine. The new proprietor of The United Service is well known to the Army and Navy as the publisher of the "One Hundred Years' Register" of the respective services, and possesses peculiar facilities for successfully conducting the magazine which it was our fortune to found. The property has always been a paying one, and was never more prosperous than at this moment. Our only reason for disposing of it is, that we may be more free to develop other enterprises which we have either in hand or in contemplation.

With very hearty thanks to each and every of the friends and patrons who have helped to make The United Service a recognized and successful institution, we bespeak for our successor in its proprietorship the good-will and substantial support which we are confident he will leave nothing undone to deserve.

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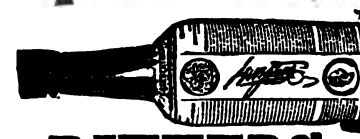

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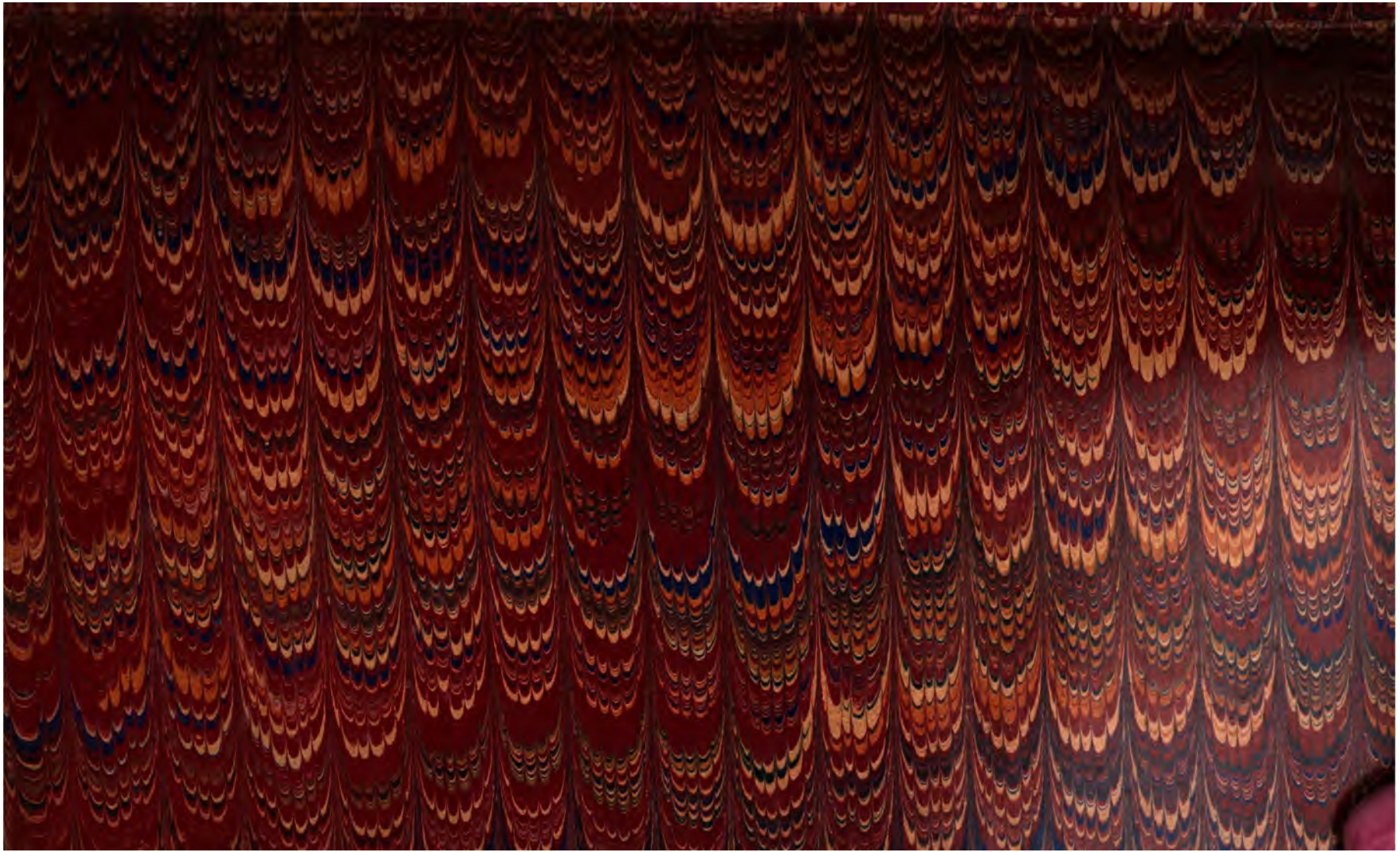

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